













THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME II

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

F. A. MARSHALL

JOSEPH KNIGHT

OSCAR FAY ADAMS

H. A. EVANS

P. Z. ROUND

DR. RICHARD GARNETT

ARTHUR SYMONS

W. J. ROLFE

A WILSON VERITY

CANON H. C. BEECHING

P. A. DANIEL

PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN

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# ROMEO AND JULIET.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS,<sup>1</sup> Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.

MONTAGUE, }  
CAPULET, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.

AN OLD MAN,<sup>2</sup> kinsman to Capulet.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, }  
FRIAR JOHN, } Franciscans.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, }  
GREGORY, } servants to Capulet.

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

AN APOTHECARY.

THREE MUSICIANS.

PAGE to Paris.

FIRST CITIZEN.<sup>3</sup>

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

NURSE to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

### SCENE: VERONA: MANTUA.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: early part of the fourteenth century.

### TIME OF ACTION.

Six consecutive days, commencing on the morning of the first, and ending early in the morning of the sixth.<sup>4</sup>

Day 1 (Sunday): Act I. and Act II., Scenes 1 and 2.

Day 2 (Monday): Act II., Scenes 3, 4, 5, 6; Act III., Scenes 1, 2, 3, 4.

Day 3 (Tuesday): Act III., Scene 5; Act IV., Scenes 1, 2, 3, 4.

Day 4 (Wednesday): Act IV., Scene 5.

Day 5 (Thursday): Act V.

Day 6 (Friday): End of Act V., Scene 3.

<sup>1</sup> Evidently a corruption of *la Scala*, the real name of the prince who governed Verona at the time when the tragedy was supposed to take place.

<sup>2</sup> Called Uncle in the list of invited guests, act 1. 2. 71.

<sup>3</sup> Called First Officer in Cambridge.

<sup>4</sup> This is Mr. P. A. Daniel's calculation, and seems to be correct.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

ROMEO AND JULIET is one of the plays which certainly has a literary history, and a very interesting one. It was first published, in Quarto, in 1597 (Q. 1). This edition differs much from the subsequent ones, and probably represents, more or less accurately, the play as originally written by Shakespeare, before the revisions and additions which appear in the next Quarto. On the title-page it is stated that this tragedy has "been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants." Lord Hunsdon died while holding the office of Lord Chamberlain, on 22nd July, 1596. It was not until 17th April, 1597, that Lord Hunsdon's successor was appointed Lord Chamberlain. In the interim the Company, whose proper title was "The Lord Chamberlain's men," were called simply "Lord Hunsdon's servants." It follows that this tragedy must have been played between the dates mentioned above; but that Shakespeare had, at least, commenced it at a much earlier period is tolerably certain. The date of 1591 has been fixed upon, because of the allusion to the earthquake made by the Nurse (i. 3. 23):

"'Tis since the earthquake now *eleven years*,"

which is supposed to refer to the earthquake of 1580. As Stokes points out, in his Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (p. 21), the Nurse repeats this statement (i. 3. 35):

"And since that time it is *eleven years*;"

but I do not think that this point is at all decisive as to the date of the play. It is quite possible that Shakespeare never meant to refer to the earthquake of 1580 at all. Hunter supposes that the allusion is to an earthquake

which occurred in the neighbourhood of Verona in 1570. But, putting aside this trivial detail, we may be tolerably sure that Romeo and Juliet was one of Shakespeare's youthful works. He commenced it at a very early period of his career; he revised it, and added to it, at different periods between 1592 and 1599, when the Second Quarto appeared (Q. 2). In 1609 the next edition (Q. 3) was published: this differs very little from Q. 2, except in a few corrections and additional lines. The next edition (Q. 4) has no date, and was evidently printed from Q. 3. The author's name appears for the first time on the title-page of this edition. It was printed "*for John Smethwicke*," but the printer's name is not given. The next edition in point of time is that of the First Folio (F. 1), 1623, taken apparently from the text of Q. 3. Yet another Quarto Edition (Q. 5), "substantially identical with Q. 4," according to the Cambridge Edd., was published in 1637. Of these texts, Q. 2 is, perhaps, the best authority; but Q. 1 has furnished many readings which have been almost universally preferred to those of the later editions. Again I must dissent from the depreciation of the First Folio, which is probably the nearest to an accurate copy of the play as represented in Shakespeare's own theatre.

As to the source from which this play was derived, volumes have been written, and probably will yet be written. There can be little doubt as to the work which furnished the main foundation of Shakespeare's tragedy. This was "The Tragicall Hystorye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br. (*i.e.* Arthur Brooke), 1602." I will give as briefly as possible the genealogy of this poem. In the second century Xenophon of Ephesus wrote a romance called *Ephesiaca*, in which a young woman, who

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is "separated by a series of misfortunes from her husband," in order to avoid being forced into a bigamous marriage, swallows what she believes to be poison, but which turns out to be only a sleeping draught. In 1303 the main incidents of the Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet are said really to have occurred at Verona during the government of Bartolomeo della Scala. In 1476, in a collection of tales (*Le Cinquante Novelle, &c.*), was published a *novellino*, by Massuccio of Salerno, relating the adventures of Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianoza Saraceni of Siena, which bears a very striking resemblance to the story of Romeo and Juliet. In 1530 Luigi Da Porto published his history of Two Noble Lovers, &c., considered by some to have been founded on the historical tradition of Romeo and Juliet, by others on Massuccio's story. In 1553 Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem supposed to have been written by Clitia, *nobile Veronese*, which is virtually the same story as that of Da Porto; and in 1554 Matteo Bandello, in his collection of novels published at Lucca, gives his story of Romeo e Julietta. This story was translated into French in 1559 by Pierre Boaistuau, or Boisteau, surnamed Launay; his version contains several variations from the Italian story; e.g. he first introduces the scene with the poor Apothecary from whom Romeo buys the poison. It was from this French translation that Brooke produced his metrical version of the story, amplifying it and adding to the details; he introduced some new incidents which have been adopted by Shakespeare, and are not found in any other known version of the story. In 1567 William Painter, in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, produced "The goodly Hystory of the true and constant Loue between Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of Poyson, and the other of sorrow and heaviness: wherein be comprysed many adventures of Loue, and other devises touching the same." Painter's version is a pretty close, but not very intelligent translation of Boaistuau's novel. Lastly, in 1578 (the date of the dedication to his drama), the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto, surnamed *il Cieco d'Hadria*, produced his tragedy, *La Hadriana*. Al-

though this tragedy is cast in a severely classical form, and is tedious to a degree only reached, perhaps, by the Italian tragedy of the sixteenth century, its story is mainly that of Romeo and Juliet; it contains some beautiful passages and very touching scenes. I have not space here to enter into the question: Had Shakespeare ever seen this tragedy, or any translation of it? A careful examination of the passages from which Shakespeare is said to have borrowed some of his ideas, convinces me there is no foundation for such a statement; that mention of the nightingale is made, in the scene of the parting of the two lovers, is not a remarkable coincidence, while, in no case, can I find that any of the characteristic expressions of Groto have been copied by Shakespeare. There is only one detail peculiar to Groto's story, which Shakespeare also introduces; that is, when the father is lamenting the supposed death of his daughter, one of his ministers offers to him consolation, just as Friar Lawrence recommends resignation to Capulet, when lamenting the death of Juliet; but there seem to be no expressions or ideas common to the two passages.<sup>1</sup>

Two other plays may be mentioned which are on the same subject; one by Lope de Vega called *Castelvines y Monteses*, of which a very interesting abstract is given in Grey's *Notes on Shakespeare* (edn. 1754), vol. ii. pp. 249-262. It ends happily, and though its main incidents are evidently founded on the story of Romeo and Juliet (who become in the Spanish comedy Roselo and Julia respectively), there is not much resemblance between Lope de Vega's play and that of Shakespeare. Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. pp. 130-134, gives an account with extracts of the fragment of a Latin play discovered by him in the Sloane Collection of MSS. (No. 1775) in the British Museum, in which the story of Romeo and Juliet is followed pretty closely as far as it goes. Hunter suggests that this may have been the previous

<sup>1</sup> For the above account of the sources whence this play is taken I am indebted to Mr. F. A. Daniel's admirable introduction to the volume published for the New Shakspere Society, being No. 1, Series III. (Trübner and Co. 1875).

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dramatized version alluded to by Brooke in his preface.

To conclude, then, we may say that Shakespeare worked out his tragedy from Brooke's poem; but that, perhaps, he had either seen or read in MS. an earlier tragedy on the same subject, to which Brooke refers in his address to the reader.

### • STAGE HISTORY.

This play was, as we gather from the title-page of the first edition, popular on the stage before 1597, though there is no evidence to prove when it was first produced. Curious to say it is not mentioned in Henslowe's Diary. Up to 1599, it must have been chiefly acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. In the edition of 1609, it is said to have been "sundrie times publicquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe." Pepys mentions it under the date of 1st March, 1661-62, as an opera. It would appear, however, from Genest's account that, on this date, *Romeo and Juliet* was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, when Betterton played *Mercutio*. The cast contains a character "Count Paris' wife—played by Mrs. Holden"—who she was does not appear. The play was "altered by James Howard so as to preserve *Romeo* alive and to end happily—it was played alternately as a Tragedy one day, and as a Tragi-Comedy another, for several times together." It does not appear to have been revived again till 11th September, 1744; when Theophilus Cibber's version, partly founded upon Otway's *Caius Marius* (about half of which was taken from *Romeo and Juliet*) was presented, with Theophilus Cibber as *Romeo*, and his daughter Jenny as *Juliet*. Genest gives a very interesting abstract of this alteration; but it does not appear that the disfigurements introduced were so great as to neutralize the merit, which Theophilus Cibber may fairly claim, of having restored to the stage, though in an imperfect form, one of the most beautiful of Shakespeare's plays which had been laid on the shelf for over eighty years. This revival appears to have been very successful; but before long that monument of obstructive fussiness, the Lord Chamberlain, had interfered. On 1st Novem-

ber Cibber was obliged to announce the play thus: "At Cibber's Academy in the Haymarket will be performed a Concert, after which will be exhibited (*Gratis*) a Rehearsal, in the form of a play called *Romeo and Juliet*." It appears that, but for this intelligent interference, a number of Shakespeare's plays might have been revived. We learn, from Mrs. Charke's memoirs, that *Cymbeline* was actually presented on 8th November, 1744; and that her brother played *Posthumus*; the version being not D'Urfey's mutilation, but Shakespeare's original play. By 2nd January, 1745, Theophilus Cibber was engaged at Covent Garden; leaving his sister, the eccentric Charlotte Charke, to manage the company at the Haymarket theatre, and to baffle, as best she could, the edicts of the Lord Chamberlain. We now come to an important event in the stage history of this play. In 1748, for the first time at Drury Lane, *Romeo and Juliet*, as altered by Garrick, was produced, with Barry as *Romeo*: a part in which he has, perhaps, never been surpassed by any other actor either before or after him. The chief alteration seems to have been in the last act, in which *Juliet* is made to awaken before *Romeo* is dead; and a number of indifferent and tawdry lines, taken partly from Otway and partly from Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, were added. On this occasion it was acted nineteen times. It is probable that Barry's remarkable success as *Romeo* was the main cause of his secession to Covent Garden; where, on 28th September, 1750, he made his first appearance at that theatre in the part of *Romeo*, to the *Juliet* of Mrs. Cibber, who likewise had seceded from Garrick's troupe. On this occasion Barry spoke a prologue, attacking Garrick; and Shakespeare's play was further disfigured by the addition of the funeral procession of *Juliet* and a dismal dirge by Dr. Arne. On the same evening (28th September), at Drury Lane, Garrick appeared, for the first time, as *Romeo*; and for twelve nights, till 11th October, this play continued to be acted at both theatres; much to the annoyance of regular theatre-goers, who were very discontented at the long continuance of such monotonous fare. It would appear that Garrick excelled in the scene with the Friar

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in the third act, and in the scene with the Apothecary in the last act; but in all the tender and more romantic passages Barry seems completely to have eclipsed him. From this time forward Romeo and Juliet continued to hold the stage; being indeed, with the exception perhaps of Hamlet, the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. Space would not allow us to record even the most remarkable among these numerous representations. Suffice it to say that such essentially dissimilar actors as Wroughton, Elliston, Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Macready, &c., have played Romeo. As Juliet such distinct actresses as Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss O'Neil, &c., have rendered themselves famous.

In 1839, at Covent Garden Theatre, the play was produced under Madame Vestris's management with remarkable splendour and effect. Shakespeare's text was employed instead of the "Frenchy melodrama" (as Macready called Garrick's version).

In September, 1846, Phelps revived the tragedy at Sadler's Wells, playing Mercutio himself; while Miss L. Addison was the Juliet and W. Creswick the Romeo. The full Shakespearian text was used. Miss Helen Faucit was the heroine of the representation at Drury Lane in 1865; and in 1870, at the same theatre, the charming Miss Adelaide Neilson played the part. Miss Ada Cavenish was the Juliet of the Olympic Theatre performance in September, 1873. At the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in September, 1880, Mr. Wilson Barrett presented the play and his own conception of the hero's part in it.

By far the most exquisitely mounted of the many stagings of Romeo and Juliet was that of the Lyceum Theatre, March 8th, 1882, under the management of Sir Henry Irving. Miss Ellen Terry played Juliet to Irving's Romeo; W. Terriss was the Mercutio, and Mrs. Stirling the Nurse. At the same theatre, during Miss Mary Anderson's season in 1884, the American actress appeared as Juliet, with W. Terriss as her Romeo. Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, who had played Romeo to Miss Anderson's Juliet on a prior occasion, revived the tragedy on September 21st, 1895, using

his own arrangement of Shakespeare's play. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was his Juliet. The most recent production has been that of Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial Theatre, April 22nd, 1905; when, besides the novelty of his own Romeo, the actor-manager offered that of Miss Evelyn Millard's Juliet.

It is to be hoped that the so-called alterations of, and additions to this play, which self-complacent authors deemed to be improvements, have been for ever banished from our English stage.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

There is little doubt that this play, with the sole exception perhaps of Hamlet, affords us a greater insight into Shakespeare's method of working than any other of his known works. Commenced at an early age, it was produced first in a somewhat crude form. It may be safely said that the editions of this play, published in 1597 and 1599 respectively, differ almost as much in merit as the two first Quarto editions of Hamlet. The alterations and additions, in both cases, are most important, and show not only how much the subject was endeared to the author, but also how much pains he took in revising each of these favourite children of his brain. It need scarcely be said that, as far as both intellectual and dramatic power go, Romeo and Juliet can scarcely be compared with Hamlet: but, in both cases, we see how truly artistic Shakespeare's mind was, and to what a remarkable degree he possessed that distinction of great poets—the indisposition to "rest and be thankful" when once he had given form to the creation of his brain; we see how carefully and lovingly he elaborated and beautified the ideas which sprang from his fertile imagination. Romeo and Juliet is an extremely unequal work. It contains in a marked degree many of the blemishes of Shakespeare's early style. To say nothing of the unskilled form of the verse; of the many sonnet-like and rhyming lines, deficient in that variety of cadence which his dramatic experience gradually taught him to acquire, it is full of elaborate conceits; we find even outrages on good taste, occurring in the midst of the most beautiful passages, and with

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an obtrusive incongruity which absolutely makes one shudder. Perhaps the worst line that Shakespeare, or any other poet ever wrote, is contained in *Romeo and Juliet*; I mean that dreadful line when Romeo, in the very height of his passionate despair, says:

"*Flies* may do this, but I from this must *fly*."

It is not too much to say that this line is worthy of modern burlesque. There are other passages to which it is unnecessary to allude at length, for they can only be qualified as obscene. This play is also remarkable as being almost entirely *sensuous* in its main subject. \*That it is not *sensual* is due to the fact that it was written by a man whose innate purity of heart was one of his most remarkable characteristics. Neither Romeo nor Juliet is, when critically considered, a very interesting person. When we first see him, Romeo is moping under the effects of an unrequited love for Rosaline; a love which he would have us believe is the greater part of his life. Rosaline is cold; she does not respond to the fervour of his passion. He professes himself, and indeed his friends also consider him to be, quite crushed by this disappointment. He goes to a masked ball, and at once falls violently in love with a young girl, a perfect stranger. He forgets all about Rosaline; and transfers to his new love, with compound interest, all the ardour which had been expended in vain on the pursuit of his first. Juliet, a young girl just blooming into womanhood, conceives an equally strong passion for this young man, whom she has only seen upon this one occasion. It is indeed a case of love at first sight, violent in its beginning, and likely, as most such affections do, either to die a death equally sudden as its birth, or to linger on through an unhappy existence. The fact that these two are hereditary enemies lends an additional romance to their irrational passion. So far we have the promise of a tragedy, an interesting tragedy, and one which appeals to the most wide-spread sympathies of both sexes. In less worthy hands the tragedy might have taken the ordinary course of an intrigue, perhaps of a secret marriage with a fatal result to one or both of the lovers. But

here it is that Shakespeare's genius asserts itself. The balcony scene, as it is called, in *Romeo and Juliet* is, without any exception, the most beautiful love scene ever written. It may safely be said that only one man could ever have conceived or executed such a masterpiece of dramatic poetry. Let us try and imagine what this exquisitely delicate scene might have become, in the hands of such dramatists as Marston, or Chapman, or Heywood, or Massinger, or any one of Shakespeare's contemporaries; to say nothing of his predecessors or successors. Let us see what it becomes in Shakespeare's hands. Can anything be more perfect than the subtle blending of innocence and passion which characterizes Juliet's declaration of her love? She is alone, as she believes, with nothing but the moon and the stars, and the delightfully scented orange-groves, as witnesses of her confession. We know that Romeo is there, but she does not. We feel at once what may be called the tragedy of opportunity; we feel that this young girl, little more than a child, might go back to her virgin bed and bedew her pillow with passionate tears; and that in a few weeks, or perhaps days, she might be ready to marry the man whom her parents had arbitrarily chosen for her. But an improbable and unexpected opportunity comes. Romeo has been drawn by an irresistible impulse to the place which enshrines the object of his new-born adoration. He is there, unseen, to receive the confession which tells him that his love is returned. This scene is one which may well stir the coldest nature, and quicken the pulsation of the most world-hardened heart.

There is not, from the beginning to the end of this masterpiece of passionate love-making, one indelicate thought or impure sentence. As the moonlight softens all the most rugged outlines; shedding upon the gnarled trunks, and on the hardest, thorniest foliage the silver bloom of her softening light; giving to each petty vista of the formal garden the mysterious majesty of a forest avenue; even so the exquisite bloom of innocence refines and purifies the unrestrained outbursts of Juliet's passionate nature; giving to what might so easily wear the forbidding shape of lust, or the lurid

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

glare of sensuality, the delicate charm, the tender light of an ideal love. The abandonment of all restraint, checked with such exquisite self-recollection, just when it is trembling on the brink of shamelessness; the lovely maiden blush which bepaints her cheek, though she may be unconscious of it; the innate chastity which excites the reverence of her lover, even in the height of his passion, which forbids him to attempt any nearer approach to the object of his adoration; these are touches that none but a true poet, who had preserved, amidst all the corrupting influences of the world, that reverence for purity which is the crown of manly genius, could have produced. That one most beautiful line :

"What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?"

uttered, as it is, in the simplest innocence, and answered, as it is, without the slightest taint of licentiousness, is the key to this most perfect scene.

How skilful is the contrast of the Nurse's sordid and impure nature, of Mercutio's scoffing cynicism, with the fragrant innocence of Juliet, and the romantic enthusiasm of her lover! In the scene with the Friar, when Romeo, like a spoilt child, throws himself on the ground in a paroxysm of thwarted self-indulgence, he is at his worst; but note how both his and Juliet's natures are purified and strengthened by adversity. As the tragic gloom of the play deepens, the spoilt child becomes a resolute man; Juliet, who, at one moment perhaps, has been in danger of yielding to the overpowering force of her passion, becomes a self-contained and heroic woman. She does not scruple to face death rather than the dishonour of being unfaithful to her exiled husband. The terror, with which her almost brutal parents inspire her, is powerless in face of her deep and loyal love. He too when he finds, as he believes, that Death has snatched his bride from him, with fierce determination arms himself with the merciless poison; and goes to take his last farewell of the body of his love, to whom the same Death that had stolen her from him shall soon reunite him.

It may be said that this is the first of Shakespeare's plays in which his genius really asserts itself. As a master-piece of comic characterization, of subtle humour, and of deep insight into human nature, the Nurse may almost rank, side by side, with Falstaff. Mercutio, again, is such a marvellous creation of high comedy, that Shakespeare is said to have killed him off, lest he, by his attractive vivacity, should have, morally speaking, killed the hero. None of the characters, even slight sketches as some of them may be, can be said to be uninteresting. All the very best features of dramatic composition and poetry are, to be found in this play. The interest is absorbing; the pathos most deeply touching; while the humorous element, never too prominent, affords that contrast so essential to a really great drama. The character of Friar Lawrence is well worthy study. Shakespeare has thoroughly entered into the affectionate relations which existed between a young man, like Romeo, and his spiritual director. Few English actors of Romeo have succeeded in grasping the idea of such a relationship; and therefore fail in conveying that mixture of filial love, and implicit reliance on his advice, which marks Romeo's attitude towards the Friar. Nothing proves more strongly Shakespeare's immense mental superiority than his utter freedom from bigotry, in an age when writers, otherwise liberal-minded, thought that no opportunity should be missed of abusing the Roman Catholic religion and everything connected with it.

There is little throughout this play that is superficial. It would be easy to select detached scenes, the language of which would have made the reputation and fortune of any dramatist. What faults the play has I have ventured fearlessly to point out. It is quite possible to recognize them in the fulness of their imperfection, without lessening one jot of that heart-stirring admiration, which this beautiful work must always excite in those who are not dead to the noblest passions of our nature, or blind to the greatest beauties poetry can create.



# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
 Do, with their death, bury their parents'  
 strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd  
 love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could  
 remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to  
 mend.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. The market place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.*

*Sam.* Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.<sup>1</sup>

*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.

*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

*Sam.* I strike quickly, being mov'd.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

*Sam.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 10

*Gre.* [To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to

<sup>1</sup> Will not carry coals, will not bear injuries.



stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. 18

*Sam.* True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:

therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 24

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I



*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids? 29

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well thou art not fish; 'if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.<sup>1</sup> Draw thy tool;] here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee. 40

*Gre.* How? turn thy back, and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry:—I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown, as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it. 50

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

<sup>1</sup> Poor John, hake fish, dried and salted.

*Sam.* [*Aside to Gregory*] Is the law of our side, if I say, ay? 54

*Gre.* [*Aside to Sampson*] No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir. 60

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Gre.* Say—better [*Aside to Sampson, seeing Tybalt at a distance*]; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing<sup>1</sup> blow. [*They fight.* 70

*Ben.* Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their weapons.*

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

*Enter several persons of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens and Peace Officers with clubs and partisans.*

*First Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! 80

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword? 83

*Cap.* My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with his train.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— [Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts, 90

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—]

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments, 100

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—

For this time, all the rest depart away:—

You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. 109

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:

<sup>1</sup> Swashing, making a loud noise against the shield—strong, violent.

I drew to part them; in the instant came 115  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,  
[ Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in  
scorn: ]

While we were interchanging thrusts and  
blows, 120  
Came more and more, and fought on part and  
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*La. Mon.* O! where is Romeo? saw you him  
to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd  
sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,  
So early walking did I see your son: 130

Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood:

[ I, measuring his affections by my own,  
That most are busied when they're most  
alone,

Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me. ]

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been  
seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep  
sighs:

[ But all so soon as the all-cheering sun 140  
Should, in the furthest east, begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night: ]

Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the  
cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of  
him. 150

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any  
means?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other  
friends:

[ But he, his own affections' counsellor, 155  
Is to himself—I will not say how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows  
grow, 160  
We would as willingly give cure as know. ]

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes. So please you,  
step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy  
stay,

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[ *Exeunt Montague and Lady Montague.*

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Ro-  
meo's hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes  
them short. 170

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled  
still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was  
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. 180  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with  
love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick  
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

• *Ben.* • No, coz, I rather weep. 189

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such, Benvolio, is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

[Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.] 200

Farewell, my coz.

*Ben.* Soft! I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness,<sup>1</sup> who 't is that you love.

*Rom.* [What, shall I groan and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!]

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 210

*Ben.* I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man! And she's fair & love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

[She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:] 220

<sup>1</sup> In sadness, seriously.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor, 221  
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.

[*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,



*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now.] 230

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.*

'T is the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question<sup>1</sup> more: 235  
 These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the  
 fair;

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240  
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing  
 fair?

Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.  
*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine,<sup>2</sup> or else die in  
 debt. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A street.

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
 In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,  
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning<sup>3</sup> are you both;  
 And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long.  
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
 My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. 11

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers  
 made.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early  
 made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but  
 she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent is but a part;

{ *An she agree, within her scope of choice*  
*Lies my consent and fair according voice.* }

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number  
 more.

[ *At my poor house, look to behold this night*

<sup>1</sup> To call in question, to call into remembrance; to make the subject of conversation.

<sup>2</sup> I'll pay that doctrine, i.e. I'll give that teaching.

<sup>3</sup> Reckoning, estimation.

Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven  
 light: 25

Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel  
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit<sup>4</sup> at my house; hear all, all see, 30  
 And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
 Which,<sup>5</sup> on more view, of many mine,<sup>6</sup> being  
 one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning  
 none.]

Come, go with me.—

[*To Servant, giving a paper*]

Go, sirrah, trudge about  
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
 Whose names are written there, and to them  
 say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

*Serv.* Find them out, whose names are  
 written here! [It is written, that the shoe-  
 maker should meddle with his yard, and the  
 tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil,  
 and the painter with his nets; but] I am sent  
 to find those persons whose names are here  
 writ, and can never find what names the writ-  
 ing person hath here writ. I must to the  
 learned.—In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's  
 burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's  
 languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50  
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plaitain-leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a  
 madman is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

<sup>4</sup> Inherit, possess.

<sup>5</sup> Which, i.e. the one of most merit.

<sup>6</sup> Mine, my daughter.

Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good-den,<sup>1</sup>  
good fellow.

*Serv.* God gi'<sup>2</sup> good-den. I pray, sir, can  
you read? 59

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without  
book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you  
see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters, and the  
language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*]

"Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselmo, and his beauteous sisters;  
The lady widow of Vitruvio;  
Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;  
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;  
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;  
My fair niece Rosaline; and Livia;  
Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt;  
Lucio, and the lively Helena." [*Giving back the paper.*]

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither?

*Serv.* To supper; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's. 80

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have ask'd you that  
before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking:  
my master is the great rich Capulet; and if  
you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray,  
come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you  
merry! [*Exit.*]

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,  
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, 90  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears  
to fire!

And these,<sup>3</sup>—who, often drown'd, could never  
die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut, you saw hér fair, none else bei  
by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye: 1  
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh  
Your lady-love against some other maid  
That I will show you, shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well, that now show  
best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to b  
shown,

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.

*Enter* LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call  
her forth to me.

*Nurse.* [Now, by my maidenhead at twelve  
years old,  
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-  
bird!  
God forbid!] Where's this girl? What,  
Juliet!

*Enter* JULIET.

*Jul.* How now! who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here. What is your  
will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter:—Nurse, give  
leave awhile, we must talk in secret:—Nurse,  
come back again; I have remember'd me, thou  
shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st my  
daughter's of a pretty age. 10

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

[*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—and  
yet, to my teen<sup>4</sup> be it spoken, I have but four,  
—she is not fourteen. ] How long is it now?  
to Lammas-tide?<sup>5</sup>

*La. Cap.* A fortnight and odd days.

*Nurse.* [Even or odd, of all days in the  
year, come Lammas-eve at night shall she be  
fourteen. ] Susan and she—God rest all  
Christian souls!—were of an age: well, Susan  
is with God; she was too good for me:—[but,

<sup>1</sup> Good-den, good evening.

<sup>2</sup> God gi', God give ye.

<sup>3</sup> And these, i.e. his eyes.

<sup>4</sup> To my teen, to my sorrow.

<sup>5</sup> Lammas-tide, the first of August.

as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; and she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—of all the days of the year, upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood

to my dug,] sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall; my lord and you were then at Mantua:—[nay, I do bear a brain:<sup>1</sup>—but, as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it tetchy,<sup>2</sup> and fall out with the



Enter JULIET.

dug! "Shake," quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow, to bid me trudge:] and since that time it is eleven years; for then she could stand high-lone;<sup>3</sup> nay, by the rood, she could have run and waddled all about; for even the day before, she broke her brow: [and then my husband—God be with his soul! a' was a merry man—took up the child: "Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said "Ay." To see, now, how a jest shall come about! I

warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he; and, pretty fool, it stinted<sup>4</sup> and said "Ay."]

*La. Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam;—[yet I cannot choose but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say "Ay." And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; a parlous knock; and it cried bitterly: "Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st thou upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when

<sup>3</sup> High-lone, quite alone.

<sup>1</sup> Bear a brain, I have a perfect remembrance.

<sup>2</sup> Tetchy, ill-tempered. <sup>4</sup> Stinted, stopped crying.

thou com'st to age; wilt thou not, Jule?" it  
 quitted, and said "Ay." 68

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,  
 say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark  
 thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest  
 babe that e'er I nurs'd: an I might live to  
 see thee married once, I have my wish.

*La. Cap.* Marry, that "marry" is the very  
 theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
 How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

*[Nurse.* An honour! were not I thine only  
 nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom  
 from thy teat.]

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now;  
 • younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70  
 Are made already mothers: by my count,  
 I was your mother much upon these years  
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in  
 brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a  
 man as all the world—why, he's a man of  
 wax.<sup>1</sup>

*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a  
 flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very  
 flower.

*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the  
 gentleman? 79

This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
 Examine every married lineament,  
 And see how one another<sup>2</sup> lends content,  
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.

[This precious book of love, this unbound  
 lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
 The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride  
 For fair without the fair within to hide: 90  
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
 By having him, making yourself no less. 94

*Nurse.* No less! nay, bigger; women grow  
 by men.

*La. Cap.* ] Speak briefly, can you like of  
 Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move:  
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye,  
 Than your consent gives strength to make it  
 fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper  
 served up, you called, my young lady ask'd  
 for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every  
 thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I  
 beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee. [Exit Servant.  
 Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy  
 days. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV. A street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five  
 or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for  
 our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:

[We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a  
 scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance:<sup>4</sup>  
 But let them measure us by what they will; ]

We'll measure them a measure,<sup>5</sup> and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch,—I am not for this  
 ambling; 11

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have  
 you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing  
 shoes

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead;

<sup>1</sup> A man of wax, i.e. a well-formed, well-modelled man.

<sup>2</sup> One another, one to the other.

<sup>3</sup> Crow-keeper, scarecrow.

<sup>4</sup> Entrance, pronunciation as en-ter-ance.

<sup>5</sup> Measure, dance.



So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* [And, to sink in it, should you burden love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough  
with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love  
down.—]

Give me a case to put my visage in:

A visor for a visor!—what care I  
What curious eye doth quote<sup>1</sup> deformities?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock and enter; and no sooner  
in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me: let wantons, light of  
heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes<sup>2</sup> with their heels,  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

[The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.]

*Mer.* [Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's  
own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the  
mire

{Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears.—] Come, we burn daylight,  
ho!

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this  
mask;

But 't is no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dream'd a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed, asleep, while they do dream  
things true.

*Mer.* O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been  
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies<sup>3</sup>  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:  
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:  
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut:  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream  
of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies  
straight,

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on  
fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted  
are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's  
tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;  
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or  
two,

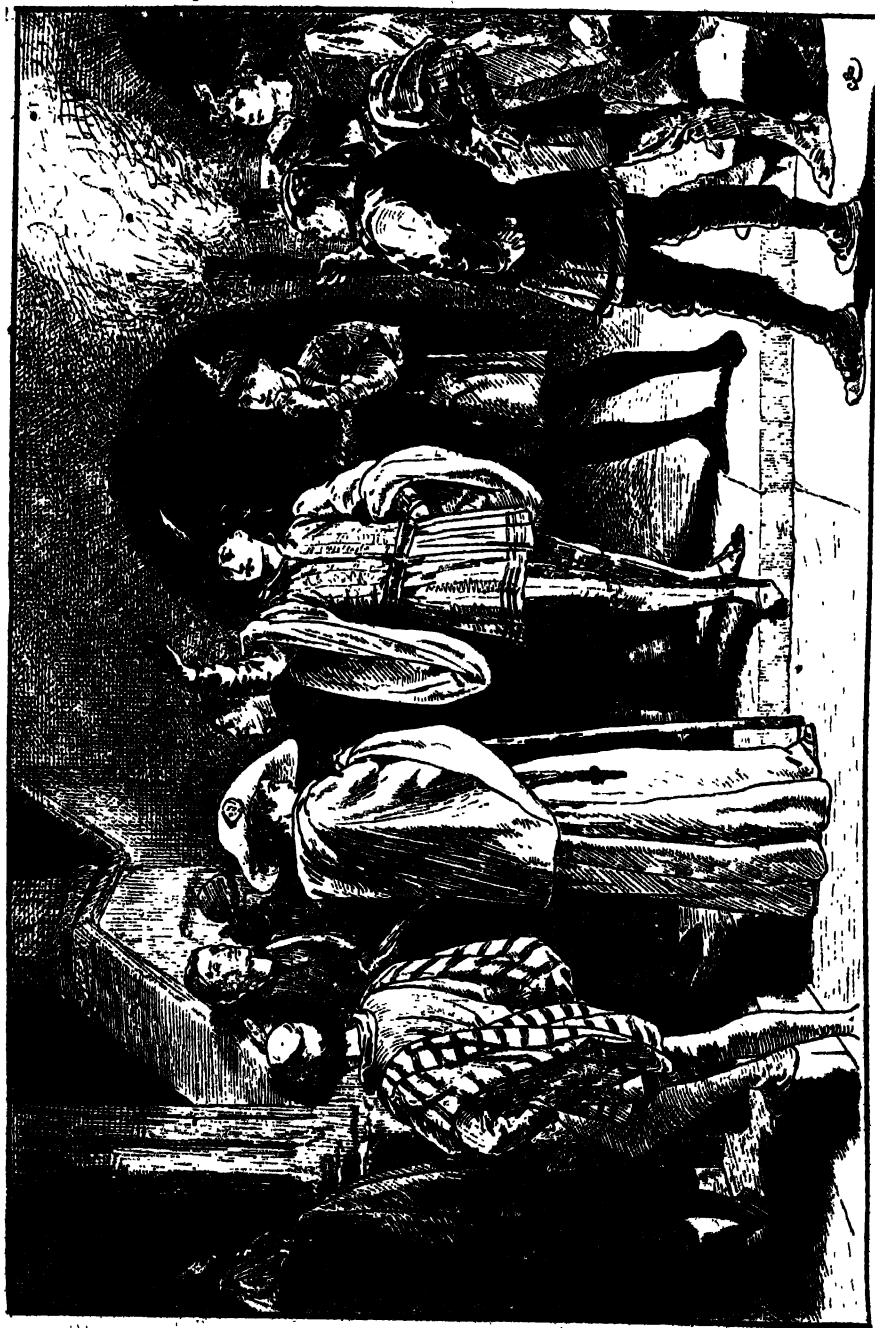
<sup>1</sup> Quote, observe.

<sup>2</sup> Rushes, the rushes with which the floor was strewed.

<sup>3</sup> Atomies, atoms.







ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Scene 4. Line 53

Mercutio O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you



And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, so  
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them and learns them first to  
 bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage:  
 This is she ]—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams;  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north, 101  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from  
 ourselves;  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early; for my mind mis-  
 gives,  
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels; and expire the term  
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast, 110  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen!

*Ben.* Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

● SCENE V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with  
 napkins.*

[*First Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps  
 not to take away? He shift a trencher! he  
 scrape a trencher!

*Sec. Serv.* When good manners shall lie all  
 in one or two men's hands, and they un-  
 wash'd too, 't is a foul thing.

*First Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, re-  
 move the court-cupboard,<sup>1</sup> look to the plate.  
 Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Court-cupboard, a movable sideboard on which plate-  
 was displayed.

<sup>2</sup> Marchpane, a sweet cake, made of almonds, like a  
 macaroon.

and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in  
 Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony Pot-  
 pan! 11

*Sec. Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

*First Serv.* You are look'd for and call'd for,  
 ask'd for and sought for, in the great cham-  
 ber.

*Sec. Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.  
 —Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the  
 longer liver take all. ]

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, JULIET, TY-  
 BALT, and others of his house, meeting the  
 Guests and Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have  
 their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with  
 you:—

Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all 20  
 Will now deny to dance? she that makes  
 dainty,

I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?  
 Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
 That I have worn a visor, and could tell  
 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
 Such as would please;—'t is gone, 't is gone, 't is  
 gone:

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and  
 others.*

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musi-  
 cians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,  
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too  
 hot.— 30

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;  
 For you and I are past our dancing days:  
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
 Were in a mask?

*Sec. Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

*Cap.* What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not  
 so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
 Come pentecost as quickly as it will,  
 Some five and twenty years; and then we  
 mask'd.

*Sec. Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir; 40

His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* [*To a Servingman*] What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 50

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,<sup>1</sup>

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, 60  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  
A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo is 't?

*Tyb.* 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;  
He bears him like a portly<sup>2</sup> gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth: 70  
I would not for the wealth of all the town,  
Here in my house, do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—  
It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest;  
I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd;

What! Goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—go to;

Am I the master here, or you? go to. 80

You'll not endure him! [God shall mend my soul,

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop!<sup>3</sup> you'll be the man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 't is a shame—

*Cap.* Go to, go to;]

You are a saucy boy: [*To one of the guests who whispers him*] is 't so, indeed?

[*To Tybalt*] This trick may chance to scathe you,—I know what:

You must contráry me! marry, 't is time.

[*To Guests*] Well said, my hearts! [*To Tybalt*]

You are a princex:<sup>4</sup> go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!

I'll make you quiet. [*To Guests*] What!—cheerly, my hearts! 90

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet<sup>5</sup> convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*]

*Rom.* [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss,

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 100  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

<sup>1</sup> *Antic face*, referring to the mask Romeo wears.

<sup>2</sup> *Portly*, dignified, well-bred.

<sup>3</sup> *Set cock-a-hoop*, play the hully. <sup>4</sup> *Princex*, coxcomb.

<sup>5</sup> *Sweet*, here a substantive, governed by "convert."

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. 106

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take. [Kissing her.]

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took. 110

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by th' book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor! Her mother is the lady of the house, And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous: I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal; I tell you, he that can lay hold of her Shall have the chinks.<sup>1</sup>

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet? O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. 120

*Ben.* Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet<sup>2</sup> towards.<sup>3</sup>— Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all; I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night. More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late: I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt Capulet and others.*]

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond' gentleman? 130

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

[*Exit Benvolio.*]

*Jul.* What's he, that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. [*Exit Mercutio.*]

*Jul.* What's he, that follows there, that would not dance? [*Exit Romeo.*]

*Nurse.* I know not. 135

*Jul.* Go, ask his name: [*Nurse goes aside and questions one of the guests*] if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

*Nurse.* [*Returning*] His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate! Too early seen unknown, and known too late! Prodigious birth of love it is to me, 142 That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd even now Of one I danc'd withal.

*La. Cap.* [*Within*] Juliet!

*Nurse.* Anon, anon;— Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Chorus.*]

*Chor.* Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes<sup>4</sup> to be his heir; That fair<sup>5</sup> for which love groan'd for and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair. Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks; But to his foe suppos'd he must complain, And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; And she as much in love, her means much less To meet her new-beloved any where: 152

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,

Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Chinks, money.

<sup>2</sup> Banquet, a dessert of fruit, cakes, and wine.

<sup>3</sup> Towards, ready.

<sup>4</sup> Gapes, impatiently longs.

<sup>5</sup> Fair, beauty.



## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place adjoining the wall of Capulet's garden.*

[Enter ROMEO.]

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.  
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise; And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—  
Romeo! Humours'<sup>1</sup> madman! Passion-lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove; 10

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape<sup>2</sup> is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
[By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,] 20  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: ['t would anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite:] my invocation

Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among  
These trees, 30

To be consorted with the humorous<sup>3</sup> night:  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

[Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit }  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. }  
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
An open et cætera, thou a poperin<sup>4</sup> pear! ]  
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40  
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain  
To seek him here, that means not to be found.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Capulet's garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He<sup>5</sup> jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief, 5  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

[JULIET appears in balcony above.]

[Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but pale and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.] 10  
It is my lady, O! it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—  
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

<sup>1</sup> Humorous, moist, humid.

<sup>2</sup> Poperin, from Poperingues, a town in French Flanders.

<sup>3</sup> He, i.e. Mercutio.

<sup>1</sup> Humours, "amorous fancies."

<sup>2</sup> Ape, here used for a young man.

Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
[What if her eyes were there, they in her  
head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame  
those stars, 19  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so  
bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not  
night.]

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might kiss that cheek!

*Jul.* Ay me!

*Rom.* She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him, 30  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou  
Romeo!

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I  
speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
[Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part 41  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!]  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes<sup>1</sup>  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* • I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; so  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus be-  
screen'd in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.*

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am: 54  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred  
words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the  
sound:

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60



*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-  
like.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and  
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to  
climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou  
art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-  
perch these walls; 66

For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love at-  
tempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder  
thee. 70

*Rom.* Alack, there lies more peril in thine  
eye,

Than twenty of their swords: look thou but  
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw  
thee here.

[*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from  
their sight;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.*] By whose direction found'st thou out  
this place?

*Rom.* By love, who first did prompt me to  
inquire: 80

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest  
sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on  
my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-  
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke; but farewell compli-  
ment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say  
"Ay," 90

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour  
light: 99

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be  
strange. 101

I should have been more strange, I must con-  
fess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the incon-  
stant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.\*

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear: although I joy in  
thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, good-  
night! 120

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we  
meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and  
rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-  
night?

*Rom.* Th' exchange of thy love's faithful  
vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst re-  
quest it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what  
purpose, love? 130

*Jul.* But to be frank; and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit above.]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good  
night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-  
morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the  
rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [Within] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not  
well, 150

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night!

[Exit above.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want  
thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from  
their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy  
looks. [Exit.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's  
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle<sup>1</sup> back again! 160  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than  
mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.  
Romeo!

Re-enter ROMEO.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by  
night, 166

Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till  
then. 170

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember  
it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand  
there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still  
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee  
gone;

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet  
sorrow,

That I shall say—good night till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in  
thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, 185  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Verona. The monastery.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the  
frowning night,  
Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of  
light;

<sup>1</sup> Tassel-gentle, the male goshawk.

[ And flecked<sup>1</sup> darkness, like a drunkard, reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels: ]

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

[ The earth, that's nature's mother, is her  
tomb; ]

What is her burying grave, that is her womb,  
And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different. ]

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true quali-  
ties :

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair  
use, ]

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers  
each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude  
will;

And where the worser is predominant, ]

*Rom.* [ Without ] Good morrow, father.

*Fri. L.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—

*Enter ROMEO.*

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd  
brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth  
reign :

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure ]

Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;

Or if not so, then, here I hit it right, ]

*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest  
was mine.

*Fri. L.* God pardon sin! wast thou with  
Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri. L.* That's my good son: but where  
hast thou been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me  
again. ]

I have been feasting with mine enemy; ]

Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded; both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies :

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri. L.* Be plain, good son, and homely in  
thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.  
*Rom.* Then plainly know my heart's dear  
love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, save what thou must com-  
bine ]

By holy marriage: when, and where, and  
how,

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of  
vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri. L.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change  
is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

[ *Jesu Maria*, what a deal of brine ]

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline: ]  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sen-  
tence then,—

<sup>1</sup> Flecked, spotted, streaked.

Women may fall, when there's no strength in  
• men. 80

• *Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri. L.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri. L.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I  
love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

*Fri. L.* O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90  
For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden  
haste.

*Fri. L.* Wisely and slow; they stumble that  
run fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Verona. Outside the city.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

*Mer.* Why, where the devil should this  
Romeo be?

Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his  
man.

*Mer.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man, that can write, may answer  
a letter. 10

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master,  
how he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!  
stab'd with a white wench's black eye; shot  
through the ear with a love-song; the very  
pin<sup>1</sup> of his heart cleft with the blind bow-

boy's butt-shaft:<sup>2</sup> and is he a man to encounter  
Tybalt? 19

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell  
you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements.<sup>3</sup> He fights as you sing prick-song,  
keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me  
his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your  
bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a  
duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very  
first house,<sup>4</sup> of the first and second cause: ah,  
the immortal passado!<sup>5</sup> the punto reverso!<sup>6</sup>  
the hay!<sup>7</sup> 27

[*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lisping, affect-  
ing fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!  
"By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!  
a very good whore!" ] Why, is not this a  
lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should  
be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these  
fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who  
stand so much on the new form, that they  
cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their  
*bons*, their *bons*! 37

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring:  
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is  
he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in:  
Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;  
marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her;  
Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen  
and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray  
eye or so, but not to the purpose.

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French  
salutation to your French slop. You gave us  
the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What  
counterfeit did I give you? 50

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip;<sup>8</sup> can you not  
conceive?

<sup>1</sup> Butt-shaft, arrow used in shooting at butts.

<sup>2</sup> Complements, the punctillos of ceremony.

<sup>3</sup> A gentleman of the very first house, i.e. "an upstart."

<sup>4</sup> Passado, a step forward or aside in fencing.

<sup>5</sup> Punto reverso, a back-handed stroke.

<sup>6</sup> Hay, from Italian *hai*, "Thou hast it;" used when a  
hit was made.

<sup>7</sup> Slip, a kind of counterfeit money.

<sup>1</sup> Pin, the centre-pin of the butt or target.

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy. 55

[*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning, to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition. 60

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flower'd.<sup>1</sup>

*Mer.* Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness! 70

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose? 80

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;<sup>2</sup> it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheveril,<sup>3</sup> that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word "broad;" which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 91

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling

love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bawble in a hole. .

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.<sup>4</sup> 100

*Ben.* Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceiv'd; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* ] Here's goodly gear!

*Enter NURSE and PETER.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter. 110

*Peter.* Anon!

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter.

*Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* [Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon. 119

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you!

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said;—"for himself to mar," quoth a'!—] Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older, when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

[*Nurse.* You say well. 120

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.]

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* [A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a

<sup>1</sup> Well flower'd.. He means his pump or shoe was well pinked, or punched with holes, as an ornament.

<sup>2</sup> Bitter sweeting, a kind of apple.

<sup>3</sup> Cheveril, soft leather, made from the hide of roebuck (chevreuil).

<sup>4</sup> Against the hair, against the grain.

lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar  
ere it be spent. • [Sings. 140

An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in lent:  
But a hare that is hoar  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent. ]

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll  
to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—  
[singing] lady, lady, lady.<sup>1</sup> 151

[*Exeunt* *Mercutio* and *Benvolio*.]

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir,  
what saucy merchant was this, that was so  
full of his ropery?<sup>2</sup>

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to  
hear himself talk; and will speak more in a  
minute, than he will stand to in a month. 157



*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[singing] lady, lady, lady.

*Nurse.* An a' speak any thing against me,  
I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he  
is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot,  
I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! [I  
am none of his flirt-gills;<sup>3</sup> I am none of his  
skains-mates.<sup>4</sup>—And thou must stand by too,  
and suffer every knave to use me at his plea-  
sure? 164

*Peter.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure;  
if I had, my weapon should quickly have been  
out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as

another man, if I see occasion in a good quar-  
rel, and the law on my side. 169

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that  
every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! }

—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you,  
my young lady bade me inquire you out; what  
she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but  
first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into  
a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very  
gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the  
gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you

<sup>3</sup> Flirt-gills, transposed for "gill-flirts," loose women.

<sup>4</sup> Skains-mates, low companions.

<sup>1</sup> Lady, lady, lady, the burden of an old ballad.

<sup>2</sup> Roper, roguery.



should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 181

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

*Nurse.* Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 190

*Rom.* Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall: 199

Within this hour my man shall be with thee; And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;<sup>1</sup>

Which to the high top-gallant, of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell! be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. Farewell! commend me to thy mistress.

[*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. 210

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale

as any clout in<sup>2</sup> the vargal<sup>3</sup> world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R. 221

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady. ]

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter! 230

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V. Verona. Terrace of Capulet's garden.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him;—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:

[Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.]

Now is the sun upon the highest hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve 10

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

[But old folks, many feign as they were dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.]

O God, she comes!

<sup>1</sup> Tackled stair, "the stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship."

<sup>2</sup> Vargal, universal.

*Enter NURSE and PETER.*

O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man  
away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why  
look'st thou sad? 21

[*Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.*]

*Nurse.* I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have  
I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I  
thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good  
nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste? can you not stay  
awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou  
hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

[*The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.*]

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice;  
you know not how to choose a man: [*Romeo!*  
no, not he; though his face be better than any  
man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a  
hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be  
not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare:  
he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll war-  
rant him, as gentle as a lamb.] Go thy ways,  
wench; serve God.—What, have you din'd at  
home?

*Jul.* No, no: but all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a  
head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50  
My back!—o' t' other side,—O, my back, my  
back! [*Juliet offers to rub her back.*

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
[*Pushing Juliet away.*

To catch my death with jaunting up and  
down!

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not  
well. 54

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says  
my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says, like an honest gentle-  
man, and a courteous, and a kind, and a hand-  
some, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is  
your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother! why, she is  
within; 60

Where should she be? How oddly thou re-  
liest!

"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother?"

*Nurse.* O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow; 64  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil! [*Kneeling at Nurse's  
feet, and coaxing her*] Come, what says  
Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift  
to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Lau-  
rence's cell; 70

There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your  
cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

[*Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.*]  
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,  
farewell. [*Exeunt.* 80

SCENE VI. Verona. The cloisters.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*Fri. L.* So smile the heavens upon this holy  
act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow  
can,

It cannot countervail th'exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri. L.* These violent delights have violent  
ends,  
And in their triumph die, like fire and  
powder, 10  
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest  
honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite.  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth  
so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bstride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20  
*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri. L.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,  
for us both. 22

*Jul.* As much to him, else is his thanks too  
much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be  
• more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in  
words, 30

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their  
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

*Fri. L.* Come, come with me, and we will  
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *A public place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and  
Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood  
stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that,  
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps  
me his sword upon the table, and says, "God  
send me no need of thee!" and, by the opera-  
tion of the second cup, draws it on the drawer,  
when, indeed, there is no need. 10

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in  
thy mood as any in Italy; [and as soon moved  
to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay,] an there were two such, we  
should have none shortly, for one would kill

the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with  
a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in  
his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel  
with a man for cracking nuts, having no other  
reason but because thou hast hazel eyes;—  
[what eye, but such an eye, would spy out  
such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quar-  
rels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head  
hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quar-  
relling:] thou hast quarrell'd with a man for  
coughing in the street, because he hath wa-  
kened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun:  
didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing  
his new doublet before Easter? with another,  
for tying his new shoes with old riband? and  
yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou  
art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my  
life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple! O simple!

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not. 30

*Enter TYBALT and others.*

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you. 41

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort!<sup>1</sup> what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort! 52

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery: 60

*Enter ROMEO.*

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage<sup>2</sup> To such a greeting:—villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw. 70

<sup>1</sup> Consort, a company of musicians.

<sup>2</sup> Appertaining rage—i. e. a rage appertaining to.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender<sup>3</sup> As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *Alla stoccata*<sup>4</sup> carries it away. [*Draws.*

*Tybalt*, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me? 79

*Mer.* Good king of cats,<sup>5</sup> nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat<sup>6</sup> the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher<sup>7</sup> by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you. [*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio:—beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 90  
*Tybalt*,—*Mercutio*,—the prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, *Tybalt*!—good *Mercutio*—

[*Tybalt*, under *Romeo's* arm, stabs *Mercutio*, and flies with his followers.]

*Mer.* I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much. 98

*Mer.* No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!

<sup>3</sup> Tender, regard

<sup>4</sup> Stoccata, a thrust or stab with a rapier.

<sup>5</sup> King of cats, alluding to his name.

<sup>6</sup> Dry-beat, severely beat

<sup>7</sup> Pilcher=pilch, a scabbard, or leather covering.

Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best. 109

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exit, supported by Benvolio.*]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very<sup>1</sup> friend, hath got his mortal hurt



*Rom.* Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again.

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel! 120

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days  
doth depend;  
This but begins the woe others must end.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,<sup>2</sup>  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct<sup>3</sup> now!—

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again, 130  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort  
him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

*Ben.* Romeo, away! be gone!

<sup>1</sup> Very, true.    <sup>2</sup> Respective lenity, prudent gentleness.

<sup>3</sup> Conduct, conductor.

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away! 140  
*Rom.* O, I am fortune's fool!  
*Ben.* [Why dost thou stay?]  
[Exit Romeo.]

[Enter Citizens and Officers.]  
*First Off.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?  
*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.  
*First Off.* Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

[Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.]

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?  
*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage<sup>1</sup> of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. 150  
*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spilt  
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,<sup>2</sup>  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!  
*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?  
*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice<sup>3</sup> the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high displeasure: all this—uttered 160  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

“Hold, friends! friends, part!” and, swifter  
than his tongue, 170  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:—  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. 180  
*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:  
Some twenty of them fought in this black  
strife,  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.  
*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?  
*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;  
His fault concludes but what the law should  
end, 190  
The life of Tybalt.  
*Prin.* And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-  
bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out  
abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 200  
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that  
kill. ] [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

[Enter JULIET.]

*Jul.* Gallop space, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
35

<sup>1</sup> Manage, circumstances, or course.

<sup>2</sup> True, just.

<sup>3</sup> Nice, trivial.

And bring in cloudy night immediately.—<sup>4</sup>  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing  
night,

That runaways<sup>1</sup> eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.

[Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil<sup>2</sup> night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,<sup>11</sup>

And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd<sup>3</sup> blood, bating<sup>4</sup> in my  
cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love,  
grown bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.]

Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day  
in night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-  
brow'd night,<sup>20</sup>

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish<sup>5</sup> sun.—

[O! I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd:] so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child, that hath new robes, so  
And may not wear them. O! here comes my  
nurse,

And she brings news; and every tongue, that  
speaks

But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly elo-  
quence.—

*Enter NURSE, with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou  
there? the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

<sup>1</sup> Runaways, here = runagates, i.e. late wanderers.

<sup>2</sup> Civil, grave.

<sup>3</sup> Unmann'd, a term of falconry, applied to a hawk not used to the falconer.

<sup>4</sup> Bating, fluttering violently.

<sup>5</sup> Garish, gaudy.

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou  
wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's  
dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's  
dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—  
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment  
me thus?

[This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "I,"<sup>6</sup>

And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not I, if there be such an "I;"

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer "I;"

If he be slain, say "I;" or if not, "no:"<sup>50</sup>

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.]

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore-blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,  
break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!<sup>60</sup>

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I  
had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so con-  
trary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?

[My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general  
doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?]

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.<sup>70</sup>

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Ty-  
balt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

<sup>6</sup> I, the old spelling of eye.

*Jul.* [O serpent heart, hid<sup>73</sup> with a flow'ring  
face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
{Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!  
{Despised substance of divinest show!  
{Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
{A damned saint, an honourable villain!]  
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,      80  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever book<sup>1</sup> containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,  
All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn.  
{Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua-  
vite:  
{These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make  
me old.]

Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue 90  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that  
kill'd your cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-  
band?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth  
thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled  
it?

{But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my  
cousin?      100  
{That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-  
band:]

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have  
slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my  
husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's  
death,

That murdered me; I would forget it fain;  
But, O! it presses to my memory,      110  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;"  
[That "banished," that one word "banished,"  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's  
dead,"

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern<sup>1</sup> lamentation might have  
mov'd?      120  
But with a rear-ward<sup>2</sup> following Tybalt's  
death,]

"Romeo is banished,"—to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished!"  
[There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe  
sound.]

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's  
corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they<sup>3</sup> his wounds with tears:  
mine shall be spent,      130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are be-  
guil'd,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:

[He made you for a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-  
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maiden-  
head!]

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find Ro-  
meo

To comfort you: I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

*Jul.* O, find him! give this ring to my true  
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Modern, ordinary, conventional.

<sup>2</sup> Rear-ward, rear-guard.

<sup>3</sup> Wash they, i.e. let them wash.



SCENE III. Verona. A secret place in the monastery.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.

*Fri. L.* Romeo, come forth; come forth,  
thou fearful man:  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the  
prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri. L.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the  
prince's doom?

*Fri. L.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from  
his lips, 10  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say,—  
death;

For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say,—banish-  
ment.

*Fri. L.* Hence from Verona art thou ban-  
ished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona  
walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death:—then banished 20  
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banish-  
ment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri. L.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankful-  
ness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
prince,

Taking thy part, hath rash'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banish-  
ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven  
is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every tat and dog, 30  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not:—more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished: 40  
[Flies may do this, but I from this must fly: {  
They are free men, but I am banished. ] {  
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground  
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so  
mean,

But—"banished"—to kill me?—"Banished?"  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50  
To mangle me with that word "banished?"

*Fri. L.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but  
speak a word.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banish-  
ment.

*Fri. L.* I'll give thee armour to keep off  
that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet "banished?" Hang up philoso-  
phy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more. 60

*Fri. L.* [O, then I see that madmen have,  
no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men  
have no eyes? ]

*Fri. L.* Let me dispute with thee of thy  
estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou  
dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,

[Validity, worth, dignity.

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou  
 • tear thy hair,  
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[Throws himself on the ground. Knocking  
 within.

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo,  
 hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick  
 groans,  
 Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. 73

[Knocking.

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Who's  
 there?—Romeo, arise!  
 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile:—Stand up;  
 [Knocking.



Fri. L. Romeo, arise!—Thou wilt be taken.

Run to my study.—By and by:—God's will,  
 What simpleness is this!—I come, I come!

[Knocking.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you?  
 what's your will?

Nurse. [Within] Let me come in, and you  
 shall know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
 Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own  
 tears made drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,

Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,  
 [Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blub-  
 b'ring.

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
 Why should you fall into so deep an O?]

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the  
 end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with  
 her?

[Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own?]  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what  
says

My conceal'd<sup>1</sup> lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps  
and weeps; 99

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell  
me,

In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may  
sack

The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his dagger.*]

*Fri. L.* Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast: 111

{ Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
{ Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! ]  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

[ Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven,  
and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three  
do meet 120

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst  
lose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit:

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to  
cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask, 132  
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own de-  
fence. ]

What! rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately  
dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy  
too:

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy  
friend, 139

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua; 149

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze<sup>2</sup> your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more  
joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have stay'd here all  
the night 159

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to  
chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give  
you, sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit.*]  
*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by  
this!

*Fri. L.* Go hence; good night; and here  
stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:

<sup>1</sup> Conceal'd lady, i.e. secretly married wife.

<sup>2</sup> To blaze, to make known.

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time: 170  
Every good hap to you that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good  
night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on  
me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
Farewell. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV. Verona. Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

*Cap.* Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our  
daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-  
night:

I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to  
woo:

Madam, good night: commend me to your  
daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early  
to-morrow; 10

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate  
-tender

Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it  
not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday  
next—

But, soft! what day is this?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday  
is too soon, 19

O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. [To Paris] But what say  
you to Thursday?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were  
to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be  
it, then. 30

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!  
[Afore me! 'tis so very late, that we  
May call it early by and by:—good night.] }  
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE V. Verona. Juliet's chamber.

## ROMEO and JULIET.

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near  
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the  
morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious  
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. 10  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be  
gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
[Some say the lark makes sweet division;

{This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30  
 {Some say the lark and loathed toad change  
 eyes;  
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up<sup>1</sup> to the  
 day.]

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light,—more dark and  
 dark our woes!

*Enter NURSE.*

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your  
 chamber: 39

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life  
 out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll  
 descend. [*He descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love,  
 my friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
 For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be fuch in years  
 Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity 49  
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet  
 again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes  
 shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:  
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do  
 you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!  
 [*Exit.*]

[Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee  
 fickle: 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
 That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

<sup>1</sup> *Hunt's-up*, an old tune, "The Hunt is up;" played to  
 wake sportsmen in early morning.

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
 But send him back.] 64

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you  
 up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady  
 mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?



Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's  
 death? 70

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave  
 with tears?

[An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make  
 him live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much  
of love; 73

But much of grief shows still some want of  
wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not  
the friend

Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so  
much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd  
him. 80

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles  
asunder.—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor mur-  
derer lives.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these  
my hands:—

Would none but I might venge my cousin's  
death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it,  
fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in  
Mantua,— 89

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart—so for a kinsman vex'd:

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, 99

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find  
such a man. ]

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful  
time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

[*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful;  
father, child; }

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is  
that? }

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thurs-  
day morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at St. Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's Church and  
Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed 119

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him  
so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and NURSE.*

*Cap.* [When the sun sets, the air doth  
drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.— ]

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in  
tears? 120

Evermore showering? [In one little body }

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy  
body

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with  
them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. ] How now, wife! }

Have you delivered to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she  
gives you thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Cap.* Soft! take me with you, take me with  
you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us  
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her  
bless'd, 144

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?  
*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful,  
that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful e'en for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now, chop-logic! What  
is this? 150

"Proud,"—and, "I thank you,"—and "I thank  
you not;,"

And yet "not proud:" you, mistress minion,  
you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no  
prouds,

But fettle<sup>1</sup> your fine joints 'gainst Thursday  
next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

[*Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you  
baggage!*

*You tallow-face!*

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?]

*Jul. [Kneeling]* Good father, I beseech you  
on my knees, 159

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thurs-  
day,

Or never after look me in the face:

[*Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;*

*My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us  
bless'd*

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

*Out on her, hilding!*<sup>2</sup>

*Nurse.*

God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold  
your tongue,

[*Good prudence; smatter<sup>3</sup> with your gossips, go.*

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.*

O, God ye god-den.<sup>4</sup>

*Nurse.* May not one speak t' ye?

<sup>1</sup> Fettle, get ready.

<sup>2</sup> Hilding, base wretch.

<sup>3</sup> Smatter, talk ignorantly.

<sup>4</sup> Ye god-den, (give) ye good evening.

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.] 175

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread!<sup>5</sup> it makes me mad: day,  
night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now pro-  
vided 180

A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a  
man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet,<sup>6</sup> in her fortune's tender,<sup>7</sup>  
To answer "I'll not wed,—I cannot love,  
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—"  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house  
with me: 190

[*Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.*  
*Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:]*  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the  
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! 200

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak  
a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. 210

[*Exit.*

*Jul. [Rising]* O God!—O nurse, how shall  
this be prevented?

[*My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—]*

<sup>5</sup> God's bread, i.e. the Host, the blessed Sacrament.

<sup>6</sup> Mammet, doll. <sup>7</sup> In her fortune's tender, i.e. just  
when fortune tenders her a prize.

Alack, alack!—that heaven should practise  
stratagems 211

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* Faith, here 't is: Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge  
you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the County.  
O, he's a lovely gentleman! 220  
Romeo is a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,  
As living here, and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvel-  
lous much. 230

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* [*Looking after Nurse*] Ancient damnation!

O most cursed fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be  
twain.— 240

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Verona. The Friar's cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

*Fri. L.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very  
short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri. L.* You say, you do not know the lady's  
mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's  
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,  
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage, 11

To stop the inundation of her tears;

[Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society:]

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri. L.* [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it  
should be slow'd.—

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife!

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That "may be" must be, love, on  
Thursday next. 20

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri. L.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this  
father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.

[*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.]

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

*Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your  
face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with  
tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;  
For it was bad enough before their spite. 31

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with  
that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.



*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it. 35

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri. L.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

*Par.* God shield I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

*Fri. L.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may proroque it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60  
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,—  
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri. L.* Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution 65  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,

[That cop'it with death, himself to scape from it; 75

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring  
• bears; 80

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live unstained wife to my sweet love.

*Fri. L.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow: 90  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, 100  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life:  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier, 110  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come; and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present  
 shame;  
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
 Abate thy valour in the aëting it. 120

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O, tell not me of  
 fear! 121

*Fri. L.* Hold; get you gone, be strong and  
 prosperous  
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed



*Jul.* Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord. 124

*Jul.* Love give me strength! and strength  
 shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*]

{[SCENE II. Verona. Hall in Capulet's house.

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and  
 two Servants.

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are  
 writ.— [*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*Sec. Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for  
 I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

{ *Sec. Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that

cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that  
 cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, be gone.— [*Exit Sec. Servant.*]  
 We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—  
 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lau-  
 rence? 11

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good  
 on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Nurse.* See where she comes from shrift with  
 merry look.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where have  
 you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the  
sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20

And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county: go tell him of this:  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence's  
cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—  
stand up,—

This is as't should be. Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar, 31  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my  
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

*La. Cap.* No, not till Thursday; there is  
time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church  
to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision:  
'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,  
wife: 40

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once. What,  
ho!

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself  
To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous  
light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Verona. Juliet's chamber:  
night.

JULIET and NURSE.

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle  
nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of  
sin.

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? do you need  
• my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-  
saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone, 9

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all  
In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night:

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Farewell! God knows when we shall  
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my  
veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me.—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, vial.— 20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar—

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air  
breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the  
bones 40

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd: 41  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,



*[Jul. Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.]*

And shriek like mandrakes' torn out of the  
earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—  
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears? 50  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his  
shroud?

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And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's  
bone, 53  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains!  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.

*[She drinks from the vial, then throws herself upon the bed.]*

[SCENE IV. Verona. Hall in Capulet's house.]

*Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.*

*La. Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch  
more spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in  
the pastry.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock  
hath crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—  
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, you cot-quean,<sup>2</sup> go,  
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

*Cap.* No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd  
ere now 9

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt<sup>3</sup>  
in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching  
now.

*[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]*

*Cap.* A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits,  
logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there?

*First Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I  
know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. *[Exit First  
Serv.]* Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

<sup>1</sup> Pastry, the room where paste or pastry was made.

<sup>2</sup> Cot-quean, mollycoddle; a man who meddles with women's business.

<sup>3</sup> Mouse-hunt, a stoat; here used in the sense of a man who runs after women.

{ Call Peter, he will show you where they are.

{ *Sec. Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

*Cap.* Mass, and well said; a merry whorson, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 't is day:

The county will be here with music straight,  
For so he said he would:—I hear him near.—

[*Music within.*]

*Nurse!*—Wife!—What, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

*Re-enter NURSE.*

{ Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;

{ I'll go and chat with Paris:—hie, make haste,

{ Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:

{ Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Verona. Juliet's chamber: morning.*

*Nurse.* [*Without*] Mistress!—what, mistress!

*Enter NURSE.*

Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!

{ [What, not a word? you take your penny-worths now;

{ Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

{ The County Paris hath set up his rest,

{ That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,]

Marry, and amen! how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

{ [Ay, let the county take you in your bed; 10  
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?]

[*Undraws the curtains.*]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!

Alas, alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some *aqua vita*, ho!—My lord! my lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me, O me!—My child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!— 20

Help, help!—Call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

*La. Cap.* Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* O woeful time! 30

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*Fri. L.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.

[O son! the night before thy wedding-day

Hath Death lain with thy wife:—see there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.]

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

[*Nurse*. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woeful day, so  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day! O woeful day!

*Par*. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,  
slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*Cap*. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,  
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now so  
To murder, murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my  
child!—

Dead art thou, dead! Alack! my child is  
dead;

And with my child my joys are buried.]

*Fri. L*. [Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's  
cure lives not

In these confusions.] Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath  
all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from  
death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70

The most you sought was her promotion;

For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

[O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married, that lives married  
long;

But she's best married that dies married  
young.]

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is, so

In all her best array bear her to church:

[For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.]

*Cap*. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral;

Our instruments to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;  
And all things change them to the contrary. so

*Fri. L*. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go  
with him;

And go, Sir Paris;—every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high  
will. [*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet,*

*Paris, and Friar*.

[*First Mus*. Faith, we may put up our  
pipes, and be gone.

*Nurse*. Honest good fellows, ah, put up,  
put up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit*.

*First Mus*. Ay, by my troth, the case may  
be amended. 101

*Enter PETER*.

*Pet*. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease,  
Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live,  
play "Heart's ease."<sup>1</sup>

*First Mus*. Why "Heart's ease?"

*Pet*. O, musicians, because my heart itself  
plays "My heart is full of woe:" O, play me  
some merry dump,<sup>2</sup> to comfort me.

*First Mus*. Not a dump we; 't is no time to  
play now. 110

*Pet*. You will not, then?

*First Mus*. No.

*Pet*. I will, then, give it you soundly.

*First Mus*. What will you give us?

*Pet*. No money, on my faith; but the  
gleek,<sup>3</sup>—I will give you the minstrel.

*First Mus*. Then will I give you the serv-  
ing-creature.

*Pet*. Then will I lay the serving-creature's  
dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotch-  
ets: I'll *re*<sup>4</sup> you, I'll *fa*<sup>4</sup> you; do you note  
me? 121

*First Mus*. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you  
note us.

<sup>1</sup> *Heart's ease*, the name of a popular tune.

<sup>2</sup> *Dump*, a mournful tune.

<sup>3</sup> *Gleek*, a scoff, or successful retort.

<sup>4</sup> *Re, fa*, the notes D and F in the musical scale.

*Sec. Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

"When gripping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound,"— 180

why "silver sound?" why "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?<sup>1</sup>

*First Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?<sup>2</sup>

*Sec. Mus.* I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

*Third Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say. 140

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:

"Then music with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress."

[*Exit.*

*First Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

*Sec. Mus.* Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. Mantua. A street.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave  
to think!—

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How doth my lady? that I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:  
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,

<sup>1</sup> Catling, a lute-string made of catgut.

<sup>2</sup> Rebeck, a musical instrument, with two or three strings, somewhat like a fiddle.

And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20  
And presently took post to tell it you:

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so?

[*He pauses, overcome by his grief.*

—then I defy you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush! thou art deceiv'd:  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do: 30  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: get thee gone;  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight. [*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means:—O mischief! thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of  
 roses,  
 Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
 "An if a man did need a poison now, 50



*Rom.* I do remember an apothecary.

Whose sale is present death in Mantua, 51  
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."  
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need;  
 And this same needy man must sell it me.  
 As I remember, this should be the house:  
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
 What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter APOTHECARY.*

*Ap.*

Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man. I see that thou  
 art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have  
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear as  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;

[And that the trunk may be discharg'd of  
 breath 68

As violently as hasty powder fir'd  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.]

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's  
 law

Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-  
 ness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
 Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes, 70  
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;  
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's  
 law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.



*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Hom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to  
men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst  
not sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

[*Exit Apothecary.*]

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Verona. The Friar's cell.

FRIAR JOHN, without.

*Fri. J.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*

*Fri. L.* This same should be the voice of  
Friar John.

*Enter FRIAR JOHN.*

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*Fri. J.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*Fri. L.* Who bare my letter, then, to Ro-  
meo?

*Fri. J.* I could not send it,—here it is  
again,—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

*Fri. L.* Unhappy fortune! by my brother-  
hood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge,  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*Fri. J.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

*Fri. L.* Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo 25  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;—  
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Verona. A churchyard, with the  
tomb of the Capulets.

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and  
a torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and  
stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st some thing approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*Page.* [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand  
alone 10

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal  
bed I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by  
moans:

The obsequies that I for thee will keep

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth ap-  
proach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20

What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*]

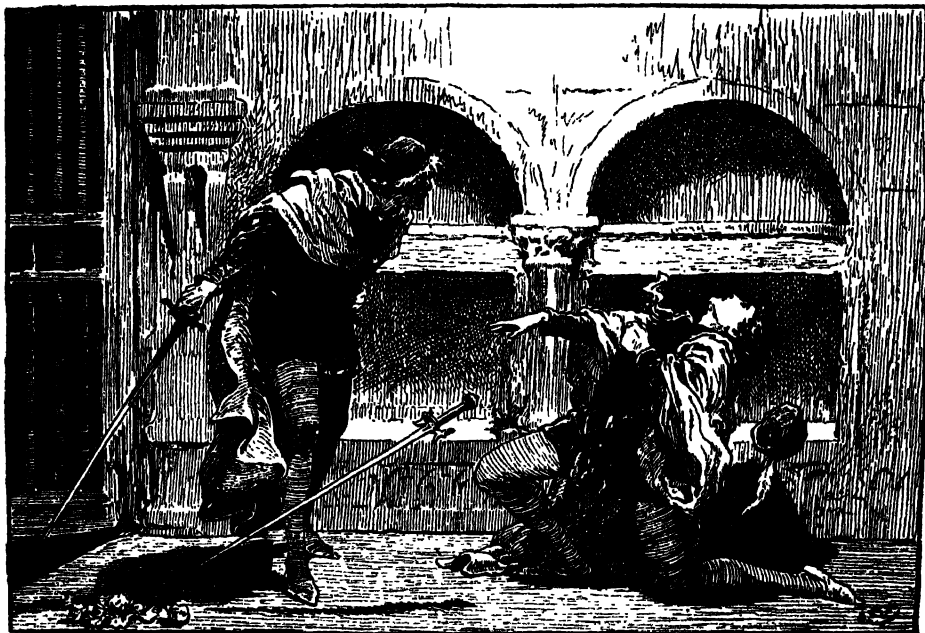
*Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a torch.  
mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock and the wrench-  
ing-iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father. 24  
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge  
thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my lady's face; 29  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring; a ring that I must use  
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry



Par. O, I am slain!

In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy  
limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea. 39

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.

Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good  
fellow.

Bal. [Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me  
hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of  
death, 45

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the tomb.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more  
food!

Par. [This is that banish'd haughty Mon-  
tague,

That murder'd my love's cousin, with which  
grief, 50

It is supposed, the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.]

[Comes forward.]

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: 56  
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed; and therefore came I  
 hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
 Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these  
 gone; 60

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
 Put not another sin upon my head,  
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
 Stay not;—be gone;—live, and hereafter say,  
 A madman's mercy had thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,  
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at  
 thee, boy! [*They fight.* 70

*Page.* O Lord, they fight! I will go call the  
 watch. [*Exit.*

*Par.* O, I am slain! [*Falls*] If thou be  
 merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

*Rom.* In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this  
 face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
 What said my man, when my betossed soul  
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80  
 To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,  
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;

[*A grave?* O, no! a lantern,<sup>1</sup> slaughter'd  
 youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence<sup>2</sup> full of light.  
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.  
 How oft when men are at the point of death  
 Have they been merry! which their keepers  
 call

A lightning before death: O, how may I 90  
 Call this a lightning?]  
 [*He opens the doors  
 of the tomb, and lays Paris within the  
 doors: then approaches the bier on which*

<sup>1</sup> *Lantern*, a turret full of windows, giving light to a  
 cathedral or other building.

<sup>2</sup> *Presence*, i.e. presence-chamber, or hall of audience.

*Juliet is seen lying.]* O, my love! my  
 wife! 91

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy  
 breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in  
 twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? [shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
 And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again: here, here will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids;] O,  
 here

Will I set up my everlasting rest; 110  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look  
 your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O  
 you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—  
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks*]—O true apothecary!  
 119

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.  
 [*Dies.*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR  
 LAURENCE, with a lantern, cross, and spade.*

*Fri. L.* Saint Francis be my speed! how  
 oft to-night  
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—  
 [Who's there?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that  
 knows you well.

*Fri. L.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good  
 my friend,  
 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light?

To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, 126  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*Fri. L.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri. L.* How long hath he been there? •

*Bal.* Full half an hour. 130

*Fri. L.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri. L.* Stay, then; I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

*Fri. L.* Romeo!—

[*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? 141

What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else! what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*]

*Jul.* O comfortable friar! where's my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? 150

[*Noise within.*]

*Fri. L.* I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

[*And Paris too!—come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:*]

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again*] I dare  
no longer stay. [*Exit Fri. L.* 159

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.  
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's  
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—  
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop  
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]  
Thy lips are warm. 167

*First Watch.* [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?



*Fri. L.* Saint Francis be my speed!

*Jul.* Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]  
This is thy sheath. [*Stabs herself*]; there rest,  
and let me die. 170

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

*First Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:  
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*]

[Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain; 174  
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—  
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:  
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:—

[*Exeunt others of the Watch.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry. 181

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

*Sec. Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found  
him in the churchyard.

*First Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the  
prince come hither.

*Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR  
LAURENCE.*

*Third Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles,  
sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

*First Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the  
friar too. ]

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek  
abroad? 190

*La. Cap.* The people in the street cry  
"Romeo,"

Some "Juliet," and some "Paris;" and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in  
your ears?

*First Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county  
Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder comes. [*Exeunt others of the Watch.*]

*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaugh-  
ter'd Romeo's man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open 200  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O heavens!—O wife, look how our  
daughter bleeds! 203

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house<sup>1</sup>  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom! ]

*La. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a  
bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early  
up,

To see thy son and heir more early down. \*

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-  
night; 210

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her  
breath:

What further woe conspires against mine age?  
*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in  
this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a  
while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true  
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime for-  
bear, 220

And let mischance be slave to patience.

[Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri. L.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost  
know in this.

*Fri. L.* I will be brief, for my short date of  
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Ju-  
liet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful  
wife:

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-  
day

<sup>1</sup> His house, i.e. the dagger's sheath.

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely  
death 234

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this  
city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd and would have married her per-  
force

To County Paris: then comes she to me,

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some  
mean 240

To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death: meantime I writ to

Romeo,



*Prince.* For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

{ That he should hither come as this dire night,  
{ To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
{ Being the time the potion's force should  
cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250  
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone

{ At the prefixed hour of her waking,

{ Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

{ Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

{ Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awaking, here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, 260

And bear this work of heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb:

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy  
man.— 270

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this? 271

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua  
To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father,  
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter;—I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—

*Sirrah,* what made your master in this place? 280

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And by and by my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

60

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
Where be these enemies?—*Capulet!*—*Montague!*— 291

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O brother Montague, give me thy hand:  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
That while Verona by that name is known, 300  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

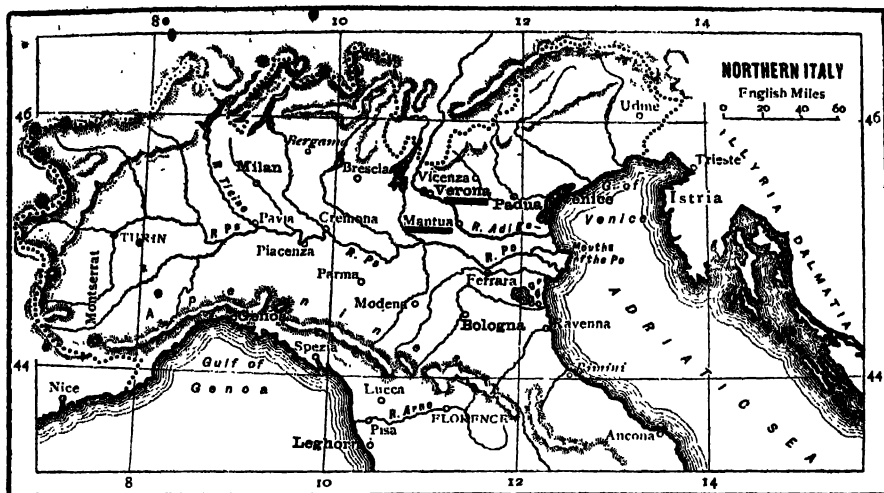
*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with  
it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad  
things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished: ]  
For never was a story of more woe 309  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

# MAP TO ILLUSTRATE ROMEO AND JULIET.



## NOTES TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

### PROLOGUE.

1. This is omitted in *F1*. In *Qq*. it is given to *Chorus*, that is to say, to the same player who speaks the *Chorus* at the end of act I. After that, the *Chorus*, a relic of the old-fashioned plays before Shakespeare's time, is dropped. Some commentators suppose this prologue was not written by Shakespeare. It is possible he found it in the older play on this subject; but as it is inserted in *Q 2* we may presume, if he did not write it, he at least adapted it. Its omission in the Folio shows how thoroughly that edition represents the then stage version of Shakespeare's play: it would naturally be omitted by the actors, as unnecessarily lengthening a play already quite long enough.

2. Line 12: *Is now the TWO HOURS' traffic of our stage.*—Compare prologue to *Henry VIII.* lines 9–13:

Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours.

It is not easy to see how Romeo and Juliet could be played in the two hours without omitting a great deal.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

3. Lines 1, 2: *we'll not CARRY COALS.*—This expression occurs very frequently in all our old dramatists, and in other writers down to the end of the 17th century. In *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, Clack the Miller says to Grim, "Carry coals at a collier's hands! If I do let my

mill be drowned up in water and I hanged in the roof" (*Dodsley*, vol. viii. p. 417). It was part of the duty of the lowest menials of the household to "carry coals" to the kitchen; "hence," says Gifford (*Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. ii. p. 168), "they were called blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained. According to this explanation, "one who carried no coals" would mean one of too proud a disposition to stoop to any low drudgery. It does not seem to me the explanation is very clear. *Cotgrave*, under *teste*, translates "*Il a du feu en la teste*," "He is very choleric, furious, or courageous; he will carry no coales." Is it possible that this expression may be connected with that used in *Proverbs* xxv. 22, and in *Romans* xii. 20, "To heap coals of fire on an enemy's head;" a man who would carry no coals being one of so furious a temper, that no patience or forbearance, on the part of his enemy, would appease his anger?

4. Line 3: *colliers.*—These men, like *coal-heavers* in the present day, were not in very good repute. The devil was often compared to a collier. Compare: "'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier" (*Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 130).

5. Line 27: *I will be CRUEL with the maids.*—This is the reading of *Q. 4*, *Q. 5*, neither of which is of any great authority. *Q. 1* omits this sentence. *Q. 2*, *Q. 3*, *F1*. all read *civill* or *civl*, which may, very possibly, be the right reading; *civl* would mean "peaceful," in contradistinction to his being at war with the men; the equivoque being explained by what follows.



6. Line 37: *here COMES two of the house of the Montagues.*—The disagreement between the verb and the nominative is intentional. It seems from a passage in Gascoigne's *Devises of a Masque*, written for the Right Hon. Viscount Mountacute, 1575, quoted by Malone, that the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from the Capels or Capulets.

7. Lines 48, 49: *I will bite my thumb at them.*—This mode of insult has nothing to do with what is called in Italy "giving the figo." Cotgrave, as Singer pointed out, describes it exactly under *faire la nique*, . . . "to threaten or defile, by putting the thumb's nail into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knock."

8. Line 70: *remember thy SWASHING blow.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, and Ff. read *washing*; a reading justified, perhaps, by a quotation furnished by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson: "You see my quarter staffe . . . A *washing* blow of this is as good as a Laundresse, it will *wash* for the name sake." It is probable that the word *washing*, in the above passage, is really meant for *swashing*, and that the *s* is omitted for the sake of the pun.

9. Line 81: *Enter CAPULET in his GOWN.*—Compare the stage direction in *Hamlet* (Quarto 1609), iii. 4. 61, *Enter the ghost in his night gowne*. It is early morning in this scene; and Capulet comes out in what we should call his dressing-gown.

10. Line 102: *Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.*—Delius has a note on this passage, explaining it thus: "Ruel, through long years of peace, has eaten into the partisans, just as hate has into the hearts of the rival factions."

11. Line 100: *To old Free-town, our common judgment place.*—Shakespeare got this word *Free-town* from Arthur Brooke's poem, in which the castle of the Capulets is so called (line 1974). It is a literal translation of *Villa Franca*.

12. Line 119: *Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.*—The bombastic tone of the speeches in this scene is worth noting. Shakespeare is here in his early imitative vein.

13. Line 150: *Or dedicate his beauty to THE SUN.*—Qq. and Ff. read *the same*, meaning, I suppose, *the air*. The emendation is Pope's, and is universally adopted.

14. Line 166: *Is the day so young?*—In Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, ii. 1, this expression is manifestly imitated:

*The morn is yet but young.*—Works, vol. ii. p. 124.

15. Line 182 *et seq.*—It has been pointed out by some commentators that the affected nature of Romeo's speeches, in this scene, is in keeping with the spurious nature of his love for Rosaline. His language is very different when he is under the influence of his sincere passion for Juliet. In Groto's *Hadriana*, alluded to in the Introduction, is a passage in the speech of *Hadriana* to the Nurse, describing her love for *Latino*, the antithetical character of which certainly resembles this and the following speech of Romeo (196-200); but whether the resemblance is close enough to warrant the inference that Shakespeare had Groto's lines either in the original or in

a translation, on his mind when writing this scene, let the reader determine for himself. The following is the passage from Groto admirably translated by Mr. P. A. Daniel:

My sickness was a pleasure without joy;  
A will embracing yet repelling still,  
A care which nourisheth, and yet which slays,  
A labour given by heaven as a rest.  
A supreme good the source of every ill,  
An extreme ill the root of every good,  
A mortal wound inflicted by myself,  
A golden snare in which myself I've catch'd,  
A pleasant poison drunk in at my eyes;  
Together ending and beginning life.  
A fever mix'd with freezing and with heat,  
A gall than honey and manna sweeter far,  
A beauteous flame that burns yet not destroys,  
An insupportable and lightsome yoke,  
A happy suffering and a cherisht grief,  
A death immortal brimming o'er with life,  
A Hell that seems as 'twere a Paradise.

—Daniel's *Romeo and Juliet*, &c. (New Shak. Soc. Series iii. No. 1, Introduction, p. xxx.)

16. Line 191: *Why such, BENVOLIO, is love's transgression.*—*Benvolio* was first inserted by Collier. Keightley supplied the remaining four syllables by *gentle cousin*.

17. Line 197: *Being PURG'D.*—So all the old copies, and correctly, I believe. Johnson suggested *urg'd*. Grant White thinks Shakespeare had in his mind the passage in the Gospels (Mat. iii. 12), "whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly *purge* his floor." But except that *purge* means in both passages "to purify," I cannot see much connection between them. The meaning is clear enough: "Love is obscured with the fume of sighs as a fire is by smoke,—being *purged*, or purified of the fume and of the smoke, both love and fire burn clear."

18. Line 217: *From love's weak childish bow she lives UNHARM'D.*—Q. 1 reads, *'Gainst Cupid's childish bow she lives uncharm'd*. The other Qq. and Ff. as in text; except that they have *uncharm'd*, which Collier proposed to alter to *encharm'd*, meaning that "she was magically *encharm'd* from love's bow by chastity." The *from*, as well as the *'gainst*, certainly point to *uncharm'd* as being the right reading; but it is possible Shakespeare wrote, or intended to write, as Lettsom and Grant White have suggested:

*'Gainst love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd,*

i.e. she was protected by a charm against love's arrows. Stevens thinks that these speeches of Romeo about Rosaline's imperviousness to love's arrows, &c. were an oblique compliment to Queen Elizabeth. Certainly, her Majesty being at least over sixty years old, and unmarried, when this play was written, the compliments on her celibacy were better timed than those on her beauty.

19. Line 222: *with her dies beauty's store.*—Qq. and Ff. read *with beauty dies her store*, which would mean, I suppose, that her chief wealth, being *beauty*, would *die with her*; rather a commonplace sentiment. We have followed, in the text, Theobald's generally accepted emendation, which makes better sense, and expresses an idea which seems a favourite one with Shakespeare. One example will suffice:

For he, being dead, with him is beauty slain.  
—Venus and Adonis, line 109.

Compare also *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 260-261. It is plain from the context that Romeo means to say that by resolving to remain chaste she will leave behind no inheritor of her beauty.

20. Line 234: *and in that sparing makes huge waste.*—An exactly parallel expression occurs in Sonnet i. line 12: And, tender churl, *make'st waste in niggarding.*

21. Line 235: *To call here, exquisite, in question more.*—This is generally explained "To call *here* (i.e. her beauty) which is *exquisite*, the more into my remembrance." To call in question does not here mean to doubt or dispute; but, as Malone says, *a question means conversation.*" It may be the right reading is, *To call her exquisite, i.e. her exquisiteness*; the adjective being used as a substantive.

22. Line 236: *These happy MASKS.*—The masks referred to here are not the masks worn by the ladies among the audience, as Stevens suggests, but the masks worn by ladies habitually, apparently much as veils are, or were worn in our time, partly to keep the sun off, and partly to add the charm of mystery to the features. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 124:

Now fair befall your mask!

23. Line 244: *I'll pay that DOCTRINE.*—For this use of doctrine as "instruction" or "teaching," compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 350:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

24. Line 9: *She hath not seen the change of FOURTEEN YEARS.*—In Brooke's Poem (line 1860), Capulet says of his daughter:

Scarce saw she yet full *xvii* years.

and in Painter's translation of the story "the Lord Antonio" (Capulet) speaks of Juliet as "not attained to the age of xviii years" (p. 121, l. 25. Daniel's edn.) It is possible that Shakespeare, copying Brooke, mistook the *xvi* for *xvii*; but he may have reduced his heroine's age by two years to make it correspond better to the Nurse's allusion about the earthquake.

25. Line 15: *She is the hopeful lady of my EARTH.*—This line is evidently corrupt; *earth* makes no sense, in spite of Stevens' gallant attempt to explain it as a gallicism = *filie de terre*, i.e. heiress. The line stands alone in this speech as the only unrhymed one; and the repetition of *earth*, which occurs in the line above, is singularly unmeaning, and looks very much like a printer's error. Can the true reading be *ee* for *eye*? It is an old form, used by Gower, and is still in use in poetry; but I cannot find it in Shakespeare. Skeat says, under *eye*, that Chaucer uses the form *ȝe*, though the scribes commonly write it *eye*. The *hopeful lady of my EYES*, would mean "the lady whom I look on with hope." Capulet having no son, it was in Juliet that all his hopes of continuing his family must have centred.

26. Lines 26-28:

*Such comfort, as do lusty YOUNG MEN feel  
When well-apparell'd APRIL on the heel  
Of limping winter treads.*

Johnson proposed to alter *young men* to *yeomen*, referring to the pleasure with which farmers receive the spring. Malone, more aptly, quotes:

When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

—Sonnet, xcvi. 2, 3.

27. Lines 31-33:

*And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
Which, on more view, of many mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.*

This passage has given rise to numerous emendations and to an exhibition of verbal gymnastics very edifying. One thing seems certain, that Shakespeare here refers to the proverbial expression "one is no number." Compare:

Among a number one is reckon'd none.

—Sonnet, cxxvi. 8.

The reading of our text is that of Q. A. Q. 5, differently stopped; Q. 2, Q. 3, and Ff. all read "Which one;" Q. 1 *Such amongst*. The meaning, which is unnecessarily involved by the affected mode of expression, is, "Which (i.e. the one whose merit most shall be), when you have seen more of her, my daughter, being one, may appear the number one (in merit) of many, though one is reckoned none." The close similarity of the expression in the Sonnet, and that in the last line quoted, should be observed.

28. Lines 52, 53:

Rom. *Your plaitain-leaf is excellent for that.*

Ben. *For what, I pray thee?*

Rom.

*For your broken shin.*

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 71-75.

29. Lines 67-75.—This we have printed in verse, as first suggested by Capell. It is not necessary to suppose that, as Capell wrote out the list, it was in anything but prose; but as Romeo reads it, he makes it into verse by putting in a few epithets; this he does for a joke.

30. Line 73: *My fair niece Rosaline.*—From this it would seem that Rosaline, Romeo's first love, was also a Capulet, unless this is another Rosaline. If she were of his enemies' house, it might account for her coldness to him.

31. Line 85: *come and CRUSH a cup of wine*—This expression, which occurs frequently in the old plays, has been compared to the modern expression "to crack a bottle of wine." No satisfactory attempt to explain it seems to have been made. Brewer, in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, says it is from the Italian *crosciare*, "to decant." This is one of Dr. Brewer's little jokes. *Crosciare* means "to squash, . . . to squeeze; but properly to fall violently as doth a sudden storm of rain or hail upon the tiles or slates of houses."—Florio (*sub voce*). It is possible the phrase might have been suggested by the idea of squeezing out the last drop.

32. Line 94: *then turn tears to FIRE.*—Most modern editors, following Pope, change *fire* to *fires* for the sake of the rhyme with *hairs*. But Qq. Ff. all read *fire*; instances of singular and plural words of the same termination being made to rhyme are not uncommon. *Fires* is a much weaker expression than *fire* in this passage.

32. Line 99: *Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by*.—By strongly emphasising the *her*, which is evidently intended, it is not necessary to repeat the *Tut*, as F. 2 does, for the sake of the metre.

34. Line 102: *lady-love*.—All the old copies read *ladies love*, which makes no sense, as it was Rosaline's beauty, not her love, that was to be weighed "against some other maid."

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

35. Line 4: *God forbid*!—The meaning of this expression is not very clear. Staunton remarks this is "an exquisite touch of nature. The old nurse . . . uses *lady-bird* as a term of endearment; but recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself;—*God forbid*! her darling should prove such a one!" Dyce says Staunton is altogether mistaken, and that all the Nurse means is "*God forbid* that any accident should keep her away!" Staunton's explanation certainly seems the more probable one, and most consistent with the Nurse's character; but except one passage from Fletcher's poems, quoted in Halliwell (*sub voce*), I cannot find any instance of the occurrence of the word *lady-bird* in the sense referred to by Staunton.

36. Line 8 *et seq.*—This speech of Lady Capulet, and the speeches of the Nurse, we have printed as prose, following all the old editions, in preference to the modern editors who have tried to make verse of what was surely never intended for it. Why should Shakespeare be made to violate every rule of rhythm and metre, for the sake of trying to strain this conventional prose into blank verse? This is a case in which the authority of the old copies should go for something.

37. Line 16: *Lammas-tide*.—That is, the first of August, when offerings of the first-fruits of the harvest were formerly made. The derivation of the word is from A. Sax. *hlaf-mæsse*, *hlam-mæsse*, i.e. loaf-mass, bread mass, or bread-feast. A loaf was frequently offered in place of the first-fruits, hence the name.

38. Line 25: *'T is since the earthquake now eleven years*.—Mention has been made in the Introduction (page 179), of the use which has been made of this allusion of the Nurse to an earthquake in attempting to fix the date of the play. Hunter was the first to point out that the reference was not to the petty trembling of the earth, felt in London in 1580; but to the terrible earthquake in Italy, in 1590, which destroyed Ferrara. Staunton mentions a small tract by Thomas Purfoote, in which the writer describes the destructive effects of that earthquake, which began on Nov. 11th, 1570, and continued, at intervals, till the 17th of the same month. It is quite possible Shakespeare may have seen this tract.

39. Line 28: *wormwood*.—The *Artemisia Absinthium*, from which *absinthe* is made. Halliwell quotes a passage from Cawdrey's *Treasure* or *Storehouse* of Similies, 1600, in which this practice of putting wormwood on the breast to wean children from sucking is mentioned, and an edifying simile founded on it.

40. Line 31: *gay, I do bear a brain*.—An expression

found, not unfrequently, in the old dramatists, e.g. in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, III. 1, "'tis I that must bear a brain for all" (Works, vol. II. p. 165).

41. Line 38: *she could stand HIGH-LOWE*.—The two first Quartos preserve this old-fashioned word. Q. 3, Q. 4, and Ft. all read *alone*. Compare Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable* (II. 2), "when I could not stand a high lone without I held by a thing" (Works, vol. I. p. 282). It seems generally to have been used in the form of a *high* or a *hie lone*. Hence, perhaps, in Q. 3 we find *a lone* written as two words.

42. Line 76: *he's a MAN OF WAX*.—This is a complimentary, not, as one would think, a contemptuous expression. The following passage in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, I. 2, illustrates its meaning:

Why, boy, his presence would enkindle sin.

O foot, O leg, O hand, O body! face!

By Jove, it is a little *man of wax*.

—Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 19.

43. Line 83: *Examine every MARRIED lineament*.—Q. 2 alone reads *married*: all the rest read *several*, which, following *every*, is decidedly cacophonous, besides being commonplace. *Married* here means "harmoniously united:" it is used in a very similar sense in the Sonnets:

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions *married*, do offend thine ear. —viii. 5, 6.

44. Line 86: *in the MARGENT of his eyes*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*. Note 50.

45. Line 89: *The fish lives in the SEA*.—Mason proposed to read, "in the *shell*," which certainly makes the passage apparently less obscure. Steevens explains it that the *fish* is not yet caught whose skin is to supply the cover of the book. A wife is called a *feme covert* in legal phraseology. *Fish-skin* covers were used for books. The whole speech is ridiculously affected and obscure.

## ACT I. SCENE 4.

46. Line 7: *nor no without-book prologue*.—The whole of this speech, as well as Romeo's which precedes it, refers to the custom of a party of maskers being introduced by one of their party speaking a written, or unwritten speech by way of *prologue*. An instance of such a *without-book prologue* is that which *Moth* attempts to speak for the Masque of the Russians in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 168-173. Lines 7, 8 are found only in Q. 1.

47. Line 38: *I'll be a CANDLE-HOLDER and look on*.—Steevens quotes from Ray's *Proverbial Sentences*, "A good candle-holder proves a good gazer," i.e. one who can look on at gaming makes a good player—because, presumably, he is cool, and can keep his wits about him. In Alfred De Musset's *Comédies et Proverbes*, vol. II. is a comedy in two acts, called "*Le Chandelier*," which sufficiently explains what a *candle-holder* came to mean.

48. Line 40: *Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word*.—There is some allusion here which has not yet been explained. *Dun's the mouse* is a phrase found in other plays of this period. In "*The Two Merry Milk-*

On the Best Words Wear the Garland, a Comedy by J. O. 1880, we find the following passage (l. 2):

*Dor. Is't done? Yea, if my consent will do't? tis. Dor. Why, then, tis done, and thus 's the mouse, and undone all the Courtiers.*

Here we have the same play on the words *done* and *dun*. It is just possible that this phrase may have been used by the Constable when he was induced, by the usual argument, not to see what was going on. *Dun* means dark; and, as mice come out at night, it may have meant no more than "All right, I don't see you." *Mouss* was used commonly as a term of endearment; perhaps this sense of the word may help us to understand the original meaning of the phrase.

40. Line 41: *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire*.—In a note on Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas*, Gifford gives an explanation of the game here alluded to, which, stripped of its verbiage, amounts to this:—A log of wood, called *Dun* the cart horse, is brought into the middle of the room, some one cries out, "*Dun is stuck in the mire!*" Two of the players come forward, and, with or without ropes, commence to try to drag it out; they pretend to be unable to do so, and call for help; some of the others join them, and make awkward attempts to draw *Dun* out of the mire, in the course of which the log is made to fall on the toes of some of the players. Gifford says he "often played at this game;" he was a simple-minded man, and we are bound to believe him.

50. Line 53: *Queen Mab*.—This is the first mention of *Queen Mab*, as the Fairy Queen, that has been discovered. The name was at first supposed to have been derived from *Habundia*, otherwise *Dame Abunde* or *Habunde*; but Mr. W. J. Thoma (Three Notelets on Shakespeare, 1865) clearly proves that *Mab* is a name of Celtic derivation, *Mab* being the title of the chief of the Irish fairies. "*Mab*" both in Welsh and in the kindred dialects of Brittany signifies a child or infant; and therefore is a name most applicable to the diminutive sovereign described by Mercutio. (See Furness' note in his *New Variorum* edn. *Romeo and Juliet*, pp. 61, 62.)

51. Lines 65, 66:

*Not half so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.*

Nares quotes, under *Idle Worms*:

Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the *idle Worms* in thy fingers' ends.

—Beaumont and Fl. *Woman Hater*, iii. 1, Works, vol. ii. pp. 437, 438.

What these *idle worms* really were, or what they were supposed to be, seems a mystery. The passage quoted by Nares is the only one, besides that in our text, which I have come across, wherein any reference is made to this supposed parasite. I am informed by Dr. C. M. Campbell that neither the *Acanthopneuste* or "maggot pimple," nor the *Demodex Folliculorum* (which is a common parasite found in the sebaceous follicles of the skin), ever occurs in the fingers. He also tells me that among the Lowland Scotch the toothache is still called the *worm*; and that in China the native charlatans still profess to cure toothache by extracting a live maggot from the hollow of a decayed tooth. Dr. Campbell thinks it probable that, in order to encourage the belief that *lazy fingers* bred worms,

the thrifty housewife might have smartly pricked the finger of the maid who indulged in idleness, and produced a live maggot as coming from it.

52. Line 72: *O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court-sies straight*.—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *countessies*. Tyrwhitt conjectured *counties*; which may be the right reading, as we have a *courtier* mentioned again below, line 77.

53. Line 77: *a courtier's nose*.—Collier's MS. Notes substituted *counsellor's* to avoid the repetition of *courtier*.

54. Line 89: *That plats the manes of horses in the night*.—Douce (p. 426) says that this alludes to a superstition that "certain malignant spirits, in the likeness of women clothed in white, haunted stables in the night time carrying tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thinly plating them in inextricable knots."

## ACT I. SCENE 5.

55. Line 29: *turn the tables up*.—Steevens says "that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*."

56. Line 83: *You will set cock-a-hoop*.—Various explanations have been given of this phrase. It is generally admitted now to be a form of the French *coq-d-huppe*, i.e. "a cock with his crest up." Cotgrave gives "to set cock-a-hooper. *Se goguer*;" and under *se goguer*, he gives "to take his pleasure . . . set cock-a-hooper, throw the house out at windowes." It is evident that the expression there intended is not *cock-a-hoop* in the sense generally accepted, but *cock-on-hoop*, which is thus explained by Bailey: "*Cock on Hoop* [i.e. the spigot or cock being laid on the hoop and the barrel of ale stunn'd, i.e. drunk without intermission] at the height of mirth and jollity." No such expression as *coq d huppe* is to be found in any French dictionary that I have seen; while Cotgrave gives as one sense of *Hupe* or *Huppe*, "The whoope or dung-hill cocke." It may be observed that in the quotation from Butler's *Hudibras* (part i. canto iii. 13, 14):

And having routed the whole troop,  
With victory was cock-a-hoop,

which most dictionaries give as an explanation of the use of this expression, the explanation given by Bailey of *cock-on-hoop* would make quite as good sense, as that given in all the dictionaries of *cock-a-hoop* (*coq A huppe*).

57. Lines 93, 94:

*but this intrusion shall*

*Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.*

i.e. "This intrusion shall convert what now seems sweet to bitter gall."

58. Line 109: [*Kissing her*].—Malone says that Shakespeare "here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a public assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous." But it may be doubted if every one was intended to see the kisses interchanged between *Romeo* and *Juliet* on this occasion. Grant White, in *Shakespeare's Scholar*, has a very sensible note on this scene, in which he points out that, for the most part, representatives of *Juliet* on the stage fall

to appreciate the archness of the dialogue here, and play the daughter of Capulet with too serious an air. It is pretty evident that Juliet has no objection to Romeo's practical illustration of the art of kissing.

59. Line 119: *Shall have the CHINKS*.—This expression, which one would think was a modern vulgarity, only occurs in this passage in Shakespeare. Tusser uses it, "Have chinks in thy purse" (p. 191)

## ACT II. SCENE I.

60. Line 2: *Turn back, DULL EARTH, and find thy centre out*.—By *dull earth*, according to Clarke, Romeo means "the earthlier portion of himself," i.e. I presume, his body. Delius aptly quotes, apropos of the latter part of the line:

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.—Sonn. cxlvi. 1.

61. Line 7: *Humours'-madman! Passion-lover!*—These four words are printed in Qq and Ff. as separate words; as if Mercutio were invoking the impersonal and the personal at the same time. Singer first hyphenated the words as in the text; an emendation which certainly makes sense of what before was mere confusion. Daniel boldly reads:

"Humorous madman, passionate lover,"

and possibly he is right. The whole of this speech is very carelessly printed in the old copies.

62. Line 13: *Young ABRAHAM Cupid, he that shot so trim*.—All the old copies concur in reading *Abraham*. Upton's conjecture *Adam*, referring to *Adam Bell*, the celebrated archer, has been very generally adopted; but, on the whole, there seems no need to alter the text here. *Abraham* is one of the many forms of *Abram*, *abron*—auburn. See *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 21, where F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 all read *Abram*, and F. 4 reads *auburn*. Compare Middleton's *Blurt*, Master Constable ii. 2:

• A goodly long thick *Abram-colour'd beard*.

—Works, vol. i. p. 259.

*Abraham* may also have another meaning, as beggars who wandered about the country, after the suppression of the monasteries, were called *Abraham-men*, thus defined in the *Fraternities of Vacabondes*, 1575, "an *Abraham-man* is he that walketh bare armed and bare legged, and fayneth himself mad, &c." (See Halliwell's Dictionary, *sub voce*). Bailey gives *Abram Cove* "naked or poor man." So that Cupid, for more reasons than one, might be humorously described as *Abraham Cupid*, being both a cheat and naked. Schmidt, in his *Lexicon (sub voce, Abraham)*, explains this name as being applied to Cupid, "in derision of the eternal boyhood of Cupid, though, in fact, he was at least as old as Father Abraham." The latter part of the verse is taken almost *verbatim* from the Ballad of King Cophetua:

The blinded boy that shootes so trim.

—Percy's Reliques (edn. 1857), p. 93.

In this case Q. 1 has preserved the right reading, all the old copies substituting *true* for *trim*.

63. Line 16: *The APE is dead*.—So Nashe talks of having read Lilly's Euphuus "when he was a little ape at Cam-

bridge" (Vag. Ed. Note, vol. vi. p. 73). The word was used sometimes as a term of humorous affection. Compare "Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest!" (II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 284).

64. Line 28: *Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name*.—In Qq. and Ff. this line runs thus:

*My invocation is fair and honest, and in his mistress name.*

Q. 2 alone omitting the second *and* which spoils the metre. *My invocation* belongs, evidently, to the line above; and is so printed by all modern editors.

65. Line 39: *truckle-bed*.—This was a small bed on castors, which was placed under the large or standing-bed, as it was called, during the day and pulled out at night for the use of the male or female attendant. It was also called a *trundle-bed*. See Dick of Devonshire, v. 1: •

In my fleabitten *Trundle bed*.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 87.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

66. Line 1: *He jests at scars, &c.*—Romeo overhears what Mercutio says. There is no indication of any change of scene in the old copies, nor did any take place on the stage in Shakespeare's time; neither is there any direction for Romeo's entrance. He merely stepped to the back of the stage at the beginning of the scene, and was supposed to be concealed from the others, not coming out till they had gone. Juliet would appear on the "upper stage," which did duty in the old plays for so many purposes.

67. Lines 8, 9:

*Her vestal livery is but PALE AND GREEN,  
And none but FOOLS do wear it.*

This is an allusion to the *white and green* which were the colours of the royal livery in the time of Henry VIII. (according to Collier), and were, undoubtedly, those of the dress of Will Summers, the King's Fool. *Pale* is the reading of Q. 1; all the other old copies read *sick*, which may have been taken by mistake from line 5 above, or may have been used as if referring to *green sickness*, an ailment common among young maidens.

68. Line 25: *That I might KISS that cheek!*—*Kiss* is the reading of Q. 1; it seems preferable to *touch*, the reading of all the other old copies.

69. Line 29: *white, upturned*.—So all the old copies; but Theobald printed these as one word, *white-upturned*, and is followed by nearly all the modern editors. What does *white-upturned* mean? With the *white* of the eye *upturned*, I suppose. Do not the separate epithets better express the appearance of an upturned eye by moonlight? If any one will observe the eyes of the person he loves looking upwards, when the moon is shining, he will see that the *white* is brought into great prominence by the peculiar light of the moon. *White-upturned* seems comparatively commonplace.

70. Line 31: *lazy-pacing*.—This is another instance of the true reading being obtained from Q. 1. All the other old copies read *lazy-puffing*, an epithet which Grant White

holds to be very appropriate to the clouds known as *cumuli*, "that puff themselves out into swelling breasts of rose-tinted white."

71. Line 39: *Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*—A very great amount of unnecessary ingenuity has been expended on this line. The meaning seems quite clear; "I love thee for thyself; thou art thyself, even if thou deniest thy father and refusest thy name" (see line 34).

72. Lines 32, 33: *at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs.*

Compare Day's Humour out of Breath, iv. 1:

Jove himself sits and smiles  
At lovers' perjuries. —Works, p. 55 (of play).

Both passages are taken, most probably, from Ovid's *Artis Amatoria*, lib. 1, 633:

Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum.

"This Shakespeare found," says Douce, "perhaps in Marlow's translation."

For Jove himself sits in the azure skies  
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.

73. Lines 95-97: Surely these three lines were never equalled in any love poem ever written: the mingled simplicity and passion—unconscious passion though it be—are wonderfully true to nature. The last sentence, *but else, not for the world*, is hardly ever spoken on the stage with any proper appreciation of the intense passion which it so thinly conceals.

74. Line 98: *In truth, fair MONTAGUE.*—Why does Juliet use here the hated name of *Montague*? Is it an oversight; or does she purposely recall the barrier between her and Romeo, which her love is determined to overleap?

75. Lines 117-120.—Compare Romeo's misgivings, i. 4. 106-111. The foreboding of evil, which both the lovers feel, is a very dramatic touch.

76. Line 160: *tassel-gentle.*—Steevens says this is the *tiercel* or male of the goshawk, so called because it was a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. The name *gentle* was given to this species of hawk because it was so easily tamed. According to Malone, the *tiercel-gentle* was the species of hawk appropriated to the prince; hence Juliet applies the name to Romeo.

77. Line 171: *I have forgot why I did call thee back.*—This is one of the many exquisite touches in this scene. Juliet can scarcely have forgotten why she called Romeo back, because she has already asked him what time she is to meet him on the morrow, quite sufficient reason for recalling him; but she is so unwilling to part with him, she pretends there was something else she had forgotten.

#### ACT II. SCENE 3.

78. Lines 3, 4:

*And flecked darkness, like a drunkard, reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.*

Compare with this passage the following from Crashaw's poem, "On a Foul morning, being then to take a journey":

Where art thou Sol while thus the blind-fold Day  
Stagger out of the East, loses his way,  
Stumbling on Night?

—Works (Grosart's edn.), vol. i. p. 235.

79. Line 26: *SLAYS all senses with the heart.*—Q. 2 reads *stays*, which some editors think preferable to *slays*; the meaning, in that case, being that the poison *stays*, or *stops* the heart, and with it all the senses.

80. Lines 41, 42.—These two lines seem to have slipped in from some later travesty; they have all the fatuous solemnity of such a work as the *Rehearsal*, or *Tom Thumb*.

81. Lines 51, 52: *both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic LIES.*

This construction is not ungrammatical, according to the rules of grammar in Shakespeare's time. Compare *Venus and Adonis*, l. 1128:

Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness *lies*.

82. Line 70: *thy sorrow cheeks.*—This expression shows that Romeo was intended to be a young man of the genuine Italian type, with sorrow complexion, and, probably, dark hair; not the round-faced, rosy-cheeked youth that some critics seem to picture him.

83. Lines 87, 88: *O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.*

Ulrici and Delius both point out, in different language, that this means Rosaline knew Romeo's love was purely mechanical, and not genuine; just as a person might pretend to read, having learned the matter by heart, but not being able to spell the words.

#### ACT II. SCENE 4.

84. Line 14: *a white wench's black eye.*—Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. 1. 198, 199:

*A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.*

The description of both the Rosalines, in that play and in this, seems to have been founded on the same original, a pale woman with black eyes. Such a combination generally is held to indicate a wanton nature. Perhaps the same original sat for the portrait of the two Rosalines, and of the faithless mistress in the Sonnets.

85. Line 21: *prince of cats.*—Steevens quotes Dekker's *Satiromastix*, "tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of cats." But on reference to the text of that play I find the passage is as follows:—"you keepe a Revelling & Araigning & a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of RATTES" (*Works*, vol. i. p. 269). *Tybert* or *Tyball* is the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox*.

86. Line 22: *captain of COMPLEMENTS.*—See Note 11, *Love's Labour's Lost*.

87. Line 23: *rests me his minnim rest.*—Shakespeare had a very fair practical knowledge of music, as is evident from the many technical musical expressions scattered

throughout his plays. For interesting particulars on this point, see a very able series of articles in the *Musical World* for Jan. and Feb. 1884, entitled "Shakespeare as a Musician."

86. Line 26: *a gentleman of the very first house*.—Staunton has a long and elaborate note explaining this phrase as meaning a gentleman-scholar "of the very first house," or school of fencing, referring to the academies established in London during the latter part of the 16th century for the study of "The Noble Science of Defence." But Dyce's explanation that it means "an upstart fellow, a nobody," is more probable; he quotes Cotgrave, "*Gentilhomme de ville, a gentleman of the first head, an upstart gentleman*." There is also some reference, no doubt, to an expression of heraldry in this passage.

89. Lines 34-37: THESE *PARDONNEZ-MOIS*, who stand so much on the NEW FORM, that they cannot sit at ease on the OLD BENCH! O, their BONS, their BONS.—The Camb. Edd. print *pardona-mi's*, as if it were meant for Italian, following Q. 4, Q. 5, which have *pardona'mees*, while Q. 2 has *pardons mees*, and F. 1, F. 2 *pardon-mee's*. Mercutio seems to be speaking of Frenchified gallants. The Camb. Edd. retain "O their bones, their bones!" the reading of all the old copies; but if we adopt *pardona-mi's*, *bones* should surely be *buons*. As for the rest of the sentence, the pun on *form* and *bench* is obvious; but Blakeway, in a note, says he had "read that during the reign of large breeches, it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons to make room for these monstrous protuberances, without which they who stood on the new form (i.e. who adopted the new fashion) could not sit at ease on the old bench." This fashion of "bombasted breeches" came from France, and reached its height, or rather width, in the middle of Elizabeth's reign, but did not die out till the reign of Charles I.

90. Line 39: *Without his ROE*, i.e. without the first part of his name, and so only *me o*, or *o me*, i.e. a sigh. Mercutio before (II. 1. 8), when calling Romeo, says:

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

91. Line 69: O SINGLE-SOLED jest.—*Single* means *simple*. The expression *single-soled* is generally explained as slight, feeble. But Singer points out the following extract from Cotgrave (*sub* Monsieur), "*Monsieur de trois au boisseau: . . . A thread-bare, single-soled, course-punne, gentleman*." So that *single-soled* jest means here a "thread-bare jest."

92. Line 75: *if thy wits run the wild-geese chase*.—A kind of horse-race was called *wild-geese chase*, in which "two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go." Burton mentions it, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, amongst the popular recreations of his time (p. 170, Ed. 1676).

93. Line 87: O, here's a wit of CHEVERIL.—In Day's *Law Tricke*, act iv., we find "file see which of my *cheveril-braynd* imitators dares follow my fashion" [Works, p. 58 (of play)]. The context explains the meaning of the phrase here.

94. Line 111: *My FAN, Peter*.—Farmer quotes from *The Serving Mans Comfort*, 1598: "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." These fans were more like hand fire-screens than the modern fans; they were large and cumbersome.

95. Line 135: *She will INDITE him to some supper*.—Benvolio uses *indite* for *invite*, in ridicule of the Nurse's confidence for conference.

96. Lines 137, 138:

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir.

This passage is aptly illustrated by the following in Brome's *City Wit*, iv. 2: "was not thy mother a notorious Tripe-wife, and thy father a protest *Harefinder*!" (Works, vol. i. p. 347). What the original meaning of *harefinder* was is doubtful; but its meaning in the above passage is pretty plain: the use of the word *hare* for "a wench" is illustrated by a passage quoted, from *Mirth in Abundance*, 1659, by Halliwell (see Furness, p. 138).

97. Line 162: *skains-mates*.—The derivation and exact meaning of this word are doubtful, and have much exercised the commentators. There is no doubt *skain* means a sword, or dagger; so that *skains-mates* may mean "fellow-cutthroats or bullies." On the other hand *skain* was spelled *skain* sometimes, so that it may be applied to women who work together at weaving.

98. Line 181: *very WEAK dealing*.—Collier proposed to read *wicked*, but it is unnecessary. This is one of the Nurse's ridiculous blunders. Mr. Fleay suggests the old word *wicke* (*wikke*, Chaucer), still in use, in the Midland Counties, for *wicked*.

99. Line 223: *R is for the dog*. No.—The old copies all read, *R is for the no*. The emendation we have adopted seems the most satisfactory one. Yards of commentary have been written on this passage, but the reading of our text is supported by the fact that R was undoubtedly known as the dog's letter from the days of the ancient Romans. Persius, Erasmus, Barclay (in his *Ship of Fools*), and other authorities, are quoted on this point. The Nurse, evidently, has got hopelessly "mixed"—to use a modern slang word—over the pretty saying of Juliet

#### ACT II. SCENE 5.

100. Line 16: *But old folks, MANY FEIGN as they were dead*.—So all the old copies substantially. Many emendations have been suggested; Dyce's is the most probable, *move i' faith*. But is any alteration necessary? *Many feign* may mean "many of them (i.e. old folks) feign as they were dead," i.e. "seem to be dead," so slow do they move.

101. Line 26: *Fie, how my bones ache*!—As to the age of the Nurse, Shakespeare is quite in accord with Brooke's poem; but it is worth noting that, so far from representing her as infirm, Brooke, after describing the Nurse's interview with Romeo, says (l. 678):

She takes her leave, and home, / she hies with speedy pace.

## ACT SCENE 6.

100. Line 9: *These violent delights have violent ends.*—Perhaps an expansion of a similar sentiment in Lucrece, line 894:

Thy violent vanities can never last.

100. Line 32: *They are but beggars that can count their worth.*—The same sentiment is repeated, almost exactly, in Ant. and Cleop. i. 1. 15:

There's *beggary* in the love that can be reckon'd.

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

104. Line 4: *For now these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.*—According to Johnson, in Italy "almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer." See quotes from Sir Thomas Smith's Commonwealth of England, 1583, b. ii. ch. cix. p. 70, "for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly."

105. Line 8: *by the OPERATION of the second cup.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 104, "A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it."

106. Line 11: *Am I like such a fellow!*—Clarke points out that a significant emphasis should be thrown on the *I*, in order to give "point to the humorous effect of Mercutio's lecturing Benvolio—the sedate and peace-making Benvolio—... on the sin of quarrelsomeness."

107. Line 48: *Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.*—Mercutio was an invited guest to the Capulets' feast, though he belonged to neither of the two rival houses. Tybalt seems to make it a grievance that he *consorts* with one of the opposite faction. This does not imply that Mercutio was bound by any closer ties to the Capulets than he was to the Montagues; it is only one of the traits of Tybalt's arrogant and domineering character.

108. Line 69: *Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries.*—The fact of Tybalt addressing Romeo as *Boy* does not prove that Romeo was his junior. The term *Boy* was used as one of contempt. Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 101, where Aufidius calls Coriolanus "thou boy of tears." In line 104 Coriolanus resents the term, "Boy! O slave!" Again, line 113, "Boy, false hound!"

109. Line 83: *dry-beat*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 268:

all *dry-beaten* with pure scoff.

This sense of *dry* (=hard, severe) has nothing to do with the verb *drie*, used by Chaucer (=to suffer), as Clarke wrongly explains it in a note on this passage.

110. Line 84: *pitcher*.—A *pitch* was an outer garment made of leather; it was also used of the covering of a saddle, and for the flannel that covered a child. Singer, in a fit of originality, would have us read *pitcher*. Bailey (in Dictionary) gives *pitchard*, "anything lined with Fur."

111. Line 98: [*Tybalt, under Romeo's arm, stabs Mercutio, &c.*—This stage direction is found (substantially) in Q. 1, which, if for no other reason, is valuable as containing many more such directions than any later edition. The question arises naturally, at this point, as to whether

the death of Mercutio—which is apparently an invention of Shakespeare, no foundation for the incident having been found in any of the various versions of the story of Romeo and Juliet preceding this play—is, or is not, required by the dramatic exigencies of the plot. On this point, I believe, Shakespeare has decidedly the best of his critics; he does not kill Mercutio wantonly, because he finds him becoming so bright and effective that he would overshadow the hero, but simply because there is no room in the after part of the play for such a character; the scheme of the tragedy would not allow of Mercutio being employed, with any effect, when once the real serious interest of the story has commenced. What could be more appropriate to the character of this scoffing, quick-tempered companion of Romeo, than that he should die in such a quarrel? If he is allowed to live, he must be brought in again on the scene; and how could that be done without irreparable injury to the main story? Just as in Hamlet, Shakespeare saw, at once, that any attempt to give prominence to the love of Hamlet for Ophelia must cripple the development of his leading idea in that tragedy, so did he recognize the fact that Mercutio, if suffered to live on, must either sink into a nonentity, or encumber the action of the tragedy.

112. Line 113: *your houses!*—This broken exclamation of the dying man, who has not breath to repeat his former anathema, "a plague o' both your houses," is admirably dramatic.

113. Lines 114, 115:

*This gentleman, the prince's near ALLY,  
My VERY FRIEND.*

Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 1. 40:

An heir, and niece *allied* unto the duke.

And (same play) iii. 2. 41:

Especially against his *very friend*.

114. Line 182: *Affection makes him FALSE.*—Benvolio's account of the encounter between Tybalt and Mercutio is not strictly true; which may arise, less from any intention, on the dramatist's part, to make Benvolio inaccurate under the influence of partisanship, than from a confusion between the version of the *fracas* given in Brooke's poem, and that which Shakespeare, for the purposes of the play, had invented. Is *false* a verb in this passage? Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 95 (see Note 42 of that play); also Cymbeline, ii. 3. 74:

Yea, and makes

Diana's rangers *false themselves*, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer.

In the latter passage, *false* may be an adjective. There can be no doubt of this verb being used in the following passage from Heywood's second part of King Edward IV.:

She *falide* her faith, and brake her wedlocks band.

—Works, vol. i. p. 125.

115. Line 202: *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*—It is very probable that Shakespeare, before writing this line, may have seen a passage in Stubbes' Anatomie of Abuses, quoted by Malone, in which is contained the rebuke of a jester to a king who had pardoned a man that had committed two murders; the murderer was brought up a third time for the same crime, when the



king asked him why he had killed three men. "No (O king)," said the jester, "he killed but the first, and thou hast killed the other two; for if thou hadst hanged him up at the first, the other two had not been killed." (See New Shak. Soc. Series vi. No. 12, p. 16.)

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

116. Lines 1-4: *Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, &c.*—Compare Marlowe's King Edward II. (which was performed before 1593):

*Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky;  
And, dusky Night, in rusty iron car,  
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,  
That I may see that most desired day.* ...Works, p. 208.

117. Line 6: *That RUNAWAYS' eyes may wink.*—This is one of those passages that seem to have been written for the special benefit of commentators; it is scarcely credible that pages upon pages of elaborate verbiage should have been written on this one word *runaways*. The meaning is clear; Juliet wishes that Romeo may find his way to her arms without being observed. *Runaways* here=*runagates*: as Furnivall has pointed out, Shakespeare, in Richard III. v. 3. 316, wrote:

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and *runaways*.

In Hollinshed's Chronicles, which Shakespeare used in writing Richard III. the passage runs "a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and *runagates*." For the various emendations, which are painfully ingenious, I must refer the reader to Furness' New Variorum Edition of this play (Appendix, pp. 367-396). If the gentle reader will peruse those twenty-eight pages he will be much edified. *Runaways*, then, or *runagates*, are the people who are out late at night, and who might see Romeo on his way to Juliet's chamber. Hunter quotes a passage from Dyche's Dictionary, 1735, "*Runagate* or *Runaway*, a rover or wanderer." I would venture on one suggestion, which is, that there may have been in Shakespeare's mind such a word as *run-t-the-ways*=vagabonds; but the passage from Richard III. almost renders this or any other conjecture unnecessary.

118. Lines 8, 9:  
*Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties.*

There can be little doubt that Milton had these lines in his mind when he wrote that beautiful passage in Comus:

*Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk.*

119. Lines 21-25: There is a passage in The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600, in the opening speech of *Lassingbergh*, which bears too close a resemblance to these lines to be accidental. The speaker is addressing the "bright Morn'g":

*Looke here and see if thou canst finde disperst  
The glorious parts of faire Lucetia.  
Take them and joyne them in the heavenly Shepheares,  
And fix them there as an eternall light  
For Lovers to adore and wonder at.*

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. III. p. 99.

120. Lines 26-28.—The metaphor here is surely most confused. Juliet compares herself, in the same sentence, first to the purchaser of a mansion who has not yet possessed it; and then to a property that has been sold, but "not yet enjoy'd."

121. Lines 45-51.—Are these dreadful lines, so full of senseless puns, a relic of the old play on the subject of Romeo and Juliet? or were they written by Shakespeare, in order to show he could be guilty of as great nonsense as many of his contemporaries?

122. Line 53: *God save the mark!*—For this expression, the meaning of which is very doubtful, see note on I. Henry IV. i. 3. 56.

123. Line 56: *swooned*.—This is an old form of the verb to *swoon*. In Lilly's *The Woman in the Moone*, act i. we have the form *sounds*: "Alas! after weeping sounds" (Works, vol. II. p. 161). In the interlude, *Nice Wanton*, the form *sowne* occurs (Dodale, vol. II. p. 180).

124. Line 76: *Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisch-ravening lamb!*—Q. 2, Q. 3, F. 1, read, *Ravenous dove-feather'd Raven*; Q. 4, Q. 5, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read, *Ravenous dove, feathered Raven*. The arrangement in our text is Theobald's.

125. Lines 85-87:

*There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,  
All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn.*

This is Mr. Fleay's arrangement of these lines, adopted by Daniel in his edition of Q. 2; and, probably, the right one. As printed in Qq. Ff. they make two lines, the first ending in *men*; the second running thus:

*All perjur'd, all forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.*

Most modern editors arrange them as in the text down to *men*, but dividing the second line of the old copies thus:

*All perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.*

This makes a very unmetrical line for no purpose. In Q. 1, the corresponding line runs thus:

*All false, all faithless, perjur'd, all forsworn,*

which scans very well. All the other speeches of the Nurse in this scene are in strictly metrical verse; and there seems no reason for leaving this one otherwise, when so slight a transposition of words renders it metrical.

126. Line 100: *That MURDERED me.*—So F. 1; and again below, line 118, *Why FOLLOWED not?* the final *ed* not being elided, I believe purposely; as the dactyl in this position has a very harmonious effect.

127. Line 121: *But with a REAR-WARD following Tybalt's death.*—Another instance of a peculiar word used in this play, and also in the Sonnets:

*Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd the sorrow,  
Come in the rear-ward of a conquer'd foe.*—Sonn. xc. s. 6.

128. Line 128: *In that word's death.*—This is rather an obscure expression. *That word* means *banished*; and Juliet means that there is "no end, no limit," &c. in the death which that word "banished" brings when applied to Romeo, whose banishment is to her the death of all she loves.

## ACT III. SCENE 3. ●

129. Line 10: *A gentler judgment VANISH'D from his lips*.—Some commentators would alter *vanish'd* to *issued*; but, besides a somewhat similar word in Lucrece, line 1041, we have in Massinger's *Renegado*, v. 3, an exact parallel:

and seal my thanks  
Upon those *lips* from whence these sweet words *vanish'd*.  
—Works, p. 162. ●

130. Line 26: *RUSH'D aside the law*.—In Halliwell's Dictionary we find, *sub voce, rusche*, "To dash or throw down."

And of alle his ryche castelles *rusche* doune the wallex.  
—Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln, f. 67.

I can find no other instance of the verb *rush* being used in this sense; but I do not think *push'd* or *brush'd* preferable.

131. Lines 37-43.—The old copies differ so much in their arrangement of this passage that it is best to give Daniel's lucid *précis* of the points of difference:

- "(1) And steale immortal blessing from her lips;—
- (2) Who, even in pure and vestall modestie,
- (3) Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;—
- (4) But Romeo may not; he is banished;
- (5) This may fyes do, when I from this must flie;
- (6) Flies may do this, but I from this must flie;
- (7) They are freemen, but I am banished;
- (8) And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?"

"In this passage Q. 1 has only the lines here numbered 1, 4, and 6; the other Quartos have all the lines, but in the following order: 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 4, 6, 7. The Folios follow the same order, but omit 6 and 7." Daniel thinks 5 was substituted for 6. It is evident they are both only variations of the same line.

132. Line 94: *Doth she not think me an OLD murderer?*—*Old* here means "practised." Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 128: "Is he so young a man and so *old* a lifter?"

133. Line 108 *et seq.*—Note how, up to this point, Friar Laurence treats Romeo's utter want of self-control and violent passion with a good-humoured tolerance; speaking to him more as a friend to one younger than himself, in a tone of kindly banter, or not unsympathetic remonstrance. It is only when Romeo's passion threatens to go to the point of violating the law of God and man, that he speaks with the authority of a priest, and in the tone of stern rebuke. This speech is a most admirable composition; full of striking good sense, eloquent reasoning, and noble piety.

134. Line 119: *Why rail'st thou on thy birth?*—Romeo has not railed on his birth here; but in Brooke's poem (l. 1827) he has:

The time and place of byrth, / he fierly did reprove.

135. Line 127: *DIGRESSING from the valour of a man*.—Steevens quotes from Chapman's Translation of Homer's *Odyssey* (book xxiv.):

my deservings shall in nought *digress*  
From best fame of our race's foremost merit.

Compare Richard II. v. 3. 67:

This deadly blot in thy *digressing* son.

## ACT III. SCENE 4.

136. Line 11: *She's MEW'D up to her heaviness*.—Dyce quotes: "*Mew* is the place, whether it be abroad or in the house, in which the Hawk is put during the time she casts or doth change her Feathers" (R. Holme's *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, b. ii. cxi. p. 241). In Willy. Beguiled, in which, no doubt, there are some points (notably the Nurse) copied from this play, occurs this line:

He *mews* her up as men do mew their hawks.  
—Doddsley, vol. iv. p. 248.

137. Line 22: *Will you be ready? do you like this haste?*—The fidgety, fussy character of Capulet is well illustrated in this speech. Later in the play the Nurse calls Capulet a "*cot-quan*" (lv. 4. 6); a title he well deserves, and which may be rendered "a meddlesome mollycoddle." Capulet speaks the line quoted above to Paris; then he turns round to Lady Capulet (up to line 28) "And there an end." All through this play he flies off from one subject to another. There is something of Polonius in him.

## ACT III. SCENE 5.

138. Line 4: *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree*.—Knight, in his note upon this passage, tells us that nightingales, in the East, frequent pomegranate-trees in preference to any other tree. It is certain no birds are more faithful to a favourite locality than nightingales. Year after year they will come to the same spot, and their song can be heard every night from the same thicket. It would be too much to expect that any poet should be accurate enough not to talk of the *hen* nightingale as singing. The legend of Philomela has infected, and probably will infect, all poets' minds on this point; but it may as well be noted that it is the *male* bird, of course, who sings, almost incessantly, from the time of pairing to the hatching of the eggs; after that he sings very little, as he devotes his attention to providing food for his offspring.

139. Line 8: *Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east*.—This passage was imitated by Crashaw, in his poem called *New Year's Day* (stanza 3), when describing the morning dawn:

All the purple pride that *laces*  
The crimson curtains of thy bed.

140. Line 9: *Night's candles are burnt out*.—Compare Macbeth, ii. 1. 4, 5:

There's husbandry in heaven  
Their candles are all out.

141. Line 20: *the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow*.—Clarke says that the allusion is to the "*creascent moon*," with which Diana, who was also called Cynthia, is represented. The meaning is that the moon is just rising.

142. Line 29: *Some say the lark makes sweet DIVISION*.—*Division*, in music, is "the variation of a simple theme, or melodic passage, by a number of notes so connected as to form one series, and when written for the voice meant to be sung with one breath to one syllable" (Imp. Dict.). The singing of the lark is certainly distinguished by this beautiful melodious exercise.

143. Line 31: *Some say the lark and loathed toad change*

eyes.—Warburton says: "The *toad* having very fine eyes and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that the *toad* and *lark* had changed eyes." As far as I can discover Warburton is the sole authority for this piece of folk-lore. Johnson partially confirms his statement to the same effect by quoting from memory a rustic rhyme (presumably on the lark):

To heav'n I'd fly  
But that the *toad* beguill'd me of mine eye.  
—Var. Ed. vol. i. p. 194.

144. Line 34: *hunt's up*.—The old song *The Hunt is up* is given in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, where it is said to be of the time of Henry VIII. Cotgrave, under *Revetil*, gives, "A *Hunts-up*, or Morning song for a new married wife, the day after the marriage." It is to this that the allusion is in the text.

145. Line 43: *Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!*—So Q. 1, a preferable reading to that of other Qq. and F. 1: "lord, love, ay husband, friend." The use of the word *friend*, which does not appear to have expressed "the dearest possible relation between the sexes," as Grant White says,—was suggested by the lines in Brooke's poem, lines 1597-1600:

Since he on whom alway  
My cheefe hope and my steady trust / was wonted still to stay,  
For whom I am become / unto myselfe a foe,  
Dislayneth me, his stedfast *friend*, / and scornes my *friendship* so  
That there was a great difference between *friend* and  
"love" the following passage from Willy Beguiled proves:  
"So Lelia shall accept thee as her *friend*:—who can but  
ruminate upon these words? Would she had said, her  
love; but 'tis no matter; first creep, and then go; now her  
*friend*: the next degree is Lelia's *love*" (Dodsley, vol. ix.  
p. 286).

146. Line 66: *Is she not down so late, or up so early?*—This line seems, at first sight, decidedly obscure. Malone explains it, "Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from her bed at so early an hour of the morn?" A similar use of *down* occurs in iv. 5. 12 of this play, where the Nurse says of Juliet:

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and *down* again.  
So that Malone's explanation is probably right.

147. Line 77:

La. Cap. *Which you weep for.*

Jul. *Feeling so the loss.*

This is an instance of the middle pause supplying the place of a syllable. Juliet does not answer at once. She wants time to control her emotion.

148. Lines 94-96:

*Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart—so for a kinsman vea'd.*

The Qq. and Ff. print:

*till I behold him. Dead*

Is my poor heart, &c.

but the ambiguous meaning of the lines is plain, the *dead* being made by Juliet to do duty for both sentences—"till I behold him *dead*," and "*dead* is my poor heart," &c. We have followed Daniel in putting a break after heart.

149. Line 112: *Madam, in happy time—i.e. A la bonne heure*, which is translated "so be it, as you please," as implying reluctant consent; but Cotgrave only gives it the plain sense of "happily, luckily, fortunately."

150. Line 141: *I would the fool were married to her grave!*—This line was copied, almost word for word, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

I'll rather have her married to her grave.

—Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 359.

151. Line 142: *TAKE ME WITH YOU, wife*.—This expression occurs not unfrequently in the Old Plays. It means "let me understand or follow you." Compare Peele's *Edward I.*: "Soft you now, good Morgan Pigot, and take us with ye a little, I pray" (*Works*, p. 383).

152. Line 154: *FETTLER your fine joints*.—So Qq. F. 1: but F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 give *settle*: *fettle* is commonly used in the North of England, in the sense of "to make ready," sometimes with *up*. An old woman in Cumberland once excused herself for not going to holy communion, because she "had not had time to *fettle* up her heart fit to meet her Saviour."

153. Line 174: *May not one speak T' YE?*—The last word was Mr. Fleay's emendation; it seems best to supply the missing syllable, the old copies reading merely, "May not one speak?"

154. Lines 178-180:

*God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,  
At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been.*

This is the reading compounded by Pope from the readings of Q. 1 and Q. 2, and pretty generally accepted. For a very ingeniously arranged version, see note on Daniel's Edn. of the Second Quarto (1599), pp. 130, 131.

155. Line 186: *mammet*.—Whether this word is the same as *maumet*, and only an abbreviation of *Mahomet*, or whether it is connected with *mamma*, is disputed. In the sense of "a doll" the latter derivation seems much the more probable. In the *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600, act ii. we have an instance of the word in the form *maumet*:

*Jo. What Maumets are these?*

*Frys. O they be the Fayries that haunt these woods.*

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 127

156. Lines 194-197:

*hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.*

With this compare the following passage in Willy Beguiled, obviously copied from it: "Away, I say; *hang, starve, beg*; begone, pack, I say; out of my sight! Thou never gettest pennyworth of my goods for this. Think on't, I do not use to jest" (Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 274).

157. Line 228: *Speakest thou from thy heart?*—Note here the calmness of Juliet; she does not break out into any violent abuse of the Nurse for her revolting and insulting speech. Perhaps the spectacle of her father's degradation, in his coarse outburst of temper, has im-

pressed her; but all through this scene she has been rising in dignity and strength of purpose; and now she seems to have reached the climax of resolute and dignified determination. The very trial, to which her new-born love is so suddenly subjected, strengthens and ennoble what might have been a mere caprice of passion into an enduring and fearless love.

156. Line 235: *Ancient damnation!*—One of the many expressions of Shakespeare annexed by Marston in *The Malcontent*, v. 2:—*Out, yee ancient damnation!* (*Works*, vol. II. p. 280).

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

159. Line 8: *And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*—This is, undoubtedly, an ambiguous phrase; but it clearly means, "I am not at all slow, i.e. I wish no delay, so as to slack his haste." It is one of those *byrd* sentences, if one may use the expression, in which the writer commences with the intention of using one construction, and ends as if he had used another.

160. Line 7: *And therefore have I little TALK'D of love.*—This is the reading of Q. 5, which alone has *talkt*; all the other old editions, substantially, *talk*. There is much to be said for the latter reading, which Mommsen defends most energetically: according to him Paris means, not that he had been prevented by Juliet's grief from speaking of his love, but that "this was the only reason why he received from her so few words of love." Certainly the reading in our text seems the simplest; and the *talkt*, in the earlier copies, might easily have been misprinted *talks*.

161. Line 20: *That "may be" must be.*—We have placed *may be* between inverted commas, as suggested by Daniel. In spite of the comma, which is found after *may be* in all the old editions (except Q. 4), Paris is most probably quoting Juliet's words. The other form of the sentence, *That may be must be*, seems to be in a tone rather more arbitrary than Paris would use.

162. Line 38: *evening mass.*—There has been much learning expended on this supposed mistake of Shakespeare; but, as Mr. Richard Simpson pointed out in a very able note (*New Shak. Soc.'s Transactions*, 1875, pp. 148-150), the practice of saying *mass* in the *evening* (i.e. afternoon) lingered for some time at certain places, even after it had been expressly forbidden by Pius V. (1560-1572). At the cathedral of Verona, curious to say, as late as 1824 the prohibition of *evening mass* was disregarded (see passage from Friedrich Brenner, quoted by Simpson). The present law of the Catholic Church forbids *mass* being said "before dawn, or later than midday, except in virtue of apostolic Indult" (see *Addis and Arnold's Cath. Dict. sub voce, MASS*).

163. Line 54: *And with this KNIFE.*—Grant White says, "The ladies of Shakespeare's day customarily wore *knives* at their girdles." Gifford has a long note in his edition of *Ben Jonson*, vol. v. p. 321, in which he says: "Daggers, or, as they were commonly called, *knives*, were worn at all times, by every woman in England;" a very positive assertion; but one may be excused if one asks for some

evidence of the fact, as there is no mention of such a custom to be found in Drake, in Donne, or in Planché. The practice of carrying *knives* or daggers, for the defence of their chastity, seems to have been common with Italian as with Spanish women. Men carried with them the *knives* they used in eating, as we gather from Timon i. 2. 44-46:

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men;  
Methinks they should invite them *without knives*,  
Good for *their meat*, and safer for their lives.

Did women carry *knives* about them for the same purpose?

164. Line 57: *Shall be the LABEL to another DEED.*—Seals were not put on the parchment in Shakespeare's time, but attached to *labels*. Compare Rich. II. v. 2. 56:

What *seal* is that which hangs without thy bosom?

165. Line 64: *Commission* here means, in spite of Ulric's objection, "authority," "power."

166. Line 78: *YONDER tower.*—So Q. 1; any Qq. Ff. There is no material in Brooke's poem for this speech of Juliet's, though there is for her soliloquy in sc. 3 of this act. Shakespeare seems to have been desirous to bring out, as strongly as possible, the way in which Juliet's youthful mind had been impressed by horrible pictures of "vaults and charnel houses."

167. Line 83: *REEKY shanks.*—*Reeky* means here "exhaling foul odours;" *reechy*—used in Hamlet, iii. 4. 184, "*reechy* kisses"—is another form of the same word.

168. Line 88: *To live unstained wife.*—The usual reading is "To live an *unstain'd* wife;" but as F. 1 has *unstained*, and not *unstain'd*, we have omitted the *an*, as having very probably been inserted by mistake.

169. Line 94: *distilled.*—So Q. 1; *distilling* Qq. Ff. Grant White reluctantly prints *distilled*; for he says *distilling* may "have been put for *distilled* according to the common practice of Shakespeare's time;" or it may have been used in the sense of *distilling* through the system, as the "leperous *distilment*" poured in the ears of Hamlet's father. (See Hamlet, i. 5. 64-70.) This is one of the many emendations adopted from Q. 1: perhaps the German critics are right who deprecate the extent to which the text of this play, as revised in Q. 2, has been patched with bits of the old unrevised Q. 1. However, we must remember that we have no copy of the text, which had the advantage of revision by Shakespeare himself when passing through the press.

170. Line 100: *To Paly ashes.*—So Q. 5; *Too paly*, Q. 4; *Too many*, Q. 2, Q. 3; *To many*, F. 1; *To mealy*, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. *Paly*, which is used by Shakespeare in two other passages (Henry V. iv. Chorus, 8; and II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 141), is a form of *pale*; similar to *hugy*=huge, which occurs twice in Brooke's poem, "with *hugy* heapes of harmes" (line 1249); and again (line 2053).

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

171. Line 6: *'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.*—Steevens quotes Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie* (1589, p. 187):

As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:  
A bad Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers lick.

172. Line 26: *And gave him what BECAME love I might.*—Delfus rightly explains *become*: "It is not precisely the same as *becoming* love; but such love as *was*, not *is* befitting."

173. Line 39: *'T is now near night.*—Juliet left in the early morning to go to Friar Laurence; she met Paris at the convent, and afterwards went to confession; she could not have remained there all day; yet now Lady Capulet says it is *near night*. This confusion as to time arose from Shakespeare's deviating, for the sake of dramatic concentration, from his original. In Brooke's poem, Juliet, on returning from the Friar, meets her mother at the door of her home, and thus addresses her:

Madame, at Saint Francis church / have I this morning byn,  
Where I did make abode / a longer while (percase)  
Then dewy would; yet have I not / been absent from this place  
So long a while. (Lines 2200-2203).

Lady Capulet then goes to tell her husband, who at once goes to Paris to arrange for the marriage "on wens-day next." The delay involved by these incidents would have retarded the dramatic action too much; and therefore Shakespeare, very wisely, condenses the narration at this point. It was on Monday (see 4. 19 of this act) that Capulet arranged with Paris for the marriage to take place; first fixing Wednesday, and then, as that was too soon, the next day, Thursday. In the poem Wednesday was the day fixed, and to that Shakespeare now adheres, as, in consequence of Juliet's unexpected compliance with her father's wishes, he now fixes the marriage for the next day (see above, line 37), "we'll to church to-morrow," i.e. Wednesday: this conversation taking place on Tuesday

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

174. Line 2: *I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night.*—The Nurse, it would seem, was a sort of duenna, and slept in Juliet's room. In Brooke's poem, which Shakespeare at this point follows very closely, the scene in which Juliet gets rid of the Nurse is thus introduced:

In Juliet's chamber was / her wonted use to lye;  
Wherefore her mistres, dreading that / she should her work descreye,  
As sone as she began / her pallet to vnfold,  
Thinking to lye that night where she / was wont to lye of olde,  
Doth gently pray her seeke / her lodgeing some where els.  
(Lines 2319-2323).

175. Line 6: *do you need my help.*—So Q. 1: the other old copies read: *ho? need you my help?*

176. Line 22: *Must I of force be married to the county?*—This again is from Q. 1. The much tamer reading of the other Qq. Ff. being:

*Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?*

177. Line 23: *this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.* In Q. 1 this line is given thus:

*This shall forbid it. K'wife, lye thou there.*

The knife being the one already mentioned in 1. 54 of this act (see note 183).

178. Line 29: *For he hath still been tried a holy man.*—After this line, in the somewhat bald version of this speech in Q. 1, follows this line:

*I will not entertaine so bad a thought.*

Steevens, who is followed by many editors, incorporated this line in the text on the ground that it "seems necessary to the completeness of the rejection of Juliet's suspicion of the Friar." But Uriel ably refutes this view in a long note; the point of which is that the agitation of Juliet's mind, as Shakespeare has portrayed it, is more strongly brought out if her suspicion of the Friar, naturally aroused, is not completely allayed.

179. Line 47: *And shrieks like MANDRAKES, torn out of the earth.*—The popular superstitions as to the *mandrakes* or *mandragora* are frequently alluded to in our old dramatists. An interesting account of this plant, and of the legends attached to it, will be found in Ellacombe's *Plant Lore of Shakespeare*, pp. 117-119.

180. Line 58: *Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.*—So Q. 1. In the other Qq. and Ff. the line (substantially) runs thus: "*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heere's drinke, I drinke to thee.*" The *heere's drinke* has evidently got into the text from a stage direction, *here drink*. Such mistakes occur constantly in the original texts of our old dramatists.

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

181. Line 4: *The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock.*—The *curfew-bell*, as is well known, was rung only in the evening; but this means probably what is generally called "the matins-bell," a bell rung at dawn; it was the same bell on which the *curfew-bell* was rung, and so Shakespeare here calls it the *curfew-bell*.

182. Line 6: *cut-quean.*—This word had two meanings: (1) a henpecked husband, (2) a man who meddles with affairs which belong properly to women. In the latter sense, it is used, frequently, from Shakespeare's time down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. It occurs in the Spectator (No. 482). A similar word, *cuc-quean* (sometimes written *cut-quean*) meant a she-cuckold. The whole of this scene, though properly omitted on the stage, serves to bring out the fussy, nervously-irritable character of Capulet, who is evidently drawn from nature by Shakespeare; he is just the kind of man to heap coarse abuse on his daughter one moment, and the next to utter passionate expressions of grief over her dead body.

183. Line 11: *Ay—you have been a MOUSE-HUNT in your time.*—This word, *mouse-hunt*, is generally explained to mean a *marten* or a *stoat*; it would seem that animals of the weasel tribe enjoyed, as to amateness, much the same character as cats. Cassio calls Bianca a *fitchew*, i.e. polecat (Othello, iv. 1. 150). But *mouse-hunt*, it has been suggested, may also mean one who goes after women; *mouse* being a favourite term of endearment. In Day's Law Tricke, act iii. Winifrede, speaking of herself, says: "especially such old *moussers* as I have bene in my time" [Works, p. 43 (of play)].

184. Line 13: *A jealous hood.*—In none of the old copies are these two words hyphenated, except in F. 4. Some critics think it is a word formed on the model of womanhood, but *hood* here is probably a separate word.

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

185. Line 2: *slug-a-bed*.—Cotgrave gives this word under *dormant*: I cannot find any other instance of its use.

186. Line 6: *Set up his rest*.—This expression is undoubtedly derived from the Spanish game of *primero*, which was very popular in England. It means not "to stand on your hand," but to put up all you intend to bet on your cards. The Spanish phrase is  *echar el resto*, "to throw down your stake." *Set up* should be *lay down*; but, as Keightley pointed out, this form of the expression arose from the  *piling up* the coin in front of your cards. *To set up your rest came* to mean "to be determined;" the ambiguous use of *set up* naturally led Steevens to think that the expression was derived from the *setting up* a *rest* for the *harquebuss* in firing; but this explanation is quite abandoned.

187. Line 32: *Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak*.—Shakespeare was here thinking more of Brooke's poem than of his own play. In the poem Capulet's grief is thus described (lines 2451-2454):

But more than all the rest / the fathers hart wa' so  
Smit with the heavy newes, and so / but vp with sodain wor,  
That he ne had the powre / his daughter to bewepe,  
Ne yet to speake, but long us forsd / his teares and plaint to kepe.

Such dignified sorrow would have been out of keeping with the Capulet that Shakespeare has drawn.

188. Line 33: Fri. L. *Come, is the bride ready to go to church?*—This line is given by Q. 1 to Paris, and I believe rightly. It is to be remarked that Capulet, in his answer, addresses Paris: it is more natural the question should have come from the bridegroom than from Friar Laurence, who knew in what a condition Juliet was.

189. Line 34: *Hath Death lain with thy wife*.—Euripides has the same conceit (Iphig. in Aul. ver. 400), and it occurs twice in Dekker; in *Satironastix* (Works, vol. i. p. 262), and in his *Wonderful Year* (according to Steevens).

190. Lines 49-54.—This speech of the Nurse's might have adorned the celebrated play of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. It is one of the many proofs of the early period at which this play was written.

191. Lines 80, 81:

and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church.

That amusing traveller, Tom Coryat, thus describes a funeral in Venice: "For they carry the corse to church with face, hands, and feet all naked, and wearing the same apparel that the person wore lately before it died, or that which it craved to be buried in; which apparel is interred together with their bodies" (Crudities, vol. ii. p. 27).

192. Line 101: *Enter PETER*.—Q. 2, *Enter WILL KEMP*. Q. 3, *Enter WILL KEMPE* (the name of the actor who played Peter). This scene takes the place, as Knight has pointed out, of the comic interludes which used to be introduced in the old plays to fill up what, with us, would be called "the waits between the acts." Plays were not at this time divided into acts, but at certain pauses in the action the popular "low comedian" or "clown" came on and talked more or less nonsense with some of the

characters, or sometimes soliloquized, or even spoke to the audience. Nothing could well be sillier than this scene, except some of the countless similar scenes which are found in Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries.

193. Line 107: "*My heart is full of woe*."—This was the burden of a song given in the Pepys Collection, called "A Pleasant new Ballad of two Lovers." "Heart's ease" was a popular tune given in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 209 (2nd edn.).

194. Line 108: *some merry DUMP*.—A *dump* was a slow dance; see Day's Humour out of Breath, li. 2, "an Italian *dumpe* or a French brawle" [Works, p. 31 (of play)]. It was also used for a dirge, an elegiac lament, or any sad tune or song; the word had not the colloquial or ridiculous meaning that it has now.

195. Line 116: *I will give you the minstrel*.—This phrase has been explained as a kind of pun on the strength of an assertion of Douce that "minstrels were anciently called *gleek men* or *glig men*." Peter, being asked what he will give the musicians, answers "no money, on my faith, but the *gleek*," that is, as some explain, "I will play a jest or trick on you," or "I will give you a scoff, a mocking answer; *I will give you the minstrel*." There is no instance of *gleek man* being used for a minstrel, nor is *glig man* given in any glossary that I can find; so that Douce's statement must be taken as a mere assertion. *Glig* is certainly an old A. Sax. form of *glee*, and *minstrels* were called *glee-men*; but the connection between *glig* and *gleek* is purely imaginary. From the retort of the musician "I will give you the *serving-creature*," it is most probable Peter's expression was nothing more than a piece of nonsense coined for the occasion.

196. Line 119: *I will carry no crotchets*.—This is evidently a humorous adaptation of the phrase "I will carry no coals." See note 3 of this play.

197. Line 128: "*When griping grief*," &c.—These lines are from The Paradise of Daintie Devises by Richard Edwards, the author of the old play *Damon and Pythias*, 1571. *Griping grief* seems to have been a favourite poetical expression of this time. As to *music with her silver sound*, we find in The Two Merry Milk-Maids, a comedy by J. C. (1620), l. 2:

for musicks with his Silver Knel  
rings us all in at the blew Bell.

198. Line 135: *Pretty!*—So Q. 1; and it has been generally adopted by all editors. Q. 2 has *Prates*: Q. 3 *Ff. Pratest*: Q. 4, Q. 5 *Prates*. So again below, line 138, for *Pretty too* of Q. 1, *Prates to*, *Pratest to*, or *Pratee to* are substituted. It is possible Q. 3 and *Ff.* are right, and the reading should be *Pratest=Thou pratest*, i.e. "You talk nonsense." Mommensen would read *Prat'ee*, like *Look'ee*, *Hark'ee*, &c. If we are to adopt any of the readings of Q. 1, this seems certainly one of the most probable ones.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

199. Line 1: *If I may trust the flattering TRUTH of sleep*.—Q. 1 has *eye of sleep*, although other Qq. and *Ff.* have *truth*. Various emendations have been suggested, *sooth*,

*truth, soother sleep, &c.* Kinnear, in his *Cruces* Shakesp. has the "*flattering toys of sleep*," quoting from Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 80, "*Dreams are toys*;" but this is not very decisive. *Eye* in the sense of *sight* is certainly quite as intelligible as *truth*. I would suggest that *troth* (though only another form of *truth*) was, very probably, the word really intended in Q. 2, and following early editions.

300. Lines 2-11: This joyful presage of Romeo's dreams, just as he is going to hear what proves the doubly fatal news of Juliet's (supposed) death, is one of the most dramatic touches in the play. The whole of this scene is remarkable for its quiet strength.

301. Line 15: *How doth my lady? that I ask again.*—Q. 1 reads, "*How fares my Juliet?*" Qq. Ff. read, *How doth my Lady Juliet?* which looks like a mixture of the reading of Q. 1 and the reading given in the text. The exact repetition of the same words is more forcible than any variation of the sentence.

302. Line 24:

*Is it even so? [He pauses, overcome by his grief.]  
then I defy you, stars!]*

Printed in Ff. as two lines; probably to indicate the pause as given in our stage-direction. Note here the concentrated majesty of grief in Romeo, expressed by so few and such solemn words. What a different creature is this from the passionate boy, who flung himself in a paroxysm of tears and sobs on the ground, because he was in danger of being denied the enjoyment of his new love for some days! (iii. 3). All Qq. but Q. 1, and Ff. read *deny* instead of *defy*. Q. 1 has "*defy my stars*." Certainly, *defy* seems the better word. Romeo is reticent here in his grief; but how deeply he is moved is shown by what Balthazar says (line 28):

Your looks are pale and wild.

303. Line 37: *I do remember an apothecary.*—This description had evidently been much elaborated from the earlier draft given in Q. 1; if that be a correct version of its original form. Its introduction at this point has been severely criticised; but for an admirable defence of its propriety, see Knight's long note on the passage.

304. Line 43: *An alligator stuff'd.*—This seems to have been a *sine-quid-non* of an apothecary's shop down to a much later time than Shakespeare's. (Compare Garth's Dispensary.) All the details of this description are very exact.

305. Line 67: *that UTTERS them.*—The use of the verb *to utter*, namely, "*to sell to the public*," is now only preserved in the phrase "*to utter false coin*."

306. Line 70: *Need and oppression STARETH in thine eyes.*—Qq. and Ff. all read *starveth*: the reading in the text is taken from Otway's *Calus Marius*, in which so much is borrowed from this play. Certainly there is no authority for the change; and, but for the fact that it is difficult to understand how *need* and *oppression* could be said to *starve in the eyes*, we might scruple to adopt it. The expression *famine is in thy cheeks*, which is so forcible, is surely much weakened if we retain *starveth*.

307. Line 76: *I PAY thy poverty, and not thy will.*—

Q. 2, Q. 3, Ff. all read *pray*; and though this reading has been almost universally rejected, it may be the right one; the meaning being, "*I pray—i.e. I address my request—to thy poverty, and not thy will.*"

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

308. Line 6: *to associate me.*—All members of unenclosed orders, that is to say, members of religious orders allowed to go out of the precincts of their monastery, are enjoined, when possible, to take a companion of the order with them. This injunction, which does not amount to an absolute rule, is not, as some of the commentators seem to think, peculiar to the Franciscans.

309. Line 7: *Here in this city.*—For the purposes of this scene, Shakespeare deviates here from the story in the poem, by making the pestilence in Verona, and not in Mantua.

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

310. *Churchyard, &c.*—Hunter thinks that "Shakespeare, or some writer whom he followed, had in his mind the churchyard of St. Mary the Old, in Verona, and the monument of the Scaligers which stood in it." This monument is spoken of by Coryat as being "an exceeding sumptuous mausoleum, that I saw not the like in Italy" (*Crudities*, vol. ii. p. 114). According to Singer, the lovers are said to have been buried in a vault of Fermo Maggiore, a Franciscan monastery "which was burnt down some years since. A sarcophagus, said to be that of Juliet, was removed from the ruins, and is still shown at Verona." But the only church of that name, San Fermo Maggiore, is in Verona, and still exists. The sarcophagus shown as Juliet's tomb is generally considered utterly unauthentic.

311. Line 3: *Under yond yew-trees.*—Q. 1 reads *this Ew-tree*: all the other Qq. and Ff. have "*yond young trees*" (Q. 4, *yong*). In Holland's *Plinie*, b. xvi., c. 10, *yew* is *yugh*. Chaucer writes it *ew*; Spencer *eugh*; Dryden has *yeugh* (*Virgil*, *Georgics*, b. ii.). From the reading of Q. 4 it is probable the form of the word in the MS. of this passage was *yugh*.

312. Line 8: *As signal that thou hear'st some thing approach.*—Walker points out (vol. i. p. 223) that the accent here is required on *thing*. F. 1 (which, however, has *hearest*, probably by mistake) prints *some thing*, as we have printed it, in two words. Below (line 18), where the accent is on *some*, F. 1 prints it as one word, *something*.

313. Line 21: *MUFFLE me, night; awhile.*—Steevens quotes Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,  
Do muffle him againe.

So Milton, in *Comus*, "*Unmuffle ye faint stars.*" Tennyson uses the word *muffle* in three or four places, e.g. in the *Princess*:

The full sea glazed with muffled moonlight;

a line intended, I imagine, to describe the light of a moon, muffled in clouds, on the sea.

314. ENTER *Romeo*, AND *Balthazar*.—Q. 2, Q. 3, Ff., all

have *Enter Romeo and Peter*. In Brooke and Painter *Peter* is Romeo's servant. So in Bandello's novel he is called *Pietro*.

215. Line 28: *Why I descend into this bed of death*.—This seems to prove that a vault, into which the descent was by steps, such as is represented on Mr. Irving's stage, was what Shakespeare here intended to describe.

216. Line 32: *In DEAR employment*.—The word *dear* is used in many senses; its exact derivation is disputed: here it means, "sad and yet precious." See Note 223, *Love's Labour's Lost*.

217. Line 54.—The incident of Paris and Romeo meeting at the tomb is Shakespeare's own invention; it is not found in any known version of the play. For the beautiful speech of Romeo's, which follows, there is no material in Brooke's poem.

218. Line 68: *I do DEFY thy CONJURATIONS*.—So Q. 1, undoubtedly the right reading. Q. 2 here has *commiration*; the other Qq. and Ff. (substantially) *commiseration*, which makes nonsense. *Conjuration* has here nothing to do with any necromantic proceedings; it simply means "earnest entreaties." So in *Look About You* (1600), sc. 14:

What needs more *conjuration*, gracious mother?  
—Doddley, vol. vii. p. 426.

For *defy*, used in the sense of *refuse*, compare King John, iii. 4. 23:

No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress.

219. Line 84: *a lantern*.—This means a round or octagonal turret, full of windows, called a *louvre* or *lantern*, by which cathedrals, halls, and even large kitchens, are sometimes lighted and ventilated. There is a beautiful one in Ely Cathedral.

220. Line 90: *A lightning before death*.—A proverbial expression (Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs, p. 55). Chapman uses it twice, and we find it in the Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, ii. 2:

I thought it was a *lightening* before death.  
—Doddley, vol. vii. p. 266.

Many great and good men have died with a jest upon their lips; but the expression refers, probably, to the deceptive rallying of strength and reason which often takes place before death.

221. Line 92: *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath*.—Compare the well-known passage in Hamlet (iii. 1. 163, 164):

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That *suck'd the honey* of his music vows.

222. Line 96: *And death's pale flag is not advanced there*.—Compare Samuel Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond:

And nought respecting Death (the last of Pains)  
Plac'd his *pale Colour* (th' *Emblem* of his Might)  
Upon his new-got Spoil before his Right.

—Works (edn. 1718), vol. i. p. 59.

This is one of the four passages in this act which bear so strong a resemblance to passages in Daniel's poem, that considering the latter work was printed, probably, in 1592, there can be little doubt, as Malone suggests, that Shakespeare had read recently Daniel's poem, "before he wrote the last act of the present tragedy."

223. Line 115: *A dateless bargain to engrossing death*!—This is one of the lines which may well countenance the theory that Shakespeare, at one time or other during his life, was a limb of the law. Such a legal epithet as *engrossing*, applied to *death* in so pathetic a speech, certainly smacks of an attorney's office.

224. Lines 121, 122:

*How oft to-night*

*Have my old feet stumbled at graves!*

Alluding to a popular superstition that to *stumble* augured some coming danger or misfortune. Compare III. Henry VI. iv. 7. 11, 12:

For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

225. Line 137: *under this YEW-tree*.—Qq. and Ff. read *young tree* (Q. 2 *yong*), as in the former passage, line 3 of this scene. If we read *yew-trees* there, it seems we ought to read *yew-tree* here; *young tree* has no particular force in this passage. It is not necessary to suppose, as Ulrich suggests, that by reading *yew-tree* we make Shakespeare represent Balthasar and the page of County Paris as sleeping under the same tree. *Yew-trees* were common enough in churchyards; they were probably planted at first in a belt, partly or entirely round the churchyard, though in many of our old English churchyards only one old tree survives.

226. Line 148: O COMFORTABLE friar!—Compare King Lear, i. 4. 327, 328:

yet have I left a daughter,  
Who, I am sure, is kind and *comfortable*.

It means here "able to give comfort."

227. Lines 163, 164:

O churl! DRINK all; and LEAVE no friendly drop  
To help me after!

So Q. 1, Q. 5; but Q. 2 has *drunkè* and *left*, while Q. 3, Q. 4, and Ff. have:

*drinke* all and *left* no friendly drop.

It is as well to avoid the awkward word *drunk*, if possible. The latter reading may be defended; "and *left* no friendly drop," may be explained "and no friendly drop is *left* for me." I am not certain whether a note of exclamation (!) would not be better than one of interrogation (?) at the end of the sentence as printed in our text.

228. Line 170: *there REST, and let me die*.—Qq. and Ff. have *rust*; in Q. 1 the passage runs:

O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,  
*Rest* in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

The reading *rust* has been defended; and certainly the word is characteristic in the context, but, on the whole, *rest* is preferable. Juliet could hardly imagine their bodies would remain so long undiscovered that the dagger would have time to rust.

229. Line 205: *And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom*!—Some editors print it for *is*, following Q. 2. But "for, to, his house" (i.e. the dagger's sheath) "is empty on the back of Montague," is a parenthesis; the and coupling the two verbs *hath mista'en* (l. 208), *is mis-sheathed*. Perhaps the right reading may be "T *is mis-sheathed*."

230. Line 216: *Seal up the mouth of OUTRAGE for a while*.—The ingenious author of the MS. notes in Collier's



wonderful Folio could not tolerate *outrage*, so he altered it to *outcry*. This effort of invention was quite unnecessary, as *outrage* makes very good sense, indeed better than *outcry*. Compare I. Henry VI. iv. 1. 125-127:

are you not ashamed  
With this immodest clamorous *outrage*  
To trouble and disturb the king and us?

331. Line 220 *et seq.*—The omission on the stage of some of what follows on the death of the two lovers may be regretted, even from a dramatic point of view. The agitated utterances of Lady Capulet and Capulet, the discovery of the bodies, and the arrest of the Friar and Balthasar, all tend to increase the effect of the scene. But this long speech of the Friar's, and all that follows up to within a few lines of the end, is terribly dull and commonplace, and if retained in the acting version would weaken the end of the tragedy.

332. Line 247: *As this dire night.*—For a similar instance of the redundant *as* compare Jul. Ces. v. 1. 72, 73:

This is my birth-day; *as this very day*  
Was Cassius born.

333. Line 275: *This letter he early bid me give his father.*—This is a very inharmonious line. According to Walker (Vers. p. 67) and Abbott (Shak. Grammar (ed. 3), p. 346), *letter* should here be pronounced as a monosyllable *lett're*. Even then the line would be better if it stood:

This letter he bid me give his father early,

or,

This letter he bid me early give his father.

334. Line 295: *a BRACE of kinsmen.*—Meaning Mercutio and Paris. See iii. 1. 114, where Romeo, speaking of Mercutio, says:

This gentleman the *prince's* near ally,

and Paris, in iii. 5. 181 (according to Q. 1), is spoken of as:

A gentleman of *princely* parentage.

The reading is *noble* in all the other copies, so that this does not go for much; but it may be inferred he was the second *kinsman* intended. *Brace* is generally used, it has been noted by Steevens, when applied to men in a contemptuous sense, but that is certainly not the case in this passage.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ROMEO AND JULIET.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in Q. 2 and F. 1.

Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line				
Affray (verb) . . .	iii.	5	33	*Church-door . . .	iii.	1	100	Field-bed . . . . .	ii.	1	40	*Ill-shaped . . . . .	v.	1	44
Agate-stone . . .	i.	4	55	Coach-maker . . .	i.	4	69	*Fiery-footed . . .	iii.	2	1	Immoderately . . .	iv.	1	6
Agile . . . . .	iii.	1	171	*Cock-a-hoop . . .	i.	5	83	Film (sub.) . . . .	i.	4	63	Inauspicious . . .	v.	3	111
All-cheering . . .	i.	1	140	Collar . . . . .	i.	1	6	Fishified . . . . .	ii.	4	40	Jaunt (sub.) . . .	ii.	5	26
Alligator . . . . .	v.	1	43	Contrary (verb) . .	i.	5	87	*Fluttering-sweet	ii.	2	141	*Judgment-place .	i.	1	109
Ambuscadoes . .	i.	4	84	Cot-quean . . . . .	iv.	4	6	Fledged . . . . .	ii.	3	3	Lady-bird . . . . .	i.	3	3
Amerce . . . . .	iii.	1	105	Court-cupboard . .	i.	5	8	*Flirt-gills . . . .	ii.	4	162	*Lammas-eve . . .	i.	3	19
Angelical . . . .	iii.	2	75	Death-darting . . .	iii.	2	47	Franciscan . . . .	v.	2	1	*Lammas-tide . . .	i.	3	18
Awaking (sub.) .	v.	3	258	Death-marked . . .	Prol.	9		Gadding . . . . .	iv.	2	16	Lantern <sup>7</sup> . . . . .	v.	3	84
Baptized . . . . .	ii.	2	50	Deliciousness . . .	ii.	6	12	Glooming . . . . .	v.	3	305	Last <sup>8</sup> (sub.) . . . .	i.	2	41
Bedaubed . . . .	iii.	2	55	*Dew-dropping . .	i.	4	103	Grasshopper . . .	i.	4	60	*Lazy-pacing <sup>9</sup> . .	ii.	2	31
*Beggar-maid . .	ii.	1	14	Dove-feathered . .	iii.	2	76	Gray-coated . . .	i.	4	64	Life-weary . . . .	v.	1	62
Behoveful . . . .	iv.	3	8	Dove-house . . . .	i.	3	30	Gray-eyed . . . .	ii.	3	1	*Long-experi-			
Benefice . . . . .	i.	4	81	Downy . . . . .	i.	3	35	Hay <sup>4</sup> . . . . .	ii.	4	27	enced <sup>10</sup> . . . . .	iv.	1	60
Bepaint <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	ii.	2	86	Drivelling . . . . .	ii.	4	95	Hazel (adj.) . . .	iii.	1	22	Love-devouring . .	ii.	6	7
Bescreened . . .	ii.	2	52	Duellist . . . . .	ii.	4	27	Healthsome . . .	iv.	3	34	Love-performing .	iii.	2	5
Betossed . . . .	v.	3	76	Earliness . . . . .	ii.	3	39	Heartless <sup>5</sup> . . . .	i.	1	73	*Loving-jealous .	ii.	2	182
Blaze <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	iii.	3	151	Karthen . . . . .	v.	1	46	Hereabouts . . .	v.	1	38	Lure (verb) . . . .	ii.	2	160
Bow-boy . . . . .	ii.	4	16	Earth-treading . .	i.	2	25	High lone . . . .	i.	3	38	*Maiden-widowed	iii.	3	135
Bower (verb) . .	iii.	2	81	Easter . . . . .	iii.	1	30	Highbost <sup>6</sup> . . . .	ii.	5	9	Marchpane . . . .	i.	5	9
Bump (sub.) . . .	i.	3	53	Elf-locks . . . . .	i.	4	90	Hist . . . . .	ii.	1	159	*Mark-man . . . .	i.	1	212
Candle-holder . .	i.	4	38	Endart . . . . .	i.	3	98	Hunt's-up . . . .	iii.	5	34	Minim . . . . .	ii.	4	25
Cheveril (sub.) .	ii.	4	88	Enpierced . . . .	i.	4	19	Hurdle . . . . .	iii.	5	156				
Chop-log <sup>3</sup> . . . .	iii.	5	150	Fantastico . . . .	ii.	4	31	Idles (verb) . . .	ii.	6	19				
				Fashion-monger . .	ii.	4	35	*Ill-divining . . .	iii.	5	54				
				Fettle . . . . .	iii.	5	154								

<sup>1</sup> Venus and Adonis, 301.  
<sup>2</sup> In the sense of "to make public." To blaze, in the ordinary sense, is used in several passages.  
<sup>3</sup> Chop-log, reading of Q. only.  
<sup>4</sup> A term of fencing.  
<sup>5</sup> Pilgrim, 278; Lucrece, 471, 1392.  
<sup>6</sup> Sonnet, vii. 2.  
<sup>7</sup> In its architectural sense. See note 219.  
<sup>8</sup> I.e., a shoemaker's last.  
<sup>9</sup> See note 79.  
<sup>10</sup> Lucrece, 1920.

<sup>1</sup> Verbs and Adonis, 301.

<sup>2</sup> In the sense of "to make public." To blaze, in the ordinary sense, is used in several passages.

<sup>3</sup> Chop-log<sup>3</sup>, reading of Q. 1 only.

<sup>4</sup> A term of fencing.

<sup>5</sup> Pilgrim, 270; Lucrece, 471, 1392.

<sup>6</sup> Sonnet, vii. 2.

<sup>7</sup> In its architectural sense. See note 219.

<sup>8</sup> I.e. a shoemaker's last.

<sup>9</sup> See note 70.

<sup>10</sup> Lucrece, 1320.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
Misadventure . . .	v.	1	89	Poulitice . . . . .	ii.	5	65	Singleness <sup>7</sup> . . . .	ii.	4	70	Traces <sup>11</sup> (sub.) . .	i.	4	61
Misadventured, Prol.	7.			*Precious-jalced . .	ii.	3	8	*Single-soled . . .	ii.	4	69	Trim (adv.) . . . .	ii.	1	13
Misapplied . . . .	ii.	3	21	Priek-song . . . . .	ii.	4	23	*Skains-mates . . .	ii.	4	63	Tuner . . . . .	ii.	4	30
Misbehaved . . . .	iii.	3	143	Princox . . . . .	i.	5	88	Slip <sup>8</sup> . . . . .	ii.	4	51	Unattainted . . . .	i.	2	90
Mis-sheathed . . .	v.	3	205	Profaners . . . . .	i.	1	89	Slowed . . . . .	iv.	1	16	Uncomfortable . . .	iv.	5	90
Mis-termed . . . .	iii.	3	21	Proverbed . . . . .	i.	4	87	Slug-a-bed . . . . .	iv.	5	2	Unharmed . . . . .	i.	1	217
Mist-like . . . . .	iii.	3	73	Quinoes . . . . .	iv.	4	2	Smatter . . . . .	iii.	5	172	Unplagued . . . . .	i.	5	19
Monthly (adv.) . .	ii.	2	110	Rat-catcher . . . .	iii.	1	78	Snowy . . . . .	i.	5	50	Unseemly . . . . .	iii.	3	112
Mouse-hunt . . . .	iv.	4	11	Reeky <sup>4</sup> . . . . .	iv.	1	83	*Sober-suited . . .	iii.	2	11	Unstuffed . . . . .	ii.	3	37
Needly . . . . .	iii.	2	117	Reflux <sup>5</sup> (sub.) . . .	iii.	5	20	*Soon-speeding . .	v.	1	60	Untalked . . . . .	iii.	2	7
Neighbour-stained i.	1	80		Ropery . . . . .	ii.	4	154	Stakes <sup>9</sup> (verb) . .	i.	4	16	Up-hill . . . . .	ii.	3	7
*New-beloved . . .	ii.	Chor.	12	Rushed <sup>6</sup> . . . . .	iii.	3	26	Star-crossed . . .	Prol.	6.		Up-roused . . . . .	ii.	3	40
Nick-name (sub.) .	ii.	1	112	Saint-seducing . .	i.	1	220	*Still-waking . . .	i.	1	187	Upturned . . . . .	ii.	2	29
*Nimble-pinioned .	ii.	5	7	Sallow . . . . .	ii.	3	70	Sweeting <sup>10</sup> . . . .	ii.	4	86	Varsal . . . . .	ii.	4	219
O'ercovered . . . .	iv.	1	82	*Savage-wild . . .	v.	3	37	Tackled . . . . .	ii.	4	201	Waddled . . . . .	i.	3	39
O'erperch . . . . .	ii.	2	66	Scant (adv.) . . . .	i.	2	104	*Tallow-face . . .	iii.	5	158	Waggon-spokes . .	i.	4	59
Overset . . . . .	iii.	5	137	Scathe (verb) . . .	i.	5	86	*Tassel-gentle . .	ii.	2	160	Waverer . . . . .	ii.	3	89
Pantry . . . . .	i.	3 <sup>1</sup>	102	Searchers . . . . .	v.	2	8	Tithe-pig . . . . .	i.	4	79	Wedding-bed . . .	i.	5	137
Pastry . . . . .	iv.	4	2	Serving-creature {	iv.	5	117	Top-gallant . . . .	ii.	4	202	*Well-apparelled .	ii.	2	27
Pilcher <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	iii.	1	84	} iv. 5 119				Towards (adv.) . .	i.	5	124	Wind-swift . . . .	ii.	5	8
Pink . . . . .	ii.	4	61	*Sharp-ground . . .	iii.	3	44				Without-book <sup>12</sup>				
Plata <sup>2</sup> (verb) . . .	i.	4	89	Sharps (sub.) . . .	iii.	5	23				(adj.) . . . . .	i.	4	7	
Poperin <sup>3</sup> . . . . .	ii.	1	38	Shoemaker . . . . .	i.	2	30				Wolvisk-ravering .	iii.	2	76	
				Silver-sweet . . . .	ii.	2	106				World-wearied . .	v.	3	112	
				Sin-absolver . . . .	iii.	3	59								

7 Here used - simplicity. It occurs in Sonnet viii. 8 - colubacy.

8 Used in a quibbling sense as

<sup>1</sup> Here it means "a scabbard" — *pilcher* = *pilchard* is used in Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 30.

<sup>2</sup> A Lover's Complaint, 8.

<sup>3</sup> The Anglified name of a kind of pear. (See foot-note to text).

<sup>4</sup> Supposed by some to be another form of *reechy*, which occurs three times.

<sup>5</sup> Used as a verb in I. Henry VI. v. 4. 87.

<sup>6</sup> Used as a transitive verb. See note 130.

<sup>7</sup> Here used — simplicity. It occurs in Sonnet viii. 8 — *colubacy*.

<sup>8</sup> Used in a quibbling sense as "a piece of false money." So Venus and Adonis, 518.

<sup>9</sup> In the sense of "to fix like a stake in the ground;" in the sense of "to wager" the verb is used elsewhere by Shakespeare (Cymb. v. 5. 188).

<sup>10</sup> A kind of apple.

<sup>11</sup> A part of the harness.

<sup>12</sup> See note 46.

<sup>13</sup> See notes 211, 225.

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note	Act	Sc.	Line	
27.	i.	2.	32.	Which, on more view, of many mine, being one.
168.	iv.	1.	88.	To live unstained wife to my sweet love.
201.	v.	1.	15.	How doth my lady? that I ask again.

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note	Act	Sc.	Line	
25.	i.	2.	15.	She is the hopeful lady of my ee.
117.	iii.	2.	6.	That run- <i>i'-th'-ways'</i> eyes may wink.
190.	v.	1.	1.	If I may trust the flattering <i>troth</i> of sleep.
229.	v.	3.	205.	And 't is mis-sheathed.
233.	v.	3.	275.	This letter he bid me give his father early; or, This letter he bid me early give his father.



KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<b>KING HENRY THE SIXTH.</b>	<b>VERNON</b> , of the White Rose or York faction.
<b>JOHN</b> , DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.	<b>BASSET</b> , of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.
<b>HUMPHREY</b> , DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.	<b>A LAWYER.</b>
<b>THOMAS BEAUFORT</b> , Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.	<b>Mortimer's Gaolers.</b>
<b>HENRY BEAUFORT</b> , great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.	<b>CHARLES.</b>
<b>JOHN BEAUFORT</b> , Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset.	<b>REIGNIER</b> , Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
<b>RICHARD PLANTAGENET</b> , son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.	<b>PHILIP LE BON</b> , Duke of Burgundy.
<b>RICHARD BEAUCHAMP</b> , EARL OF WARWICK.	<b>JOHN</b> , Duke of Alençon.
<b>THOMAS MONTAGUE</b> , EARL OF SALISBURY.	<b>BASTARD OF ORLEANS.</b>
<b>WILLIAM DE LA POLE</b> , EARL OF SUFFOLK.	<b>Governor of Paris.</b>
<b>LORD TALBOT</b> , afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.	<b>Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.</b>
<b>JOHN TALBOT</b> , his son.	<b>General of the French forces in Bordeaux.</b>
<b>EDMUND MORTIMER</b> , Earl of March.	<b>A French Sergeant.</b>
<b>SIR JOHN FASTOLFF.</b>	<b>A Porter.</b>
<b>SIR WILLIAM LUCY.</b>	<b>An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.</b>
<b>SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.</b>	<b>MARGARET</b> , daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
<b>SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.</b>	<b>COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.</b>
<b>Mayor of London.</b>	<b>JOAN LA PUCELLE</b> , commonly called Joan of Arc.
<b>WOODVILLE</b> , Lieutenant of the Tower.	<b>Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers.</b>
	<b>Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.</b>

SCENE—Partly in England and partly in France.

### HISTORIC PERIOD.

From the death of Henry V., August 31st, 1422, to the overture of marriage made by Suffolk to Margaret on behalf of Henry VI., towards the end of 1444.

### TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Daniel, comprises eight days with intervals:—

<b>Day 1:</b> Act I. Scenes 1 to 3.—Interval.	<b>Day 6:</b> Act III. Scene 4; Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
<b>Day 2:</b> Act II. Scenes 1 to 5.	<b>Day 7:</b> Act IV. Scenes 2 to 7; Act V. Scenes 1 to 3.—Interval.
<b>Day 3:</b> Act III. Scene 1.—Interval.	<b>Day 8:</b> Act V. Scenes 4, 5.
<b>Day 4:</b> Act III. Scene 2.	
<b>Day 5:</b> Act III. Scene 3.—Interval.	

# KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

As far as we know this play was not printed before it appeared, among the "Histories," in the Folio, 1623 (F. 1). It will be more convenient to treat this play separate from the other two parts of Henry VI. as it was derived from a totally different source. What that source was we do not know; but there can be little doubt, as far as the internal evidence goes, that he founded it on some old play, written perhaps by more than one author. There are traces of Shakespeare's hand in the language of some of the scenes, as well as in part of the dramatic construction; but what work he did on this play, we can have little doubt, was done at the very earliest period of his career as a writer or adapter of plays. I shall not attempt to follow many recent editors and commentators in assigning, exactly and confidently, to Shakespeare, and to the other supposed author or authors, their different shares in this play. Suffice it to say that the ear of one familiar with Shakespeare's versification will at once protest against many of the passages in this play being assigned to his pen; even allowing for the fact that they were part of his earliest work. Who the authors were of the play which Shakespeare retouched we do not know. Robert Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, may all have had some share in it; so, at least, it has been confidently stated by some editors. Lodge and Nash are also supposed by some commentators to have had a hand in its composition; but there is no external evidence on that point whatsoever. There is no reason to believe that Shakespeare openly co-operated with any other author or authors in the writing of this play; it is more probable that he took the old play, which he found in the theatre, and slightly altered and improved it, having

then, in his mind, the determination to complete the series of the plays with those two which are now known as the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. Both, as we shall see, when we come to consider the literary history of those plays, were probably adaptations from some other author's works.

Finally, as to the question whether the first part of Henry VI. has any claim to rank amongst Shakespeare's plays, we shall, on the one side, be impressed with the fact that, although he mentions Titus Andronicus, Merope (Palladis Tamia, 1598) does not mention the First Part of Henry VI. amongst Shakespeare's tragedies. On the other hand, the fact of this play being included in the First Folio is almost positive proof that there is, at least, some of Shakespeare's work in it.

The contemporary references to the First Part of Henry VI.—considering it distinct from the Second and Third Parts—consist of the various entries in Henslowe's Diary, which will be more properly considered in the Stage History of the play; and the following passage from Nash's "Pierce Penilesse his supplication to the Diuell. 1592." Sign. F 3. [4to.]: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after hee had lyne two hundred yeares in his Toombe, he should triumphe againe on the Stage, and have his bones newe embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at severall times) who, in the Tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." There can be little doubt that this reference is to the First Part of Henry VI., as it is the only play we know of, in which *Talbot* figures as a character; and he is described as "a terror to the French" in i. 4. 42:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French.

## KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Also, as Stokes observes: "the word *triumph* recalls the end of the sad scene of act iii, and La Pucelle's words [iii. 3. 5]:

Let frantic Talbot *triumph* for a while;

whilst the remark about 'the spectators beholding him fresh bleeding' vividly reminds us of the beginning of act iv. sc. 7" (Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays, p. 9).

This play was first entered in the Register of Stationers' Hall, on 8th November, 1623, amongst those of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entered to other men," under the title of "The Third Parte of Henry the Sixt;" but the editors of the Folio assigned to it the more correct title which it now bears, and placed it in its proper chronological order.

As to the exact date of the play we learn from the entry in Henslowe's Diary, that the play which he calls indifferently: "henery the vj." and "hary" or "harey the vi." was produced for the first time, in March, 1591; so that when Nash's pamphlet was written there was time for its popularity to have become established.

With regard to the historical foundation of this play Hall's Chronicle appears to have been extensively used as well as Holinshed. It has been remarked that this play does not follow Holinshed as closely as Shakespeare does in his other historical plays; but it is only natural that the author or authors should come to Hall for many of their details, as his Chronicle was especially devoted to the history of the wars between the two Houses of York and Lancaster and their subsequent union in the House of Tudor.

### STAGE HISTORY.

The first mention we have of the performance of this play is in Henslowe's Diary in the entry referred to above (as henery the vj) "by my lord Strange's mene,"<sup>1</sup> probably at the Rose Theatre. It was performed in this season between March 7th and June 20th, 1591-1592, fourteen times.

On the occasion of the first representation Henslowe's share of the receipts amounted to £3, 16s. 5d., which appears to be a larger sum than he obtained by the single performance of any other play; at this time he had only "half the gallery" for his share. The receipts of the subsequent performances compare very favourably with those of most other plays, so that there can be no doubt that, for some reason or other, this play of Henry VI. was a very popular one. It was reproduced in the following season (January 29th to February 1st, 1592-1593) twice. After this we find no record of its performance in Henslowe, or elsewhere. Unless we are to believe that the recollection of the defeat of the Armada in 1588 was still fresh in the memory of the public, it is difficult to account for the great popularity of this dramatic record of Talbot's achievements, on the ground of there being any special circumstances in the events of that year, 1592, which were likely to stimulate the martial ardour of the people. At that time there certainly was an English force, under the command of the Earl of Essex, fighting on French soil. It was engaged in helping the King of France against the Spaniards; but there does not appear to have been amongst them any commander who could, by any stretch of imagination, be compared to the great Talbot.

There is nothing to show, as far as Henslowe's Diary is concerned, whether this play of "henery the vj," as he calls it, was the old play before, or after, it had been retouched by Shakespeare; but there can be little doubt it was the First Part of Henry VI. pretty well as we have it in the First Folio, and that it was the same play as that referred to by Nash in the passage quoted above.

The only record we can find in Genest of the performance of this play, or rather of Shakespeare's version of it, is at Covent Garden, March 13th, 1738: "By desire of several Ladies of Quality—for Delane's benefit, and not acted fifty years, Henry 6th part 1st" (vol. iii. p. 555). As a fact, Shakespeare's play had never been acted, as far as we can trace, since his own time. The part of Talbot was taken by Delane; that of Suffolk by Walker, and La Pucelle by Mrs. Hallam. It does not

<sup>1</sup> Lord Strange's Company was afterwards merged into the Lord Chamberlain's Company in 1594.

## \*\* INTRODUCTION.

appear that the play<sup>1.</sup> was ever repeated. It formed one of the many revivals of Shakespeare's historical plays which took place at this period, apparently at the desire of some "Ladies of Quality." Whoever they were, it is very much to their credit that they should have caused a revival, if only for a very short period, of many of the plays of our greatest dramatic author, which had never been represented since the re-establishment of theatres at the Restoration.

At Dorset Garden, in 1681, was produced "Henry 6th, part 1st, with the Murder of Humphreÿ Duke of Gloucester" (Genest, vol. i. p. 302). It was an alteration of Shakespeare by John Crown or Crowne. Of this play Genest says that it "is chiefly made up of the first three acts of Shakspeare's Henry the 6th—part 2d—it ends with a narration of Suffolk's death, and with the breaking out of Cade's rebellion—Crown has enlarged the parts of the Queen, Suffolk, and the Cardinal—he sometimes uses Shakespeare's own words, and sometimes alters them, making large additions of his own.—Dr. Johnson says of the scene in which Cardinal Beaufort dies, that the beauties of it rise out of nature and truth, the superficial reader cannot miss them; the profound can imagine nothing beyond them—yet even in this scene Crown has made insipid additions—it is preceded by about 30 or 40 lines—Gloucester's Ghost appears to the Cardinal—and he falls into a swoon.—In the Prologue Crown professes to have mended a good old play—adding—

'To-day we bring old gather'd herbs 'tis true,  
But such as in sweet Shakspeare's garden grew.  
And all his plants immortal you esteem,  
Your mouths are never out of taste with him.'

\* \* \* He concludes the Prologue with saying that he had sprinkled—"A little vinegar against the Pope." Genest adds: "He should have said—*not a little*" (vol. i. p. 303). Langbaine tells us that it was printed in quarto "and dedicated to Sr Charles Sidley" (*sic*). He adds: "This Play was oppos'd by the Popish Faction, who by their Power at Court got it suppress: however it was well receiv'd by the Rest of the Audience" (Account of the English

Dramatick Poets, p. 96). The official prohibition of this version of Crowne's does not seem to have procured for the suppressed play any factitious popularity, such as very often attaches to a play suppressed for political reasons.

Henry VI. does not seem to have been heard of on the English stage again till Theophilus Cibber's adaptation, produced at Drury Lane, July 5th, 1723. This does not appear, however, to have contained any portion of Shakespeare's First Part of Henry VI.

Neither Garrick, nor Edmund Kean, nor any other of our great Shakespearian actors, with one exception, seems to have ever contemplated the representation of this play. Charles Kemble, however, prepared a condensed version of the three parts of Henry VI. in one play, which, with the exception of a few words, is entirely taken from Shakespeare, and as an arrangement for the stage is very ingenious. We purpose printing this version—which does not appear ever to have been acted or published—at the end of the Third Part of Henry VI., from the unique copy that was in the possession of the late Sir Henry Irving.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

It is easy to underrate the merits of this play, knowing as we do that a very small portion of it is Shakespeare's own work. But if we look at the purpose of it, and judge it, not by the same standard with which we should judge such historical plays as King John, or the two parts of Henry IV., we shall find that it possesses no small amount of merit. It professes to be nothing more than a compendious and dramatic sketch of the events which led to the fatal Wars of the Roses, that contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster with which the two other parts of Henry VI. deal. If we read the play carefully and without prejudice, we must admit that it fulfils this purpose very effectively. We are carried along through a series of more or less spirited scenes; and two of the characters, at least, excite both our interest and sympathy, namely, those of Talbot and Joan of Arc. The hero of this play, undoubtedly, is the great Talbot, who is here represented as a



## KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

thorough type of that heroic Englishman who even in these degenerate days is not, thank Heaven, an extinct being. We know from contemporary records that this play, either in its original edition, or after it had been touched up by Shakespeare, was a very popular one. Men and women were to be found in those days, who would flock to a theatre to witness a mimic representation of the brave deeds of such a hero as Talbot, even as they might be found nowadays, though perhaps in a lower rank of life, crowding the theatre where the heroic deeds of a Gordon were represented. The scenes, in which Talbot is the chief figure, are among the best in this play; and in act ii. a very powerful dramatic situation is only just missed. Had Shakespeare dealt with this play as he dealt with his material in other cases, he would have made of the scene between Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne very much more than is made of it in the play before us. In fact, as long as we are allowed to follow Talbot's fortunes, without the interruption of those tedious quarrels between Gloucester and Winchester, our interest never flags; while in the scene between the great general and his son, when the shadow of death lies dark and heavy on them both, a degree of pathos is reached far above the general standard of the chronicle plays.

With regard to Joan of Arc, her character is drawn with a very vague and uncertain touch. It is almost impossible to say whether the author intended to admire her as a heroine, or to despise her as an impostor. Every now and then, the genuineness of her enthusiasm, the nobleness of her self-sacrifice, and the almost superhuman courage which she displays—courage moral as well as physical—lead us to believe that the author in his own heart was above that vulgar and debased prejudice which would deform this heroic girl into a charlatan and strumpet. Such a height does this inconsistency attain in act v. scene 4 that it is really impossible to understand the author's drift, unless we are to imagine that, in ministering to the worst prejudices of the spectators, he was deliberately sacrificing his own convictions. There is a genuine ring in the speech, addressed by her

to her English persecutors, which is certainly not to be found in the absolutely inconsistent and cowardly pleas which she makes for a respite of her sentence. Nor is the scene between her and the fiends (act v. scene 3) dramatically credible. It strikes one as written in to please the vulgar, and to have been no part of the play as originally designed by the author. The renunciation of her father, at the beginning of act v. scene 4, is equally difficult to reconcile with her character in other parts of the play. There seems to be no object in her claiming to be of noble birth, when she herself, in act i. scene 2, has proudly declared that she is really a shepherd's daughter. The author does not succeed in conveying to us—supposing that such was his intention—the impression that Joan was a hypocrite or a conscious impostor. Whether her visions were real or imaginary, there can be no doubt that she herself thoroughly believed in them. It is on her religious mission that she lays the greatest stress throughout. It is by her faith in this religious mission that she is sustained through every difficulty, that she is proof against physical fear, and—what is still more remarkable—proof against the discouragement which defeat, in her difficult and anomalous position, might fairly inspire. We feel at the end of this play that, in spite of her supposed traffic with fiends, or her miserable self-accusation of incontinency, it is by her faith and by her purity that she will be enabled to meet the terrible death, to which she is condemned, without any outward sign or inward feeling of fear. Let it be understood that we are not now discussing Joan of Arc from the historic point of view, but from the dramatic point of view, in which, on the whole, she is presented to us in this play. While we are on this subject it may not be out of place to remark that it would have been a daring thing for any dramatist, in the time of the great "virgin queen" Elizabeth, to have attempted, too boldly or too openly, to exalt into a heroine the French peasant girl who, undoubtedly, did rescue her country from the domination of a foreign power. Joan did something more than mount a horse at the head of her troops, and address to them inspiring harangues. Per-

## INTRODUCTION.

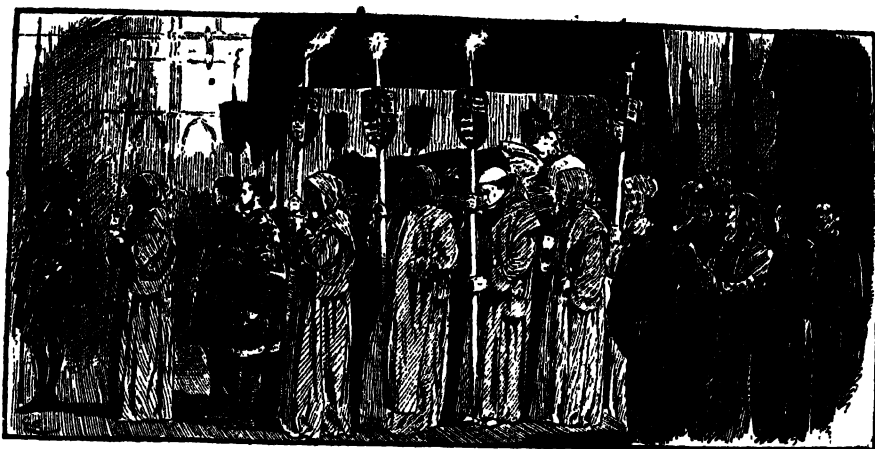
haps Elizabeth would have done quite as much, had she had the opportunity.

The construction of this play, always keeping in view its object and the vast number of incidents which it embraces, is not by any means so unskilful as that of many other contemporary plays, including even some of those to which Shakespeare can fairly lay claim as his own. The dramatist evidently set before himself the task of showing how the great Civil War began, and how the evils, which beset the reign of Henry VI., had their primary origin in his unhappy marriage with Regnier's daughter. Appropriately enough the play ends with the speech of the treacherous Suffolk, setting forth the purpose which he but too well fulfilled. There are many passages which we might detach from the whole, passages which, in spite of the unskilful treatment of the blank verse, are yet full of vigour, and by no means unworthy of Shakespeare's pen. Such for instance is the speech of the Third Messenger in act i. scene 1; Talbot's speech in act i. scene 4, descriptive of his own treatment by the French; the whole of the scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet, containing some masterly touches of pathos; the scene between Winchester and Gloucester, act iii. scene 1; Pucelle's appeal to Burgundy; Talbot's denunciation of the cowardice of Fastolfe, and, notably, King Henry's speech in

the same scene. Of the scene between Talbot and his son we have already spoken; this is generally admitted to be one of those which bears most traces of Shakespeare's hand. Certainly it also bears traces of belonging to his earliest period, and has evidently not been revised with any care; nor has it enjoyed those finishing touches which it was his delight to put to those of his works, either adopted or of his own creation, for which he felt particular affection; but there is true feeling and dramatic power in both the scenes between father and son. Talbot's dying speech in act iv. scene 7 is a very fine one; and the scene between Suffolk and Margaret, though somewhat disfigured by the number of "*Asides*" in it, is nevertheless very dramatic.

Finally we may dismiss this play with an exhortation to all students of Shakespeare not to slight it, but rather to study it as a most interesting specimen of the dramatic literature of our country in the time of Shakespeare's youth; a period which, from the vigour and brilliancy of some of the work which it produced, was no unfit herald to the twenty years when Shakespeare's sun eclipsed all the lesser lights of the poetic heaven, those years which gave to us the most noble storehouse of great thoughts, of tender sentiments, and of subtle analysis of human nature which the literature of any country possesses.





## KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

*Dead March. The Corpse of KING HENRY the Fifth, in state, is brought in, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF GLOSTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Herald, &c.*

*Bed.* Hung be the heavens with black,  
yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting  
stars

That have consented unto<sup>1</sup> Henry's death!

Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

*Glo.* England ne'er had a king until his  
time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:

[His brandish'd sword did blind men with  
his beams;<sup>2</sup>

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;]

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies 15  
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their  
faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne'er lift<sup>3</sup> up his hand but conquered.

*Exc.* We mourn in black: why mourn we  
not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

And death's dishonourable victory 20

We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

[What! shall we curse the planets of mishap

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,

By magic verses have contriv'd his end?]

*Win.* He was a king bless'd of the King of  
kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day

So dreadful will not be as was his sight.<sup>4</sup> 30

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

<sup>1</sup> Consented unto, conspired together to bring about.

<sup>2</sup> His beams, i.e. its (the sword's) beams.

<sup>3</sup> Lift, old form of past tense = lifted.

<sup>4</sup> His sight, i.e. the sight of him.

*Glo.* The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd, 38

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:  
None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

*Win.* Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.  
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen may.

*Glo.* Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh, 41

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

*Bed.* Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Let's to the altar:—heralds, wait on us:  
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;—  
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.—

[*Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;*

Our isle be made a nourish<sup>1</sup> of salt tears, 50  
And none but women left to wail the dead.]

Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:—  
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

A far more glorious star thy soul will make  
Than Julius Caesar or bright —

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My honourable lords, health to you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture: 59  
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans,  
Paris, Guysors,<sup>2</sup> Poitiers, are all quite lost.

*Bed.* What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead,<sup>3</sup> and rise from death.

*Glo.* Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

*Exe.* How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

*Mess.* No treachery; but want of men and money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered, 70  
That here you maintain several factions,  
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals:

[One would have lingering wars, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.]

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:  
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away. 81  
*Exe.* Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

*Bed.* Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—

Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.  
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

[Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,  
To weep their intermissive miseries.]

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite, 90  
Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The Bastard of Orleans<sup>4</sup> with him is join'd;  
Reignier, Duke of Anjou,<sup>4</sup> doth take his part;  
The Duke Alençon fieth to his side.

*Exe.* The Dauphin crown'd king! and all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

*Glo.* We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

*Bed.* Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? 100

<sup>1</sup> *Nourish* = nurse.

<sup>2</sup> *Guysors*, i.e. *Glours*, the capital of Le Vexin.

<sup>3</sup> *His lead*, i.e. his leaden or inner coffin.

<sup>4</sup> *Orleans—Anjou*, the emphasis must be laid on the second syllable of *Orleans*, and on the last syllable of *Anjou* respectively, in order to make these two lines scan.

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts, 101  
Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your  
laments,  
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's  
hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight  
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

*Win.* What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

*Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-  
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
Retiring from the siege of Orleans, 111  
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,  
By three and twenty thousand of the French  
Was round encompassed and set upon.  
No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
Instead whereof sharp stakes, pluck'd out of  
hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly, 118  
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
More than three hours the fight continued;  
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance;  
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst  
stand him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he flew:  
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;  
All the whole army stood amaz'd on<sup>1</sup> him:  
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
Cried out amain, A Talbot! ho! a Talbot!  
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle. 129

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:  
He, being in the vaward,<sup>2</sup>—plac'd behind,  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,—  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;  
Enclosed were they with their enemies:  
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
Whom all France, with their chief assembled  
strength, 139

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

*Bed.* Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,  
For living idly here in pomp and ease, 142  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

*Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,  
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hunger-  
ford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

*Bed.* His ransom there is none but I shall  
pay:

I'll hale<sup>3</sup> the Dauphin headlong from his  
throne,— 149

[His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of  
ours.—]

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;  
[Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:]  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe  
quake.

*Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is be-  
sieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint:  
The Earl of Salisbury craves a supply,<sup>4</sup>  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

*Exc.* Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry  
sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

*Bed.* I do remember 't; and here take my  
leave,

To go about my preparation. [Exit.

*Glo.* I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I  
can,

To view the artillery and munition;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[Exit.  
*Exc.* To Eltham will I, where the young  
king is, 170

Being ordain'd his special governor;  
And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[Exit.  
*Win.* Each hath his place and function to  
attend:

I am left out; for me no thing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack out of office:

<sup>1</sup> *Agaz'd on*, i.e. aghast at.

<sup>2</sup> *Vaward*, vanguard.

<sup>3</sup> *Hale*, drag. <sup>4</sup> *Supply*, i.e. of troops; reinforcements.

The king from Eltham I intend to steal, 178  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others, marching with forces.*

*Char.* Mars his<sup>1</sup> true moving, even as in the heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known:  
Late did he shine upon the English side;  
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.  
What towns of any moment but we have?  
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;  
Otherwhiles<sup>2</sup> the famish'd English, like pale

ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

*Alen.* They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:

[*Either they must be dieted like mules 10  
And have their provender tied to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice. ]*

*Reig.* Let's raise the siege: why lie we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont<sup>3</sup> to fear:  
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;  
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,—  
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

*Char.* Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the fórlorn<sup>4</sup> French!  
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20  
When he sees me go back one foot or flee.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums; Excursions; the French are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.*

*Char.* Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—

Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

*Reig.* That Salisbury's a desperate homicide;  
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry<sup>5</sup> prey.

[*Alen.* Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Olivers and Rowlands<sup>6</sup> bred 30  
During the time Edward the Third did reign.]

More truly now may this be verified;

For none but Samsons and Goliases<sup>7</sup>

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose

They had such courage and audacity?]

*Char.* Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them be more eager:

[*Of old I know them; rather with their teeth  
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the  
siege. 40*

*Reig.* I think, by some odd gimmals<sup>8</sup> or device,

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;  
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll even let them alone. ]

*Alen.* Be it so.

*Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.*

*Bast.* Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

*Char.* Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

*Bast.* Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer<sup>9</sup> appall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?  
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: 50

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

[*The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,*

*Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:*

*What's past and what's to come she can  
descry. ]*

<sup>1</sup> *Mars his*, a form of the possessive *Mars's*.

<sup>2</sup> *Otherwhiles*, sometimes. <sup>3</sup> *Wont*=were wont.

<sup>4</sup> *Fórlorn*, perhaps=*fore-lorn*, or *lost*, i.e. who had previously perished; or it may simply mean wretched, miserable.

<sup>5</sup> *Hungry*=for which they are hungry.

<sup>6</sup> *Olivers and Rowlands*, alluding to Charlemagne's two famous knights. <sup>7</sup> *Goliases*, i.e. Goliaths or Goliaths.

<sup>8</sup> *Gimmals*, an old name for part of the mechanism of a watch; literally, a double ring. <sup>9</sup> *Cheer*, countenance.

{Speak, shall I call her in? [Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.]

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But  
first, to try her skill, 60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my  
place:

Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:  
By this means shall we sound what skill she  
hath.

*Re-enter the BASTARD of Orleans, with LA  
PUCELLE.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these  
wondrous feats? 64

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to be-  
guile me?—

Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from  
behind;



*Puc.* Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
God's mother deign'd to appear to me.—(Act I. 2. 76-78.)

I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:  
In private will I talk with thee apart.— 69  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first  
dash.

• *Puc.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's  
daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

{Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd  
To shine on my contemptible estate: }

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my  
cheeks,

God's mother deign'd to appear to me,  
And, in a vision full of majesty,  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation, 80  
And free my country from calamity:  
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success:

[In complete glory, she reveal'd herself; }  
And, whereas I was black and swart<sup>1</sup> before, }  
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me, }  
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see. }  
Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated:  
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

<sup>1</sup> Swart, swarthy, dark-complexioned.



And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90  
Resolve on<sup>1</sup> this,—thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

*Char.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy  
high terms:

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—  
In single combat thou shalt buckle<sup>2</sup> with me,  
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;  
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

*Puc.* I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd  
sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each  
side;

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's  
churchyard, 100

Out of a deal old iron I chose forth.

*Char.* Then come on, o' God's name; I fear  
no woman.

*Puc.* And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a  
man.

[*Here they fight, and La Pucelle overcomes.*]

*Char.* Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an  
Amazon,

And lightest with the sword of Deborah.

*Puc.* Christ's mother helps me, else I were  
too weak.

*Char.* Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that  
must help me:

{*Impatiently I burn with thy desire;*<sup>3</sup>

{*My heart and hands thou hast at once sub-*  
du'd. }

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110  
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:  
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

*Puc.* I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession's sacred from above:  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense.

*Char.* Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate  
thrall.<sup>4</sup>

[*Reig.* My lord, methinks, is very long in  
talk.

*Alen.* Doubtless he shrives this woman to  
her smock;

{*Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.*

*Reig.* Shall we disturb him, since he keeps  
no mean?<sup>5</sup> 121

*Alen.* He may mean more than we poor  
men do know: 122

These women are shrewd tempters with their  
tongues. }

*Reig.* My lord, where are you? what devise  
you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

*Puc.* Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!  
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

*Char.* What she says, I'll confirm: we'll  
fight it out.

*Puc.* Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.  
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: 130  
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.

[*Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.  
With Henry's death the English circle ends;  
Dispersed are the glories it included.*]

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cesar and his fortune bare at once. }

*Char.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then. 141

[*Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like  
thee.*

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
How may I reverent worship thee enough? ]

*Alen.* Leave off delays, and let us raise the  
siege.

*Reig.* Woman, do what thou canst to save  
our honours;

Drive them from Orleans, be immortaliz'd.

*Char.* Presently we'll try:—come, let's away  
about it:--

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150  
[*Exeunt.*

[*SCENE III. London. Before the Gates of  
the Tower.*

*Enter the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Serving-  
men in blue coats.*

*Glo.* I am come to survey the Tower this  
day:

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is convey-  
ance.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Resolve on, i.e. be sure of.    <sup>2</sup> Buckle, contend.

<sup>3</sup> Thy desire, i.e. desire for thee.

<sup>4</sup> Thrall, bondman.

<sup>5</sup> Mean, moderation.

<sup>6</sup> Conveyance, dishonesty.

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates; 't is Gloster<sup>1</sup> that calls. 4

[*Servants knock.*

*First Warder.* [*Within*] Who's there that  
knocks so imperiously?

*First Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.<sup>1</sup>

*Second Warder.* [*Within*] Whos'er he be,  
you may not be let in.

*First Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord  
protector?

*First Warder.* [*Within*] The Lord protect  
him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. 10

*Glo.* Who willed you? or whose will stands  
but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.—

Break up<sup>2</sup> the gates, I'll be your warrantize:<sup>3</sup>  
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloster's men rush at the Tower Gates, and  
Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*



*Glo.* What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?  
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;  
Blue coats to tawny.—*Priest, beware your beard.*—(Act i. 3. 45-47.)

*Woodv.* What noise is this? what traitors  
have we here? 15

*Glo.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I  
hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloster that would  
enter.

*Woodv.* Have patience, noble duke; I may  
not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment<sup>4</sup> 20  
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

*Glo.* Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him  
'fore me,—

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,  
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could  
brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:  
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

<sup>1</sup> *Gloster*, to be pronounced as a trisyllable here=*Glo-  
ces-ter*.

<sup>2</sup> *Break up*=break open.      <sup>3</sup> *Warrantize*, surety.

<sup>4</sup> *Commandment*, the old way of spelling *command-  
ment*; the word here is intended to be a quadrisyllable.

*Serving-men.* Open the gates unto the lord protector,  
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

[*Gloster's Serving-men rush again at the Tower Gates.*]

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER, with his Serving-men in tawny coats.*

*Win.* How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

*Glo.* Peel'd<sup>1</sup> priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

*Win.* I do, thou most usurping proditor,<sup>2</sup> And not protector, of the king or realm.

*Glo.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, Thou that contriv'dst<sup>3</sup> to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin: I'll canvass<sup>4</sup> thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

*Win.* Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

*Glo.* I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

*Win.* Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

*Glo.* What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; Blue coats to tawny<sup>5</sup>.—Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly: Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat; In spite of pope or dignities of church,  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*Win.* Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

*Glo.* Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope!—

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here Gloster's men beat out the Cardinal's men; enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London and his officers.*

*May.* Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

*Glo.* Peace, mayor!<sup>6</sup> thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distrain'd<sup>7</sup> the Tower to his use.

*Win.* Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens, One that still motions<sup>8</sup> war, and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm, And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

*Glo.* I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

*May.* Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation: Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

*Off.* [*Reads*] All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

*Glo.* Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: But we shall meet, and break<sup>9</sup> our minds at large.

*Win.* Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

*May.* I'll call for clubs,<sup>10</sup> if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

*Glo.* Mayor,<sup>11</sup> farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

<sup>1</sup> Peel'd, i.e. shaven.

<sup>2</sup> Proditor, betrayer.

<sup>3</sup> Contriv'dst=plottedst.

<sup>4</sup> Canvass, a word of uncertain meaning. See note 85.

<sup>5</sup> Tawny, the colour of the livery which Winchester's servants wore.

<sup>6</sup> Mayor, pronounced as if written major.

<sup>7</sup> Distrain'd, seized.

<sup>8</sup> Motions=incites.

<sup>9</sup> Break, breach, disclose.

<sup>10</sup> For clubs, i.e. for the peace-officers, who were armed with clubs.

<sup>11</sup> Mayor, pronounced as a dissyllable.

*Win.* Abominable Gloster, guard thy head;  
For I intend to have it ere<sup>1</sup> long.

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloster and Winchester  
with their Serving-men.*]

*May.* See the coast clear'd, and then we will  
depart.—

Good God, these nobles<sup>2</sup> should such stomachs<sup>3</sup>  
bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *France. Before Orleans.*

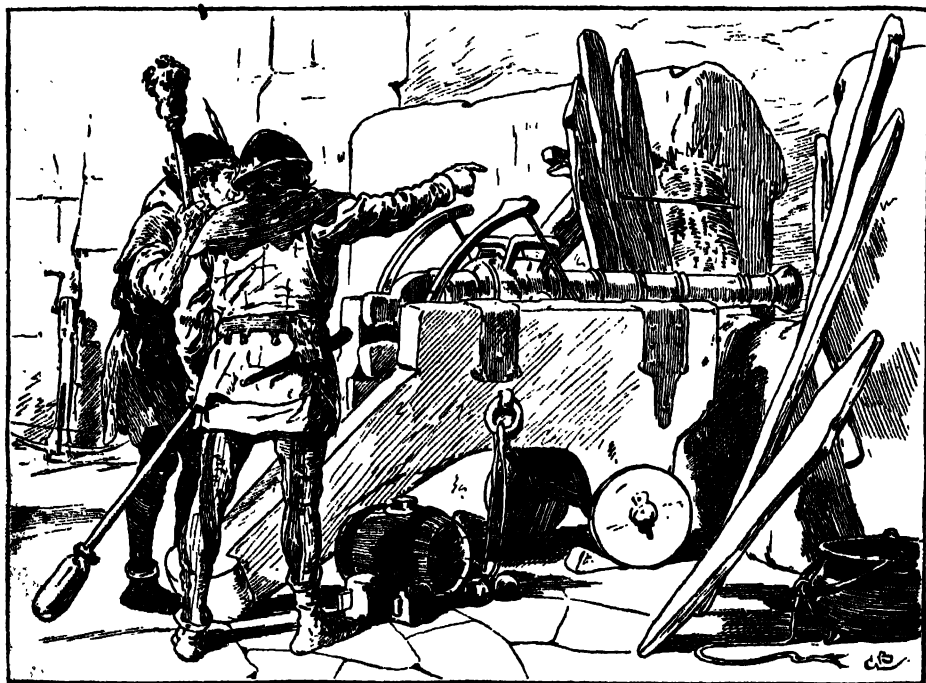
*Enter, on the walls, the Master Gunner and  
his Son.*

*M. Gun.* Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans  
is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

*Son.* Father, I know; and oft have shot at  
them,

Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.



*M. Gun.* In yonder tower, to o'erpeer the city.—(Act I. 4. 11.)

*M. Gun.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou  
rul'd by me: 5

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;  
Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's 'spials have informed me  
How the English, in the suburbs close in-  
trench'd,

Wont<sup>4</sup> through a secret grate of iron bars 10

<sup>1</sup> Ere, to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

<sup>2</sup> These nobles, i.e. that these nobles.

<sup>3</sup> Stomachs, angry tempers. <sup>4</sup> Wont, are accustomed.

In yonder tower, to o'erpeer the city; 11

And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;

And even for these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. 20

[*Exit.*]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;  
21

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

[Exit.

*Enter, on the turret, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?  
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?  
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

[Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner  
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraillies;  
For him was I exchange'd and ransomed.  
But with a baser man of arms by far, 30  
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:

Which I, disdain'g, scorn'd; and craved death  
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.  
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.  
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.]

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me, 40  
To be a public spectacle to all:  
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.  
Then broke I from the officers that led me,  
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame:  
My grisly<sup>1</sup> countenance made others fly;  
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;  
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread, 50

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,  
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:  
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot<sup>2</sup> I had,  
That walk'd about me every minute-while;  
And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the Son with a linstock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this secret grate, I count each  
one, 60

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:  
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—

[Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.]

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.<sup>3</sup>

[A shot comes from the town. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners! 70

[Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!]

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:  
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

[One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—]

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand  
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

[In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;  
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;  
Whilst any trumpet sound, or drum struck up, 80

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.  
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—]

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—

<sup>1</sup> Grisly, grim, terrible.      <sup>2</sup> Shot, i.e. marksmen.

<sup>3</sup> Enfeebled, pronounced here as a quadrisyllable.

{[ Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
 {Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him. ]  
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
 Thou shalt not die whiles—  
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,  
 As who should say, "When I am dead and  
 gone,  
 Remember to avenge me on the French."—  
 {Plantagenet, I will; [and, Nero-like,  
 {Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:  
 {Wretched shall France be only in my name. ]  
 [Here an alarum<sup>1</sup> is heard, and it thunders  
 and lightens.

What stir is this? what tumult's in the hea-  
 vens?

Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, my lord, the French have  
 gather'd head: 100

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle  
 join'd,—

A holy prophetess new risen up,—

Is come with a great power<sup>1</sup> to raise the siege.

[Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

*Tal.* Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth  
 groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—

{[ Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—

{Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's  
 heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled  
 brains.—]

Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110

Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen  
 dare.

[Alarum. *Exeunt bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. *Before one of the gates of Orleans.*

*Alarums. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT pur-  
 suing the DAUPHIN, and drives him in, and  
 exit: then enter LA PUCELLE, driving Eng-  
 lishmen before her, and exit after them: then  
 re-enter TALBOT.*

*Tal.* Where is my strength, my valour, and  
 my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;  
 A woman clad in armour chaseth them. 3  
 Here, here she comes.

*Re-enter LA PUCELLE.*

I'll have a bout with thee;

[Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:]

Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—

And straightway give thy soul to him thou  
 serv'st.

*Puc.* Come, come, 't is only I that must dis-  
 grace thee. [Here they fight.

*Tal.* Heavens, can you suffer hell so to pre-  
 vail?

[My breast I'll burst with straining of my  
 courage, 10

And from my shoulders crack my arms asun-  
 der,

But I will chastise this high-minded strum-  
 pet. ]

[They fight again.

*Puc.* [Retiring] Talbot, farewell; thy hour  
 is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy  
 strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[La Pucelle enters the town with French  
 soldiers.

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a pot-  
 ter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she  
 lists:

[So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome  
 stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away. ]

They call'd us, for our fierceness, English  
 dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat;<sup>2</sup>

Renounce your style,<sup>3</sup> give sheep in lions' stead:

<sup>1</sup> Power, force, army.

<sup>2</sup> Coat, coat of arms.

<sup>3</sup> Style, title.

[Sheep run not half so timorous from the  
wolf, 30  
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,<sup>1</sup>  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.]

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be:—retire into your trenches:  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his re-  
venge.—

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,  
In spite of us or aught that we could do.  
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!  
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.  
[*Alarum; retreat. Exeunt Talbot and forces.*

#### SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, The  
BASTARD of Orleans, REIGNIER, ALENÇON,  
and Soldiers.*

*Puc.* Advance<sup>2</sup> our waving colours on the  
walls;  
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:<sup>3</sup>—  
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

*Char.* Divinest creature,<sup>4</sup> Astræa's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?  
[Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the  
next.—]

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

*Reig.* Why ring not out the bells through-  
out the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
'To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

*Alen.* All France will be replete with mirth  
and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the  
men.<sup>5</sup>

*Char.* 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day  
is won;

For which I will divide my crown with her;  
[And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20

A statelier pyramid<sup>6</sup> to her I'll rear  
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was:  
In memory of her when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens and peers of  
France.]

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
Come in, and let us banquet royally, 30  
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

### ACT II.

#### SCENE I. *France. Before Orleans.*

*Enter to the gate a French Sergeant and two  
Sentinels.*

*Serg.* Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:  
If any noise or soldier you perceive  
Near to the walls, by some apparent<sup>7</sup> sign  
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Leopard*, here pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> *Advance*, lift up.

<sup>3</sup> *English*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>4</sup> *Creature*, here pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>5</sup> *Play'd the men*, i.e. play'd the part of men.

<sup>6</sup> *Pyramid*, pyramid. <sup>7</sup> *Apparent*, manifest.

<sup>8</sup> *Court of guard*, i.e. the guard-room, or the courtyard adjoining.

*First Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Ser-  
geant.*] Thus are poor servitors, 5  
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and  
Forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums  
beating a dead march.*

*Tal.* Lord Regent, and redoubted Bur-  
gundy,—

[By whose approach the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us,—] 10  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Secure*, careless, unsuspecting.

Having all day carous'd and banqueted: 12  
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,  
As fitting best to quittance<sup>1</sup> their deceit,  
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

*Bed.* Coward of France!—how much he  
wrongs his fame,  
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude, 20  
To join with witches and the help of hell!

*Bur.* Traitors\* have never other company.

But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so  
pure? 20

*Tal.* A maid, they say.

*Bed.* A maid! and be so martial!

*Bur.* Pray God she prove not masculine ere  
long;

[ If underneath the standard of the French }  
She carry armour, as she hath begun. ]

*Tal.* Well, let them practise<sup>2</sup> and converse  
with spirits:



*Tal.* God is our fortress, in whose conquering name  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.—(Act II. 1. 26, 27.)

God our fortress, in whose conquering  
name 26

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

*Bed.* Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow  
thee.

*Tal.* Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways;  
That, if it chance the one of us do fail, 31  
\* The other yet may rise against their force.

*Bed.* Agreed: I'll to yon corner.

*Bur.* And I to this.

*Tal.* And here will Talbot mount, or make  
his grave.—

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear 36  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[ *The English scale the walls, crying "St.  
George!" "A Talbot!" and all enter the  
town.* ]

*Sent.* Arm! arm! the enemy doth make  
assault!

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts.  
Enter several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans,  
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready and  
half unready.*

*Alen.* How now, my lords! what, all un-  
ready<sup>3</sup> so?

<sup>1</sup> Quittance, requite.

<sup>2</sup> Practise, plot.

<sup>3</sup> Unready, i.e. undressed.



## ACT II. Scene 1.

## KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

## ACT II. Scene 2.

*Bast.* Unready! ay, and glad we scap'd so well. 40

*Reig.* 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

*Alen.* Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous or desperate than this.

*Bast.* I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

*Reig.* If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

*Alen.* Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

*Bast.* Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.*

*Char.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

*Puc.* Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

*Char.* Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

*Alen.* Had all your quarters been as safely kept

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

*Bast.* Mine was secure.

*Reig.* And so was mine, my lord.

*Char.* And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her<sup>1</sup> quarter and mine own precinct

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels: 70

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

*Puc.* Question, my lords, no further of the case, 72

How, or which way: 't is sure they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this;  
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,  
And lay new platforms<sup>2</sup> to endamage them.

*Alarums.* Enter an English Soldier, crying  
"A Talbot! a Talbot!" They fly, leaving  
their clothes behind.

*Sold.* I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80

Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. Orleans. Within the town.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.*

*Bed.* The day begins to break, and night is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

*Tal.* Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,  
And here advance<sup>3</sup> it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him

There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold 10

What ruin happened in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:

Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

The treacherous manner of his mournful death<sup>4</sup>

And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

I muse<sup>4</sup> we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,

Nor any of his false confederates. 21

<sup>1</sup> Her, i.e. Joan's.

<sup>2</sup> Platforms, plans. <sup>3</sup> Advance, lift up. <sup>4</sup> Must, wonder.

*Bed.* 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began, 22  
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,  
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

*Bur.* Myself—as far as I could well discern

For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—  
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,

[When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves, 30  
That could not live asunder day or night.]

After that things are set in order here,  
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
So much applauded through the realm of France?

*Tal.* Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

*Mess.* The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,  
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe 40

To visit her poor castle where she lies,<sup>1</sup>  
That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

*Bur.* Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,  
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—  
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

*Tal.* Men's trust me then; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:— 50  
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,  
And in submission will attend on her.—  
Will not your honours bear me company?

*Bed.* No, truly, no; 'tis more than manners will:

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

<sup>1</sup> Lies, dwells.

*Tal.* Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—  
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers*] You perceive my mind?

*Capt.* I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.* 60]

SCENE III. *Auvergne. The Countess's castle.*

*Enter the Countess and her Porter.*

*Count.* Porter, remember what I gave in charge;  
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

*Port.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

*Count.* The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit  
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account:  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure<sup>2</sup> of those rare reports. 10

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

*Mess.* Madam,  
According as your ladyship desir'd,  
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

*Count.* And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

*Mess.* Madam, it is.

*Count.* Is this the scourge of France?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad  
That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false:  
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
A second Hector, for his grim aspect, 20  
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!  
[It cannot be this weak and writhled<sup>3</sup> shrimp;  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.] }

*Tal.* Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;  
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
I'll sort<sup>4</sup> some other time to visit you. [*Going.*

<sup>2</sup> Censure, judgment.  
Sort, choose.

<sup>3</sup> Writhled, wrinkled.

*Count.* What means he now? Go ask him  
whither he goes.

*Mess.* Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady  
craves 29  
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.



*Count.* Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad  
That with his name the mothers still their babes?—(Act II. 3. 16, 17.)

*Tal.* Marry, for that she's in a wrong be-  
lief,  
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter with keys.*

*Count.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

*Tal.* Prisoner! to whom?

*Count.* To me, blood-thirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd<sup>1</sup> thee to my house.  
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall<sup>2</sup> to me,  
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:  
But now the substance shall endure the like;  
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
That hast by tyranny, these many years, 40  
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,  
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.<sup>3</sup>

*Tal.* [Laughing] Ha, ha, ha!

*Count.* Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth  
shall turn to moan.

*Tal.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond<sup>4</sup>  
To think that you have aught but Talbot's  
shadow

Whereon to practise your severity.

*Count.* Why, art not thou the man?

*Tal.* I am indeed.

*Count.* Then have I substance too.

*Tal.* No, no, I am but shadow of myself: so  
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;  
For what you see is but the smallest part  
And least proportion of humanity:  
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.

*Count.* This is a riddling merchant for the  
nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

*Tal.* That will I show you presently. 60

[He winds his horn. Drums strike up:  
then a peal of ordnance. The gates  
being forced, enter Soldiers.]

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded  
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and  
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,  
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,  
And in a moment makes them desolate.

*Count.* Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:<sup>5</sup>  
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,  
And more than may be gathered by thy  
shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;  
For I am sorry that with reverence 71  
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

<sup>1</sup> Train'd, decoyed.

<sup>2</sup> Thrall, captive.

<sup>3</sup> Captivate, made captive.

<sup>4</sup> Fond, foolish.

<sup>5</sup> Abuse, offence; or, perhaps, deception.

*Tal.* Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue 73

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.  
What you have done hath not offended me:  
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,  
But only, with your patience, that we may  
Taste of your wine, and see what cates<sup>1</sup> you  
have; 79

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

*Count.* With all my heart; and think me  
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple-garden.*

*Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and  
WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VER-  
NON, and a Lawyer.*

*Plan.* Great lords and gentlemen, what  
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

*Suf.* Within the Temple-hall we were too  
loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

*Plan.* Then say at once if I maintain'd the  
truth;

Or else<sup>2</sup> was wrangling Somerset in the error?

*Suf.* Faith, I have been a truant in the law,  
And never yet could frame my will to it;

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

*Som.* Judge you, my Lord of Warwick,  
then, between us. 10

*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the  
higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper  
mouth;<sup>3</sup>

Between two blades, which bears the better  
temper:

Between two horses, which doth bear him<sup>4</sup> best;

Between two girls, which hath the merriest  
eye;—

I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judg-  
ment;

But in these nice sharp quillets<sup>5</sup> of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

<sup>1</sup> *Cates*, dainties.

<sup>2</sup> *Or else*, or in other words.

<sup>3</sup> *Mouth*, bark.

<sup>4</sup> *Bear him*, i.e. carry himself.

<sup>5</sup> *Quillets*, subtleties.

*Plan.* Tut, tut, here is a mannerly for-  
bearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side, 20  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

*Som.* And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining, and so evident

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

*Plan.* Since you are tongue-ti'd and so loath  
to speak,

In dumb significant<sup>6</sup> proclaim your thoughts:

Let him that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with  
me. 30

*Som.* Let him that is no coward nor no flat-  
terer,

But dare maintain the party<sup>7</sup> of the truth,

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

*War.* I love no colours;<sup>8</sup> and without all  
colour

Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

*Suf.* I pluck this red rose with young Som-  
erset;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

*Ver.* Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck  
no more,

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side 40

The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.<sup>9</sup>

*Som.* Good Master Vernon, it is well ob-  
jected:<sup>10</sup>

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

*Plan.* And I.

*Ver.* Then for the truth and plainness of the  
case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

*Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck  
it off,

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose  
red, 50

And fall on my side so, against your will.

<sup>6</sup> *Dumb significants*, mute indications, or signs.

<sup>7</sup> *Party*, side.

<sup>8</sup> *Colours*, used in a double sense; in the ordinary one,  
and in that of "pretexts."

<sup>9</sup> *Shall yield the other, &c.*, i.e. shall admit that the  
other is in the right.

<sup>10</sup> *Well objected*, well proposed.

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt, 53  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

*Som.* Well, well, come on: who else?

*Lav.* Unless my study and my books be false,

The argument you held was wrong in you; •  
[*To Somerset.*]

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

*Plan.* Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

*Som.* Here in my scabbard, meditating that  
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. 61

*Plan.* Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit  
our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

*Som.* No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger<sup>1</sup> that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

*Plan.* Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

*Som.* Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

*Plan.* Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain  
his truth; 70

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

*Som.* Well, I'll find friends to wear my  
bleeding rose,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

*Plan.* Now, by this maiden blossom in my  
hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

*Suf.* Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

*Plan.* Proud Pole, I will; and scorn both  
him and thee.

*Suf.* I'll turn my part thereof into thy  
throat.

*Som.* Away, away, good William de la Pole!  
We grace the yeoman by conversing with  
him. 81

*War.* Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st  
him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward King of England: 84

Spring crestless yeomen<sup>2</sup> from so deep a root?

*Plan.* He bears him on the place's privilege,  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

*Som.* By him that made me, I'll maintain  
my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt<sup>3</sup> from ancient gentry?  
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

*Plan.* My father was attached,<sup>4</sup> not attainted,

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;  
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker<sup>5</sup> Pole, and you yourself, 100  
I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension:<sup>6</sup>

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

*Som.* Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee  
still;

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes,  
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

*Plan.* And, by my soul, this pale and angry  
rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,

Until it wither with me to my grave, 110  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*Suf.* Go forward, and be chok'd with thy  
ambition!

And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*]

*Som.* Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*]

*Plan.* How I am brav'd, and must perforce  
endure it!

*War.* This blot, that they object against  
your house,

<sup>2</sup> Crestless yeomen, i.e. yeomen who have no right to a coat of arms.

<sup>3</sup> Exempt, excluded.

<sup>4</sup> Attached, arrested.

<sup>5</sup> Partaker, confederate.

<sup>6</sup> Apprehension, opinion.

<sup>1</sup> But anger, i.e. but for anger.

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,  
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;

And if thou be not then created York,  
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120  
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,  
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,  
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:  
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

*Plan.* Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

*Ver.* In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

*Law.* And so will I.

*Plan.* Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say  
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A room in the Tower of London.*

*Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair  
by two Gaoles.*

*Mor.* Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

Even like a man new haled<sup>1</sup> from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;  
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,<sup>2</sup>  
Nestor-like aged,<sup>3</sup> in<sup>4</sup> an age of care,  
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

[*These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,*

*Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;<sup>5</sup>]*  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief, 10

And pithless<sup>6</sup> arms, like to a withered vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:  
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay— 14  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting<sup>7</sup> I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

*First Gaol.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord,  
will come:

• We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;  
And answer was return'd that he will come. 20

*Mor.* Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
Since Henry Monmouth<sup>8</sup> first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
This loathsome sequestration<sup>9</sup> have I had;  
And even since then hath Richard been obscure'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.

But now, the arbitrator of despair,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence: 30

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.*

*First Gaol.* My lord, your loving nephew  
now is come.

*Mor.* Richard Plantagenet, friend, is he come?

*Plan.* Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,  
Your nephew, late despis'd<sup>10</sup> Richard, comes.

*Mor.* Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:

O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock, 41

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?

*Plan.* First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.<sup>11</sup>

This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;

<sup>1</sup> Haled, dragged.

<sup>2</sup> Pursuivants of death, i.e. the heralds who announce the approach of death.

<sup>3</sup> Nestor-like aged, i.e. made as old as Nestor.

<sup>4</sup> In = by. <sup>5</sup> Exigent, end. <sup>6</sup> Pithless, without vigour.

<sup>7</sup> Witting, knowing.

<sup>8</sup> Henry Monmouth, i.e. Henry V.

<sup>9</sup> Sequestration, imprisonment; literally, seclusion.

<sup>10</sup> Late despis'd, i.e. lately despised.

<sup>11</sup> Disease, uneasiness of mind.

Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,  
 And did upbraid me with my father's death:  
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
 Else with the like I had requited him. 50  
 Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,  
 In honour of a true Plantagenet,  
 And for alliance' sake,<sup>1</sup> declare the cause  
 My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

*Mor.* That cause, fair nephew, that im-  
 prison'd me, 55  
 And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth  
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
 Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

*Plan.* Discover more at large what cause  
 that was;  
 For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. 60



*Plan.* Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer.—(Act II. 5. 122.)

*Mor.* I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
 Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,  
 Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,  
 { [ The first-begotten and the lawful heir  
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent: ]  
 During whose reign the Percies of the north,  
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:  
 The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this 70  
 Was, for that—young King Richard thus re-  
 mov'd,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body— 75  
 I was the next by birth and parentage;  
 [ For by my mother I derived am  
 From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son  
 Unto the third King Edward; whereas he  
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
 Being but fourth of that heroic line. ]  
 But mark: as, in this haughty<sup>2</sup> great attempt,  
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir, 80  
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
 Long after this, when Henry<sup>3</sup> the Fifth,  
 Succeeding his sire Bolingbroke, did reign,

<sup>1</sup> For alliance' sake, i. e. for the sake of our relationship.

<sup>2</sup> Haughty = high. <sup>3</sup> Henry, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deni'd  
 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,  
 Marrying my sister that thy mother was,  
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
 Levied an army, weening<sup>1</sup> to redeem  
 And have install'd me in the diadem:  
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl, 90  
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

*Plan.* Of which, my lord, your honour is  
 the last.

*Mor.* True; and thou seest that I no issue  
 have,  
 And that my fainting words do warrant  
 death:

Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:  
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

*Plan.* Thy grave admonishments prevail  
 with me:

But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

*Mor.* With silence, nephew, be thou politic:  
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster  
 And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

[But now thy uncle is removing hence;  
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
 With long continuance in a settled place.]

*Plan.* O, uncle, would some part of my  
 young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age!

*Mor.* Thou dost then wrong me,—as that  
 slaughterer doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will  
 kill. 110

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only give order for my funeral:

• And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes  
 And prosperous be thy life in peace and  
 war! [Dies.

*Plan.* And peace, no war, befall thy parting  
 soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.—

Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself 120  
 Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body  
 of Mortimer.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
 Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—

And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,

I doubt not but with honour to redress;

And therefore haste I to the parliament,

Either to be restored to my blood,

Or make my ill the advantage of my good. 120  
 [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. London. The Parliament-house.

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER,  
 WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK;  
 the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD  
 PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers  
 to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it,  
 and tears it.

• *Win.* Com'st thou with deep-premeditated  
 lines, •

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
 Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,  
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
 Do it without invention, suddenly;

As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*Glo.* Presumptuous priest! this place com-  
 mands my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd  
 me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd<sup>2</sup> 10

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:

[No, prelate; such is thy audacious wicked-  
 ness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,  
 As<sup>3</sup> very infants prattle of thy pride.]

<sup>1</sup> Weening, thinking.

<sup>2</sup> Preferr'd, i.e. "as a charge against thee." <sup>3</sup> As—that.



Thou art a most pernicious usurer;  
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;  
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
 A man of thy profession and degree; 20  
 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—  
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
 As well at London bridge as at the Tower?

[Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were  
 sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.]

*Win.* Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouch-  
 safe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
 Were I ambitious, covetous, or worse,  
 As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30  
 Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?  
 And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
 More than I do?—except I be provok'd.  
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;  
 [It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:]  
 It is, because no one should sway but he;  
 [No one but he should be about the king;]  
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.  
 But he shall know I am as good—

*Glo.* As good! 41

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

*Win.* Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I  
 pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

*Glo.* Am I not lord protector, saucy priest?

*Win.* And am not I a prelate of the church?

*Glo.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

And useth it to patronage<sup>1</sup> his theft.

*Win.* Unreverent Gloster!

*Glo.* Thou art reverend

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

[*Win.* This Rome shall remedy.

*War.* Roam thither, then. 51

*Som.* My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

*War.* Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

*Som.* Methinks my lord should be religious,  
 And know the office that belongs to such.

*War.* Methinks his lordship should be  
 humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so  
 near.

*War.* State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?  
 Is not his grace protector to the king? 60

*Plan.* [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold  
 his tongue,

Lest it be said "Speak, sirrah, when you  
 should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with  
 lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.]

*King.* Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,  
 The special watchmen of our English weal,  
 I would prevail, if prayers<sup>2</sup> might prevail,  
 To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,  
 That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70  
 Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell  
 Civil dissension is a viperous worm  
 That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within*, "Down with the tawny-  
 coats!"]

What tumult's this?

*War.* An uproar, I dare warrant,  
 Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, "Stones! stones!"]

*Enter the MAYOR OF LONDON, attended.*

*May.* O, my good lords,—and virtuous  
 Henry,—

Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,  
 Forbidden late to carry any weapon, 79

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,  
 And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd

out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,  
 And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of GLOSTER  
 and WINCHESTER with bloody pates.*

*King.* We charge you, on allegiance to our-  
 self,

To hold your slaughtering hands and keep  
 the peace.—

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

<sup>1</sup> To patronage, i.e. to maintain.

<sup>2</sup> Prayers, pronounced as a dissyllable.

*First Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones,  
we'll fall to it with our teeth. 90

*Sec. Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as  
resolute. [*Skirmish again.*]

[*Glo.* You of my household, leave this  
'peevish' broil,

And set this unaccustom'd<sup>2</sup> fight aside.

*Third Serv.* My lord, we know your grace  
to be a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
To none inferior but his majesty:

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,<sup>3</sup> 99

We, and our wives and children, all will fight,  
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

*First Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our  
nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*]

*Glo.* Stay, stay!

And if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear awhile,

*King.* O, how this discord doth afflict my  
soul!—

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold

My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace, 110

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

*War.* My lord protector, yield;—yield,  
Winchester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,

To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.

[You see what mischief, and what murder too,

Hath been enacted through your enmity:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.]

*Win.* He shall submit, or I will never yield.

[*Glo.* Compassion on the king commands  
me stoop; 119

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest

Should ever get that privilege of me.

*War.* Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,

As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:

Why look you still so stern and tragical?]

*Glo.* Here, Winchester, I offer thee my  
hand. 120

[*King.* Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard  
you preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin;

And will not you maintain the thing you  
teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same? 130

*War.* Sweet king!—the bishop hath a  
kindly gird.<sup>4</sup>—

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?]

*Win.* Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to  
thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

*Glo.* [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a  
hollow heart.—[*Holding Winchester's right  
hand in his.*]

See here, my friends and loving country-  
men;

This token serveth for a flag of truce

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140

*Win.* [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend  
it not!

*King.* O loving uncle, kind Duke of Glos-  
ter,<sup>6</sup>

How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have  
done.

*First Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

*Sec. Serv.* And so will I.

*Third Serv.* And I will see what physic the  
tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*]

*War.* Accept this scroll, most gracious  
sovereign, 149

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty.

*Glo.* Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for,  
sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right;

Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told<sup>6</sup> your majesty.

<sup>1</sup> *Peevish*, foolish.

<sup>2</sup> *Unaccustom'd*, unseemly (Johnson). Perhaps it only means unusual, or strange.

<sup>3</sup> *Inkhorn mate*, i.e. bookish fellow.

<sup>4</sup> *A kindly gird*, i.e. gentle reproof; some explain it "a reproach in kind," "an appropriate rebuke."

<sup>5</sup> *Gloster*, here a trisyllable = Glo-ces-ter.

<sup>6</sup> *I told*, i.e. of which I told.

*King.* And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is  
That Richard be restored to his blood. 159

*War.* Let Richard be restored to his blood;  
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

*Win.* As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

*King.* If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
[From whence you spring by lineal descent.

*Plan.* Thy humble servant vows obedience  
And faithful service till the point of death.]

*King.* Stoop then and set your knee against  
my foot;

And, in reguerdon<sup>1</sup> of that duty done, 170  
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
And rise created princely Duke of York.

*Plan.* And so thrive Richard as thy foes  
may fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge<sup>2</sup> one thought against your majesty!

*All.* Welcome, high prince, the mighty  
Duke of York!

*Son.* [Aside] Perish, base prince, ignoble  
Duke of York!

*Glo.* Now will it best avail your majesty  
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:  
The presence of a king engenders love 181  
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,  
As it disanimates his enemies.

*King.* When Gloster says the word, King  
Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*Glo.* Your ships already are in readiness.

[Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.

*Exe.* Ay, we may march in England or in  
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension grown betwixt the peers  
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love 190

And will at last break out into a flame:

[As fester'd members rot but by degree,  
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.<sup>3</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> *Reguerdon*, reward.

<sup>2</sup> *Grudge*, maliciously cherish; or, perhaps, murmur.

<sup>3</sup> *Breed*, increase of itself.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy 195  
Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—  
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,  
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:  
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish 200  
His days may finish ere that hapless time.  
[Exit.

SCENE II. France.\* Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE, disguised, and Soldiers  
dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon  
their backs.

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates of  
Rouen,  
Through which our policy must make a  
breach:

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men  
That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—  
And that we find the slothful watch but  
weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter  
them.

*First Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to  
sack the city, 10

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;  
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

*Watch.* [Within] Qui va là?

*Puc.* Paysans, pauvres gens de France;  
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

*Watch.* [Opening the gates; the market-bell  
rings] Enter, go in; the market-bell is  
rung.

*Puc.* Now, Rouen,<sup>4</sup> I'll shake thy bulwarks  
to the ground.

[La Pucelle, and Soldiers,  
enter the town.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans,  
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Forces.

*Char.* Saint Denis bless this happy strata-  
gem!  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

<sup>4</sup> *Rouen*, written in F. 1 *Roan*, and intended to be pronounced as a monosyllable.

**Bast.** Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;<sup>1</sup> 20

Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in?

**Reign.** By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

[Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—

No way to that,<sup>2</sup> for weakness, which she enter'd.]

*Enter LA PUCELLE on the battlements, thrusting out a torch burning.*

**Puc.** Behold, this is the happy wedding torch  
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites!

**Bast.** See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;

The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

**Char.** Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

**Reign.** Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;

Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,  
And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter the town. Exit La Pucelle above. Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter from the town TALBOT and English Soldiers.*

**Tal.** France, thou shalt rue this treason  
with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That<sup>3</sup> hardly we escap'd the pride<sup>4</sup> of France. 40

[*Exeunt into the town.*

*Alarums: excursions. Enter from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.*

**Puc.** Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn  
for bread?

[I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,

<sup>1</sup> Practisants, i.e. fellow plotters.

<sup>2</sup> To that, i.e. compared with that.

<sup>3</sup> That, &c. so that.

<sup>4</sup> Pride = picked forces.

Before he'll buy again at such a rate: 45

'T was full of darnel;—do you like the taste?

**Bur.** Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless  
courtezan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

**Char.** Your grace may starve, perhaps,  
before that time.]

**Bed.** O, let no words, but deeds, revenge  
this treason!

**Puc.** What will you do, good gray-beard?  
break a lance, 50

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

**Tal.** Foul fiend of France, and hag of all  
despite,

[Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!]

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

**Puc.** Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle,  
hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*Talbot and the rest of the English whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the  
speaker? 60

**Tal.** Dare ye come forth and meet us in the  
field?

**Puc.** Belike your lordship takes us, then, for  
fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

**Tal.** I speak not to that railing Hecaté,

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;  
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

**Alen.** Signior, no.

**Tal.** Signior, hang!—base muleters of  
France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

**Puc.** Captains, away! let's get us from the  
walls;

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—  
God be wi' you, my lord! we came up but to  
tell you

That we are here. [*Exeunt La Pucelle and the  
others from the walls.*

**Tal.** And there will we be too, ere it be  
long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house—  
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in  
France—

Either to get the town again or die:  
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives, 80  
And as his father here was conqueror,—  
[As sure as in this late betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,—]  
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

*Bur.* My vows are equal partners with thy  
vows.

*Tal.* But, ere we go, regard this dying  
prince, 86  
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my  
lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness and for crazy<sup>1</sup> age.

*Bed.* Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:  
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen, 91  
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

*Bur.* Courageous Bedford, let us now per-  
suade you.



*Puc.* Dismay not, princes, at this accident.—(Act iii. 3. 1.)

*Bed.* Not to be gone from hence; for once  
I read, 94  
That stout Pendragon,<sup>2</sup> in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

*Tal.* Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—  
Then be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford  
safe!— 100

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand, 102  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt into the town, Burgundy, Talbot, and  
Forces, leaving Bedford and attendants.*]

*Alarums: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN  
FASTOLFE and a CAPTAIN.*

*Cap.* Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in  
such haste?

*Fast.* Whither away! to save myself by  
flight:

We are like to have the overthrow again.

<sup>1</sup> Crazy, decrepitt

<sup>2</sup> Pendragon, Uther Pendragon, father of King Arthur.

*Cap.* What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

*Fast.* Ay,  
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

*Cap.* Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! *[Exit.]*

*Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, and French Soldiers; exeunt flying.*

*Bed.* Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, 110

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

*[What is the trust or strength of foolish man? They that of late were daring with their scoffs Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.]*

*[Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.]*

*Alarums. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest.*

*Tal.* Lost, and recovered in a day again!  
This is a double honour, Burgundy:  
Let Heaven have glory for this victory!

*Bur.* Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects  
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments. 120

*Tal.* Thanks, gentle duke. *[But where is Pucelle now?*

*I think her old familiar<sup>1</sup> is asleep:*

*Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?<sup>2</sup>*

*What, all amort?<sup>3</sup> Rouen hangs her head for grief*

*That such a valiant company are fled.]*

*Now will we take some order<sup>4</sup> in the town,  
Placing therein some expert officers;  
And then depart to Paris to the king,  
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.*

*Bur.* What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. 130

*Tal.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd,  
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:  
A braver soldier never couched lance,  
A gentler heart did never sway in court;

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,  
For that's the end of human misery. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III. The plains near Rouen.

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Puc.* Dismay not,<sup>5</sup> princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:

*[Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedy'd.]*

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

*Char.* We have been guided by thee hitherto  
And of thy cunning<sup>6</sup> had no diffidence:<sup>7</sup> 10  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

*[Bast.* Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.

*Alen.* We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee reverence'd like a blessed saint:

Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.]

*Puc.* Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

*Char.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
*[Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirp'd<sup>8</sup> from our provinces.]*

*Alen.* For ever should they be expuls'd<sup>9</sup> from France,

And not have title of an earldom here.]

*Puc.* Your honours shall perceive how I will work

To bring this matter to the wished end. 28

*[Drum sounds afar off.]*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

<sup>1</sup> Familiar, i.e. familiar demon.

<sup>2</sup> Gleeks, scoffs. <sup>3</sup> All amort=quite dispirited.

<sup>4</sup> Take some order, i.e. make some necessary dispositions.

<sup>5</sup> Dismay not, i.e. be not dismayed.

<sup>6</sup> Cunning, skill.

<sup>7</sup> Diffidence, distrust.

<sup>8</sup> Extirped, rooted out.

<sup>9</sup> Expuls'd, expelled.

*An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,  
And all the troops of English after him. 32

*A French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

*Char.* A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

*Bur.* Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

*Puc.* The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

*Bur.* What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

*Char.* Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words. 40

*Puc.* Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

*Bur.* Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

*Puc.* Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

[*As* looks the mother on her lowly babe  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see the pining malady of France;] 49

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.

O, turn thy edged sword another way;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

*Bur.* Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

*Puc.* Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

[Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?]

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof,—

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner? 70

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

[See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.]

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

*Bur.* [*Aside*] I'm vanquished; these haughty words of hers 73

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces and my power of men are yours:—

So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

*Puc.* Done like a Frenchman,—[*Aside*] turn, and turn again!

*Char.* Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

*Bast.* And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

[*Alen.* Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

*Char.* Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, 90

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Paris. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON, BASSET, *and others.*  
*To them* TALBOT *and some of his Officers.*

*Tal.* My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
 I have awhile given truce unto my wars,  
 To do my duty to my sovereign:  
 In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd  
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
 Twelve cities, seven walled towns of strength,  
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem—  
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,  
[*Kneeling.*

And with submissive loyalty of heart 10  
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got  
 First to my God, and next unto your grace.  
[*Kneels.*

*King.* Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,<sup>1</sup>  
 That hath so long been resident in France?

*Glo.* Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

*King.* Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—  
 I do remember how my father said  
 A stouter champion never handled sword.  
 Long since we were resolved<sup>2</sup> of your truth, 20  
 Your faithful service, and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward, 22  
 Or been reguerdon'd<sup>3</sup> with so much as thanks,  
 Because till now we never saw your face:  
 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,  
 We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;  
 And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. [Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

*Ver.* Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
 Disgracing of these colours that I wear  
 In honour of my noble Lord of York,— 30  
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou  
 spak'st?

*Bus.* Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage<sup>4</sup>  
 The envious barking of your sancy tongue  
 Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

*Ver.* Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

*Bus.* Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

*Ver.* Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye  
 that. [*Strikes him.*

*Bus.* Villain, thou know'st the law of arms  
 is such,  
 That whoso draws a sword, 't is present<sup>5</sup> death  
 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest  
 blood. 40

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
 I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
 When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

*Ver.* Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon  
 as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paris. A hall of state in the palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET,  
 • WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the GOVERNOR  
 OF PARIS, *and others.*\*

*Glo.* Lord bishop, set the crown upon his  
 head.

<sup>1</sup> Gloucester, so spelt in Folio in this place, to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Resolved, assured.

<sup>3</sup> Reguerdon'd, recompensated.

<sup>4</sup> Patronage, make good.

<sup>5</sup> Present, immediate.

*Win.* God save King Henry, of that name  
 the sixth!

*Glo.* Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,  
 That you elect no other king but him;

[*Governor kneels.*

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,  
 And none your foes but such as shall pretend<sup>6</sup>  
 Malicious practices against his state:  
 This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*The Governor of Paris takes the oath of  
 allegiance; then exit with his train.*

<sup>6</sup> Pretend, purpose.



*Enter* SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

*Fast.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation, 10

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your grace from Philip Duke of Burgundy. [*Presents a letter.*]

*Tal.* Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,—

[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done,—because unworthily

Thou wast installed in that high degree.—

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong 20

And that the French were almost ten to one,—

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

Like to a trusty squire, did run away:

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear

This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

*Glo.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill beseeming any common man, 31

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

*Tal.* When first this order was ordain'd, my  
lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth,

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty<sup>1</sup> courage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most<sup>2</sup> extremes.

He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40

Profaning this most honourable order,

And should—if I were worthy to be judge—

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*King.* Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st  
thy doom!

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And how, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

*Glo.* What means his grace, that he hath  
chang'd his style? 50

No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the king!"

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend<sup>3</sup> some alteration in good will?

What's here?—[*Reads*] "I have, upon especial  
cause,—

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction

And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France."

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,— 61

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling

guile?

*King.* What! doth my uncle Burgundy re-  
volt?

*Glo.* He doth, my lord; and is become your

foe.

*King.* Is that the worst this letter doth con-  
tain?

*Glo.* It is the worst, and all, my lord, he

writes.

*King.* Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall

talk with him

And give him chastisement for this abuse.—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

*Tal.* Content, my liege! yes, but that I am  
prevented,<sup>4</sup> 71

I should have begg'd I might have been em-  
ploy'd.

*King.* Then gather strength, and march unto

him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

*Tal.* I go, my lord; in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* VERNON and BASSET.

*Ver.* Grant me the combat, gracious sove-

reign!

*Bas.* And me, my lord, grant me the com-

bat too!

*York.* This is my servant: hear him, noble

prince! 80

<sup>1</sup> *Haughty*, i. e. high-minded.

<sup>2</sup> *Most* = greatest.

<sup>3</sup> *Pretend* = indicate, denote. <sup>4</sup> *Prevented*, anticipated.

*Som.* And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him! 81

*King.* Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

*Ver.* With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

*Bas.* And I with him; for he hath done me wrong. 88

*King.* What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*Bas.* Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue, Upbraided me about the rose I wear; 91



*King.* Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!  
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight.—(Act iv. 1. 45, 46.)

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves 92  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn<sup>1</sup> the truth  
About a certain question in the law  
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

*Ver.* And that is my petition, noble lord:  
For though he seem with forged quaint<sup>2</sup> conceit

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;  
And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower  
Bewray'd<sup>3</sup> the faintness of my master's heart.

<sup>1</sup> *Repugn*, resist, oppose.

<sup>2</sup> *Quaint*, artful.

<sup>3</sup> *Bewray'd*, betrayed.

*York.* Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

*Som.* Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

*King.* Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause  
Such factious emulations shall arise!—

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

*York.* Let this dissension first be tried by fight,  
And then your highness shall command a peace.

*Som.* The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

*York.* There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset. 120

*Ver.* Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

*Bas.* Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

*Glo.* Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife! 123

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!  
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd  
With this immodest clamorous outrage  
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—  
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well  
To bear with their perverse objections;  
Much less to take occasion from their mouths  
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves: 131  
Let me persuade you take a better course.

*Ese.* It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be friends.

*King.* Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—  
And you, my lords, remember where we are;  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:  
If they perceive dissension in our looks,  
And that within ourselves we disagree, 140  
How will their grudging stomachs<sup>1</sup> be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

{ Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
When foreign princes shall be certified  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of  
France! }

O, think upon the conquest of my father;  
My tender years; and let us not forego  
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!  
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. 151  
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.

That any one should therefore be suspicious  
I more incline to Somerset than York:  
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:  
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
But your discretions better can persuade  
Than I am able to instruct or teach:  
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160  
So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace 163  
To be our regent in these parts of France:—  
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite  
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of  
foot;—

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest  
Your angry choler on your enemies.  
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest  
After some respite, will return to Calais; 170  
From thence to England; where I hope ere long

To be presented, by your victories,  
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*

*War.* My Lord of York, I promise you, the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

*York.* And so he did; but yet I like it not,

In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

*War.* Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

*York.* An if I wist he did,—but let it rest; 180  
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt [all but Exeter.]*

*Ese.* Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging  
broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility,

This shouldering of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites, 190

But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much<sup>2</sup> when sceptres are in children's hands;

But more when envy breeds unkind division;  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Stomachs, anger, passions.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis much, i.e. it is a serious matter.

[SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.* \**Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.*

*Tal.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpet;   
 Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,   
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England;   
 And thus he would,—Open your city gates;   
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,   
 And do him homage as obedient subjects;   
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:   
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,   
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 10   
 Leanfamine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;   
 Who, in a moment, even with<sup>1</sup> the earth   
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,   
 If you forsake the offer of our love.

*Gen.* Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,   
 Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!   
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

On us thou canst not enter but by death:   
 For, I protest, we are well fortified,   
 And strong enough to issue out and fight: 20   
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,   
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:   
 On either hand thee there are squadrons   
 pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight;   
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,   
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,   
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.   
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament   
 To rive<sup>2</sup> their dangerous artillery   
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30   
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant   
 man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!   
 This is the latest glory of thy praise   
 That I, thy enemy, due<sup>3</sup> thee withal;   
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,   
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,   
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,   
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

\* Even with, level with.

\* Rise, discharge.

\* Due, i.e. endure.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning   
 bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40   
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c.*]

*Tal.* He fables not; I hear the enemy:   
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse<sup>4</sup> their   
 wings.

O, negligent and heedless discipline!   
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,—   
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,   
 Maz'd<sup>5</sup> with a yelping kennel of French curs!   
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;<sup>6</sup>   
 Not rascal-like,<sup>7</sup> to fall down with a pinch,   
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, 50   
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of   
 steel,

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:   
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,   
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my   
 friends.—

God and St. George, Talbot and England's   
 right,

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Messenger.*

*York.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd   
 again,

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?   
*Mess.* They are return'd, my lord, and give   
 it out

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his   
 power,

To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,   
 By your espials were discovered   
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin   
 led,

Which join'd with him, and made their march   
 for Bourdeaux.

*York.* A plague upon that villain Somerset,   
 That thus delays my promised supply 10   
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!   
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;

\* Peruse, examine.

\* Maz'd, bewildered.

\* In blood, i.e. in condition; a technical term in sport-   
 ing.

\* Rascal-like, i.e. like a lean deer, one out of condition.

And I am louted<sup>1</sup> by a traitor villain  
And cannot help the noble chevalier:  
God comfort him in this necessity!  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English strength,

13    Never so needful on the earth of France,  
       Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,  
       Who now is girdled with a waist of iron    20  
       And hemm'd about with grim destruction:  
       To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux,  
       York!  
 sh    Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's  
       honour.



**Tal.** O young John Talbot! I did send for thee  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war.—(Act iv 5. 1, 2.)

*York.* O God, that Somerset—who in proud  
heart

Doth stop my cornets<sup>2</sup>—were in Talbot's place!  
So should we save a valiant gentleman  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

{[Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,  
{That thus we die, while rémiss traitors sleep.]

*Lucy.* O, send some succour to the distress'd  
lord!

*York.* He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily  
get; 32

All 'long of<sup>3</sup> this vile traitor Somerset.

*Lucy.* Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;

And on his son young John, who two hours  
since

I met in travel toward his warlike father!  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;  
And now they meet where both their lives are  
done.

<sup>1</sup> *Louted*, treated like a lout, made a fool of.

<sup>2</sup> *Cornets*, troops of cavalry.

122

<sup>a</sup> 'Long of', because of.

*York.* Alas, what joy, shall noble Talbot have

To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause<sup>1</sup> I cannot aid the man.—  
[*Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,*  
Long all of<sup>2</sup> Somerset and his delay.]

[*Exit with his soldiers.*]

*Lucy.* Thus, while the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, 50  
That ever-living man of memory,  
Henry the Fifth:—whiles they each other cross,  
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; a Captain of TALBOT'S with him.*

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now:  
This expedition was by York and Talbot  
Too rashly plotted: all our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour  
By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure:  
York set him on to fight and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

*Cap.* Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me 10  
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Som.* How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

*Lucy.* Whither, my lord?—from bought and sold Lord Talbot;  
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,

To beat assailing death from his weak legions:  
And whiles the honourable captain there  
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,

[*And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,*  
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.<sup>3</sup>  
Let not your private discord keep away  
The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:  
[*Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,*  
*Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,*  
And Talbot perisheth by your default.]

*Som.* York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

*Lucy.* And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; 30

Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,  
Collected for this expedition.

*Som.* York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;

I owe him little duty, and less love;  
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

*Lucy.* The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:  
Never to England shall he bear his life;  
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

*Som.* Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight: 40  
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

*Lucy.* Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

*Som.* If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

*Lucy.* His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.*

*Tal.* O young John Talbot! I did send for thee

<sup>1</sup> The cause, him who is the cause that.

<sup>2</sup> Long all of, all because of.

<sup>3</sup> Worthless emulation, i. e. unworthy rivalry.

To tutor thee in stratagems of war, 2  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd  
When sapless age and weak unable limbs  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair,  
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!—  
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoided<sup>1</sup> danger:  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest  
horse;

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10  
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

*John.* Is my name Talbot? and am I your  
son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
To make a bastard and a slave of me!  
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

*Tal.* Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

*John.* He that flies so will ne'er return  
again.

*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure  
to die. 20

*John.* Then let me stay; and, father, do you  
fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard<sup>2</sup> should be;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast;  
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have  
won;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:  
[ You fled for vantage, every one will swear;  
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay, 30  
{ If the first hour I shrink and run away. }

Here on my knee I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

*Tal.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one  
tomb?

*John.* Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's  
womb.

*Tal.* Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

*John.* To fight I will, but not to fly the  
foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy father may be sav'd in  
these.

*John.* No part of him but will be sham'd in  
me.

*Tal.* Thou never hadst renown, nor canst  
not lose it. 40

*John.* Yes, your renowned name: shall fight  
abuse it?

*Tal.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee  
from that stain.

*John.* You cannot witness for me, being  
slain,

If death be so apparent,<sup>3</sup> then both fly.

*Tal.* And leave my followers here, to fight  
and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

*John.* And shall my youth be guilty of such  
blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,  
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:  
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; 50  
For live I will not, if my father die.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leave of thee,  
fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI. A field of battle.

*Alarum:* excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is  
hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

*Tal.* Saint George and victory! fight, sol-  
diers, fight:

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy  
breath;

I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

*John.* O, twice my father, twice am I thy  
son! \*

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and  
done,

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

*Tal.* When from the Dauphin's crest thy  
sword struck fire, 10

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-fac'd victory. [Then leaden age,

<sup>1</sup> Unavoided = unavoidable.

<sup>2</sup> Your regard, i.e. your care for your own safety.

<sup>3</sup> Apparent, manifest.

Quicken'd with youthful spleen<sup>1</sup> and warlike  
rage, 13

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight—I soon encounter'd,  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace 20  
Bespoke him thus,—“Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of  
mine  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave  
boy:”

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue.] Speak, thy father's  
care,—

Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead: 30  
The help of one stands me in little stead.

[O, too much folly is it, well I wot,<sup>2</sup>  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!  
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle<sup>3</sup> age:]  
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;  
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's  
fame:

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40  
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made  
me smart;  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my  
heart:

On that advantage, bought with such a  
shame,—

To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,—  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

[And like<sup>4</sup> me to the peasant boys of France,  
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!  
Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50  
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;<sup>5</sup>  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.] 53

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of  
Crete,<sup>6</sup>

Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;  
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.  
[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

*Alarum: excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded,  
supported by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is  
gone;—

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant  
John?—

Triumphant death, smear'd<sup>7</sup> with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at  
thee:

When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my kneec,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;

[But when my angry guardant<sup>8</sup> stood alone, }  
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,] 10

Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clust'ring battle of the French;  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His overmounting spirit; and there di'd.  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is  
borne!

*Enter Soldiers, with the body of young TALBOT.*

Tal. [Thou antic death, which laugh'st us,  
here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither<sup>9</sup> sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—]

O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd  
death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

<sup>5</sup> No boot, no use.

<sup>6</sup> Sire of Crete, i.e. Dædalus, father of Icarus.

<sup>7</sup> Smear'd, stained, dishonoured.

<sup>8</sup> Guardant, defender.

<sup>9</sup> Lither, yielding

<sup>1</sup> Spleen, ardour.

<sup>2</sup> Wot, know.

<sup>3</sup> Wot, know.

<sup>4</sup> Like, liken.



Brave death by speaking, whether he will  
or no; 25

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who would  
say,

Had death been French, then death had died  
to-day.—

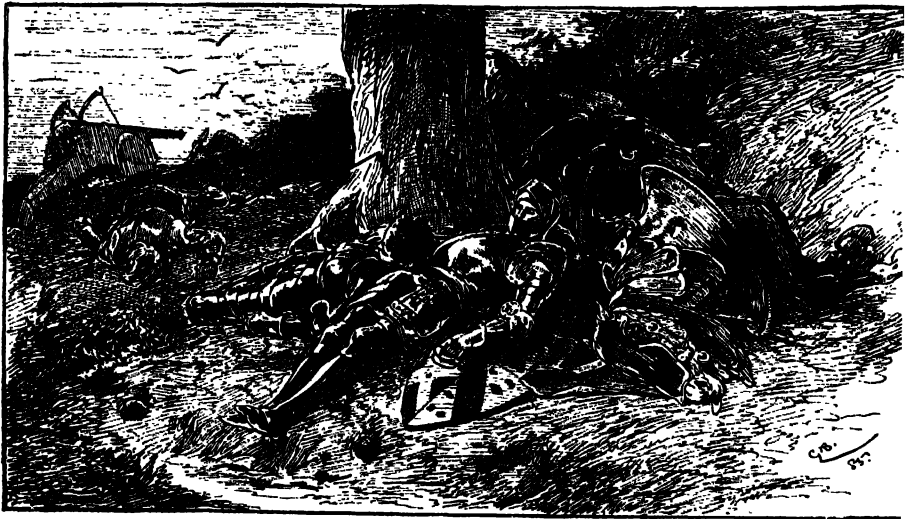
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms :  
My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30  
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's  
grave. [Dies.]

[*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant,  
bearing the two bodies.*]

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BAS-  
TARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Char.* Had York and Somerset brought  
rescue in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this.



*Tal.* Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.—(Act iv 7. 32.)

*Bast.* How the young whelp of Talbot's,  
raging-wood,<sup>1</sup> 35  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's  
blood!

*Puc.* Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:  
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a  
maid:"

But, with a proud majestic high scorn,  
He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not  
born 40

To be the pillage of a giglot<sup>2</sup> wench :"  
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*Bur.* Doubtless he would have made a noble  
knight:

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms 45  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones  
asunder,  
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's  
wonder.

*Char.* O, no, forbear! for that which we  
have fled  
During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

[*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended: a French  
Herald preceding.*]

*Lucy.* Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's  
tent,  
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

*Char.* On what submissive message art thou  
sent?

<sup>1</sup> *Raging-wood*, i.e. raging mad.

<sup>2</sup> *Giglot*, wanton.

*Lucy.* Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word; 54

We English warriors wot<sup>1</sup> not what it means. I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en, And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*Char.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

*Lucy.* Where is the great Alcides<sup>2</sup> of the field, 60

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, Created, for his rare success in arms, Great Earl of Washford,<sup>3</sup> Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield, Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge; Knight of the noble order of Saint George, Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece; Great marshal to our King Henry the Sixth 70 Of all his wars within the realm of France?

*Puc.* Here is a silly stately style indeed! The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath, Writes not so tedious a style as this,— Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles, (Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

*Lucy.* Is Talbot slain,—the Frenchmen's only scourge, Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis! O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd, That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80

O, that I could but call these dead to life! It were enough to fright the realm of France: Were but his picture left amongst you here, It would amaze<sup>4</sup> the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

*Puc.* I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90

*Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*Lucy.* I'll bear them hence; But from their mighty ashes shall be rear'd A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

*Char.* So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.*

*King.* Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,

The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

*Glo.* I have, my lord: and their intent is this,—

They humbly sue unto your excellence To have a godly peace concluded of Between the realms of England and of France.

<sup>1</sup> Wot, know.

<sup>2</sup> Alcides, i.e. Hercules.

<sup>3</sup> Washford, the old name of Wexford, in Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> Amaze, fill with consternation.

*King.* How doth your grace affect<sup>5</sup> their motion?

*Glo.* Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood, And stablish quietness on every side. 10

*King.* Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural That such immanity<sup>6</sup> and bloody strife Should reign among professors of one faith.

*Glo.* Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect And surer bind this knot of amity, The Earl of Armagnac—near kin to Charles,

<sup>5</sup> Affect, like. <sup>6</sup> Immanity, ferocity (Latin *immanitas*).

A man of great authority in France—  
 I'offers his only daughter to your grace  
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous  
 dowry. 20

*King.* Marriage! alas, uncle, my years are  
 young!

And fitter is my study and my books  
 Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
 Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,  
 So let them have their answers every one:  
 I shall be well content with any choice  
 Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a  
 Legate and two Ambassadors.*

[*Exe. [Aside]* What! is my Lord of Win-  
 chester install'd,  
 And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?  
 Then I perceive that will be verified  
 Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,— 31  
 "If once he come to be a cardinal,  
 He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."] 32

*King.* My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
 Have been consider'd and debated on.  
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable;  
 And therefore are we certainly resolv'd  
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
 Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean  
 Shall be transported presently to France. 40

*Glo.* And for the proffer of my lord your  
 master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,  
 As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
 Her beauty, and the value of her dower,  
 He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

*King.* In argument and proof of which  
 contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—  
 And so, my lord protector, see them guarded  
 And safely brought to Dover; where, in shipp'd,  
 Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

[*Win.* Stay, my lord legate: you shall first  
 receive

The sum of money which I promised  
 Should be delivered to his holiness  
 For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

*Leg.* I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

*Win. [Aside]* Now Winchester will not sub-  
 mit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer,  
 Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,  
 That, neither in birth, or for authority,  
 The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60  
 I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knees,  
 Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BAS-  
 TARD, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, and Forces  
 marching.*

*Char.* These news, my lords, may cheer our  
 drooping spirits:

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt  
 And turn again unto the warlike French.

*Alen.* Then march to Paris, royal Charles of  
 France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

*Puc.* Peace be amongst them, if they turn  
 to us;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Success unto our valiant general,  
 And happiness to his accomplices!

*Char.* What tidings send our scouts? I  
 prithee, speak. 10

*Mess.* The English army, that divided was  
 Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,  
 And means to give you battle presently.

*Char.* Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warn-  
 ing is;

But we will presently provide for them.

*Bur.* I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:  
 Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

*Puc.* Of all base passions, fear is most ac-  
 curs'd:—

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be  
 thine;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine. 20

*Char.* Then on, my lords; and France be  
 fortunate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before Angiers.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*

*Puc.* The regent conquers, and the French-  
 men fly.

[Now help, ye charming spells<sup>1</sup> and periapts;<sup>1</sup>  
And ye choice spirits that admonish me • 3  
And give me signs of future accidents.—  
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the north,  
Appear and aid me in this enterprise!

[Thunder.

*Enter Fiends.*

This speed and quick appearance argues proof  
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd 10  
Out of the powerful legions under earth,  
Help me this once, that France may get the  
field.

[They walk about, and speak not.

O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
Where<sup>2</sup> I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,  
In earnest of a further benefit,  
So you do condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress?—My body shall  
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice, 20  
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
Then take my soul,—my body, soul, and all,  
Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.

See, they forsake me!] Now the time is come,  
That France must vail<sup>3</sup> her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap.

[My ancient incantations are too weak,  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:<sup>4</sup>  
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.

*Excursions. Re-enter LA PUCELLE fighting  
hand to hand with YORK: LA PUCELLE is  
taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you  
• fast: 30

[Unchain your spirits, now with spelling  
charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.—]

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,  
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!

Puc. Chang'd to a worsen shape thou canst  
not be. 36

York. O, Charles the Dauphin, is a proper<sup>5</sup>  
man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles  
and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning<sup>6</sup> hag, enchantress, hold  
thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest  
to the stake. [Exeunt.

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in  
MARGARET.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my pri-  
soner. [Gazes on her.

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

I kiss these fingers [Kissing her hand] for eter-  
nal peace.

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. 50

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a  
king,

The King of Naples,—whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

[So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoners underneath her  
wings.]

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as if going.

O, stay! [Aside] I have no power to let her  
pass; 60

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.

[As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.]

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

<sup>1</sup> Periapts, amulets.

<sup>2</sup> Where, whereas.

<sup>3</sup> Vail, lower.

<sup>4</sup> Buckle with, contend with.

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<sup>5</sup> Proper, good-looking.

<sup>6</sup> Banning, cursing.

[*Fie, de la Pole!* disable<sup>1</sup> not thyself;  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?] 70

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

*Mar.* Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?  
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

*Suf.* [*Aside*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

*Mar.* Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

*Suf.* She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

*Mar.* Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

{ [*Suf.* [*Aside*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife; 80

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

*Mar.* I were best<sup>2</sup> to leave him, for he will not hear.

*Suf.* [*Aside*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

*Mar.* He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

*Suf.* [*Aside*] And yet a dispensation may be had.

*Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer me.]

*Suf.* [*Aside*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!<sup>3</sup>

*Mar.* He talks of wood: it is some carpenter. 90

*Suf.* [*Aside*] Yet so my fancy<sup>4</sup> may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.  
But there remains a scruple in that too;  
For though her father be the King of Naples,  
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
And our nobility will scorn the match.

<sup>1</sup> Disable, disparage.

<sup>2</sup> I were best, i.e. it would be best for me.

<sup>3</sup> A wooden thing, i.e. a stupid thing, a mere block of wood.

<sup>4</sup> Fancy, love.

*Mar.* Hear ye, captain,—are you not at leisure?

*Suf.* [*Aside*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100

*Mar.* [*Aside*] What though I be enthralld? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

*Suf.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

*Mar.* [*Aside*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

*Suf.* Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

*Mar.* [*Aside*] Tush, women have been captive<sup>5</sup> ere now.

*Suf.* I prithee, lady, wherefore talk you so?

*Mar.* I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 110

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

*Mar.* Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head, 119

If thou wilt condescend to—

*Mar.* What?

*Suf.* His love.

*Mar.* I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

*Suf.* No, gentle madam; I unworthy am To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam,—are ye so content? \*

*Mar.* An if my father please, I am content.

*Suf.* Then call our captains and our colours forth— [*Troops come forward.*]

And, madam, at your father's castle walls

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 120

<sup>5</sup> Captivate, made captive.



HENRY VI. PART I.  
Act V. Scene 3. June III.

*Suffolk* Say gentle princess, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?



*A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner! 131  
*Reig.* To whom?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep  
 Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
 Consent, and for thy honour give consent,  
 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;  
 Whom I with pain have woo'd and won  
 thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment 139  
 Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

*Reig.* Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

*Suf.* Fair Margaret knows  
 That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,<sup>1</sup> or feign.

*Reig.* Upon thy princely warrant, I descend  
 To give thee answer of thy just demand.

*[Exit from the walls.]*

*Suf.* And here, my lord, I will expect thy  
 coming.

*Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER below.*

*Reig.* Welcome, brave earl, into our terri-  
 tories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

*Suf.* Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet  
 a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king:  
 What answer makes your grace unto my  
 suit? 150

*Reig.* Since thou dost deign to woo her, little  
 worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,—  
 Upon condition I may quietly  
 Enjoy mine own, the counties Maine and  
 Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,  
 My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

*Suf.* That is her ransom,—I deliver her;  
 And those two counties I will undertake  
 Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

*Reig.* And I again, in Henry's royal name,  
 As deputy unto that gracious king, 161  
 Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

*Suf.* Reignier of France, I give thee kingly  
 thanks, 163

Because this is in traffic of a king.—

*[Aside]* And yet, methinks, I could be well  
 content

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over, then, to England with this news,  
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.

*[So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe  
 In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170]*

*Reig.* I do embrace thee, as I would em-  
 brace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he  
 here.]

*Mar.* Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise,  
 and prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. *[Going.]*

*Suf.* Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you,  
 Margaret,—

No princely commendations to my king?

*Mar.* Such commendations as becomes a  
 maid,

A virgin and his servant, say to him.

*Suf.* Words sweetly plac'd and modestly  
 directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again; 180  
 No loving token to his majesty?

*Mar.* Yes, my good lord,—a pure unspotted  
 heart,

Never yet taint<sup>2</sup> with love, I send the king.

*Suf.* And this withal. *[Kisses her.]*

*Mar.* That for thyself: I will not so pre-  
 sume

To send such peevish<sup>3</sup> tokens to a king.

*[Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.]*

*Suf.* O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suf-  
 folk, stay;

*[Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;  
 There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.]*

Solicit<sup>4</sup> Henry with her wondrous praise:] 190  
 Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,<sup>5</sup>

And natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's  
 feet,

Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with won-  
 der. *[Exit.]*

<sup>1</sup> Face = put on a false face.

<sup>2</sup> Taint, tainted.

<sup>4</sup> Solicit, move, excite.

<sup>3</sup> Peevish, silly, trifling.

<sup>5</sup> Surmount, are surpassing.



SCENE IV. *Camp of the DUKE OF YORK  
in Anjou.**Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.**[York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.**Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.**Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!**Have I sought every country far and near,  
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,  
Must I behold thy timeless<sup>1</sup> cruel death?  
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!**Puc. Decrepid miser!<sup>2</sup> base ignoble wretch!  
I am descended of a gentler blood:**Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.**Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you,  
't is not so; 10**I did beget her, all the parish knows:**Her mother liveth yet, can testify**She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.**War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?**York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,—**Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.**Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!<sup>3</sup>**God knows thou art a collop<sup>4</sup> of my flesh;**And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.**Deny me not, I pritheer, gentle Joan. 20**Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,**Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.**Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—  
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.**Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time  
Of thy nativity! I would the milk  
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,**Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!**Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field, 30**I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab? 32  
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.  
[Exit.**York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,**To fill the world with vicious qualities.**Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:**Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.**I never had to do with wicked spirits:**But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.**No, misconceived<sup>5</sup> Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy, 50  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.**York. Ay, ay:—away with her to execution!**War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,**Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:**Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,**That so her torture may be shortened.**Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? --**Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, 60**That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—**I am with child, ye bloody homicides:**Murder not then the fruit within my womb,**Although ye hale me to a violent death.**York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid  
with child!**War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:**Is all your strict preciseness come to this?**York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:<sup>6</sup>**I did imagine what would be her refuge.*<sup>1</sup> Timeless, untimely.    <sup>2</sup> Miser, miserable wretch.<sup>3</sup> Obstacle, i.e. obstinate.<sup>4</sup> A collop, a piece: literally, a slice of meat.<sup>5</sup> Misconceived, misunderstood.<sup>6</sup> Juggling, pronounced here as a trisyllable.

War. Well, well, go to; we'll have no bastards live; 70

Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his: It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives;

\* Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you: 'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well, 80

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex<sup>1</sup> his beams Upon the country where you make abode;

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death Environ you, till mischief and despair 90

Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves! [Exit, guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell! ]

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse<sup>2</sup> of these outrageous broils, Have earnestly implor'd a general peace

Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French; And here at hand the Dauphin and his train

Approacheth, to confer about some matter. 101

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers, 103  
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,  
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,  
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace? Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered?— 110  
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and sévere covenants

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes 120

The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,

By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,  
Of mere compassion and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, 130  
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be, then, a shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories,

<sup>1</sup> Reflex=reflect.

<sup>2</sup> Remorse, pity.

And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:  
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd, 141  
 Detract so much from that prerogative,  
 As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
 No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep  
 That which I have than, coveting for more,  
 Be cast from possibility of all.



*King.* Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.— (Act v. 5. 1, 2.)

*York.* Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret  
 means  
 Us'd intercession to obtain a league,  
 And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? 150  
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
 Of benefit<sup>1</sup> proceeding from our king

<sup>1</sup> *Benefit*, used in its legal sense of property bestowed by the favour of the donor.

And not of any challenge of desert, 153  
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

*Reig.* [*Aside to Charles*] My lord, you do  
 not well in obstinacy

To cavil in the course of this contract:

If once it be neglected, ten to one

We shall not find like opportunity.

*Alen.* [*Aside to Charles*] To say the truth, it  
 is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre 160

And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen

By our proceeding in hostility;

And therefore take this compact of a truce,

Although you break it when your pleasure  
 serves.

*War.* How say'st thou, Charles? shall our  
 condition stand?

*Char.* It shall;

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest

In any of our towns of garrison.

*York.* Then swear allegiance to his ma-  
 jesty,

As thou art knight, never to disobey 170

Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of Eng-  
 land.

[*Charles and the French nobles swear  
 allegiance to King Henry.*]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;

Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be  
 still,

For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. *London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY in conference with  
 SUFFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER.*

*King.* Your wondrous rare description,  
 noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:

[*And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts*

Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

So am I driven by breath of her renown,

Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

Where I may have fruition of her love.]

*Suf.* Tush, my good lord,—this superficial  
 tale 10

Is but a preface of her worthy praise;  
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame—  
 Had I sufficient skill to utter them—  
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
 Able to ravish any dull conceit:  
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
 So full-replete with choice of all delights,  
 But with as humble lowliness of mind,  
 She is content to be at your command;

11

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
 To love and honour Henry as her lord.

21

*King.* And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent  
 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

*Glo.* So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
 You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
 Unto another lady of esteem:



*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd.—(Act v. 5. 103.)

How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
 And not deface your honour with reproach?

*Suf.* As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
 Or one that, at a triumph<sup>1</sup> having vow'd 31  
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
 By reason of his adversary's odds:  
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

*Glo.* Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more  
 than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,  
 Although in glorious titles he excel.

*Suf.* O, yes, my lord, her father is a king,  
 The King of Naples and Jerusalem; 40

And of such great authority in France 41

As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
 And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

*Glo.* And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,  
 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

*Ecc.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal  
 dower,

Where<sup>2</sup> Reignier sooner will receive than give

*Suf.* A dower, my lords! disgrace not so  
 your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
 To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.  
 Henry is able to enrich his queen 51

And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

<sup>1</sup> *Triumph*, tournament.

<sup>2</sup> *Where* = whereas.

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse. 54

Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;

[Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And therefore, lords, since he affects<sup>1</sup> her most,  
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60

In our opinions she should be preferr'd. ]

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a  
king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—  
More than in women commonly is seen—

Will answer hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve

As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but  
she.

*King.* Whether it be through force of your  
report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80

My tender youth was never yet attaind

With any passion of inflaming love, 82

I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,

Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to  
France;

Agree to any covenants; and procure  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

Across the seas to England, and be crown'd 90

King Henry's faithful, and anointed queen:

[For your expenses and sufficient charge, }

Among the people gather up a tenth. ] }

Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,

I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:

If you do censure<sup>2</sup> me by what you were,

Not what you are, I know it will excuse

This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me where, from company,<sup>3</sup> 100

I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

*Glo.* Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and  
last. [*Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.*

*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus  
he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,

With hope to find the like event in love,

But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *Affects* = loves.

<sup>2</sup> *Censure*, judge.

<sup>3</sup> *From company*, i.e. away from company.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY VI.,—PART I. •



## NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. **HENRY VI.** was the only son of Henry V. and Katharine, daughter of Charles VI. of France. He succeeded to the throne in 1422 at the age of nine months, or thereabouts; and reigned really, or nominally, till 1461, when Edward IV. was proclaimed King. He was restored, by the Earl of Warwick, the King-Maker, for a brief period, in October, 1470; but, after the battle of Barnet in April, 1471, he was committed to the Tower, where he died—probably by the hand of an assassin—on the 23rd May in that same year.

2. **JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD**, third son of Henry IV. by his first wife, Mary Bohun, daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Nottingham, was born in 1390; created Constable of England about 1403, and Duke of Bedford in 1414. In 1416 he was sent with a large fleet to the relief of Harfleur, and gained a most important victory over the French. After accomplishing the relief of Harfleur he returned into England. Later on in the same year he was made "gouverneur or regent of the realm, to hold and eniole the office so long as the king was occupied in the French wars" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 88). In 1420 he took part in the siege of Melun, and afterwards accompanied King Henry V. in his triumphal entry into Paris the same year. He was one of the godfathers of Henry VI., and helped to escort the queen from France in 1422. He was with Henry V. during his last illness. The king on his deathbed appointed him regent of France in 1422, and he continued to hold that position till his death in 1435, at Rouen; he was buried in Rouen Cathedral.

He appears among the *Dramatis Personæ* of Henry V., and in II. Henry IV. as Prince John of Lancaster. The Duke of Bedford was twice married; first to Anne, sister of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, who died November 14, 1432, without issue; secondly to Jacqueline, daughter of Peter, Count of St. Pol (or "S Paule," as Holinshed writes it), by whom he had no issue.

Lewis XI., having been urged to deface a monument erected to the Duke of Bedford in Rouen Cathedral, refused to do so, declaring that he accounted it an honour to have the remains of so brave and illustrious a man in his dominions.

3. **HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER** was the fourth and youngest son of Henry IV. He married as his first wife, Jacqueline, Countess of Holland and Hainault, which union was annulled by Pope Martin V. Gloucester immediately married his mistress Eleanor, daughter of Lord Cobham. He was created Duke of Gloucester by his brother Henry V. in 1414. He fought with great bravery at Agincourt. He opposed at first the marriage of Henry VI. with Margaret, the daughter of René, Duke

of Anjou and titular king of Naples; but afterwards appears to have expressed approbation of it. He excited the enmity both of the queen and of Suffolk, and was arrested on February 11th, 1447, on a charge of high treason. Seventeen days later he was found dead in his bed. There were no marks of violence on the body, and it is doubtful whether the suspicion of murder was really justified. He appears as Prince Humphrey of Gloucester in II. Henry IV., and as Duke of Gloucester in Henry V.; in the next play the circumstances of his disgrace and tragical death are treated. The Dukes of Gloucester seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate. Our readers will remember that Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III., afterwards Duke of Gloucester, was murdered in the reign of Richard II.

4. **THOMAS BEAUFORT**, Duke of Exeter, great uncle of Henry VI., was the third son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III., "who caused all his natural children by Catherine Swinford, daughter of Sir Payn Roet, alias Guyen, king of arms, and widow of Sir Otes Swinford, Knight, to whom he was afterwards married, to be called *Beaufort*, from the Castle of *Beaufort* in the county of Anjou, the place of their nativity; which castle came, A. D. 1278, to the house of Lancaster by the marriage of Blanch, daughter of Robert I. Count of Artois, and widow of Henry I. King of Navarre, with Edmund (surnamed Crouchback) Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. King of England" (Collins's Peerage of England, vol. i. pp. 222).

Thomas Beaufort held the offices of Admiral of the Fleet, Captain of Calais, and Lord Chancellor of England under Henry IV. By the same king he was created Earl of Dorset and Knight of the Garter, and on November 18th, 1416, by Henry V. Duke of Exeter. He figures in Henry V., where he is called by anticipation Duke of Exeter, and is wrongly stated to have held the command of the rearguard at the battle of Agincourt. When that battle was fought he was at Harfleur, having been left in charge of that town after its capture by the king's army. He died, December 27th, 1428, and therefore could not have been present at the coronation of Henry VI., 1431, as he is represented to be. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Neville, and left no issue; his large estates passing to his nephew, John Beaufort, second Duke of Somerset. He was buried at the abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, where in 1772 his body was found by some workmen employed in the ruins (see Collins, p. 223).

5. **HENRY BEAUFORT** (Cardinal Beaufort), brother of the above, was created Bishop of Lincoln in 1397; Bishop of Winchester in 1404; nominated Cardinal and Papal Legate in 1417; but did not obtain the royal license to accept these preferments till 1428. The quarrels between him



and the Duke of Gloucester were constant, the greatest jealousy existing between them. The Cardinal won his great triumph over his rival in 1439; when, in spite of Gloucester's strong opposition, the Duke of Orleans was released from prison. He followed Gloucester to the grave, within six weeks, on April 11th, 1447, after a lingering illness.

6. JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset, was the second son of John, second Earl of Somerset, and grandson of John Beaufort, the eldest brother of the two Beauforts mentioned above. He succeeded his father, in consequence of the death of his elder brother Henry, who was unmarried, in 1418, "as third Earl of Somerset; and in 1443, was created Duke of Somerset, and Earl of Kendale, and constituted lieutenant and captain general of Aquitaine; as also of the whole realm of France, and duchy of Normandy. His Grace departed this life on May 27th, 1444 (some say in 1443), and was buried at Winborne minister in Dorsetshire; leaving issue by Margaret his wife, widow of Sir Oliver St. John, and daughter to Sir John Beauchamp, of Bletshoe in the county of Bedford, Knight, (and heir to John her brother) an only daughter, Margaret, married to Edmund of Hadham, Earl of Richmond, eldest son of Owen ap Merideth ap Tudor, and Catherine of France, Queen of England, dowager to Henry V., and by him was mother of Henry VII." (Collins's Peerage of England, vol. i. p. 223). He was the chief supporter of the Lancastrian party at court, and bitterly opposed to the Duke of York. He was succeeded by his brother Edmund, who is the Duke of Somerset of II. King Henry VI.

7. RICHARD PLANTAGENET was the only son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the younger son of the Duke of York who figures in Richard II., and brother to the *Aumerle* of the same play, who afterwards became Duke of York, and was killed at Agincourt. His mother was Anne, daughter of Roger Mortimer; through whom, and her mother Philippa, he traced his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. His father was executed for conspiracy against Henry V. in the year 1415. In 1426 he became Duke of York; Constable of England, 1430; Regent of France, after the death of the Duke of Bedford; recalled in 1446. He opposed Queen Margaret with the strongest persistence. In 1449 he was appointed Lieutenant of Ireland, and Protector of the Kingdom, 1454; the next year the Wars of the Roses began. He was killed at the battle of Wakefield, December 30, 1460. It is a remarkable thing that Henry IV. should have spared the uncle, *Aumerle*, when he joined a conspiracy against him; and that Henry V. should have spared *Aumerle's* nephew, who was destined in his own person, and in that of his son, to ruin and dethrone the House of Lancaster.

8. EARL OF WARWICK. There are supposed to be two Earls of Warwick introduced in this play. The first, who, according to this supposition, appears only in act i. scene 1, and is a *persona muta*, was, undoubtedly, Richard Beauchamp, who succeeded to the title in 1401, on the death of his father Thomas Beauchamp, condemned as a traitor in the reign of Richard II., but not executed.

He was made lieutenant and deputy-regent in France by the Duke of Bedford when he was sent for into England by Cardinal Beaufort in 1426 (see Hall, p. 130). In 1427 he was recalled from France and appointed "governor" of the young king, Henry VI., and held this office nine years. In 1437 he was appointed Regent of France, and died at Rouen in 1439. He is the same Warwick who appears in Henry V. and also frequently in Henry IV., where Shakespeare makes the mistake of causing the king to address him as "Nevil," and not as "Beauchamp" (II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 66). He was called "the Good," and "the Father of Courtesy."

The second Earl of Warwick of this play is supposed to be Richard Neville, called "the King-Maker," who is undoubtedly one of the principal characters in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. He was the eldest son of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, who was son of Ralph de Neville, Earl of Westmoreland (see First and Second Parts of Henry IV. and Henry V.) by his second wife Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt and sister of the Duke of Exeter, and became Earl of Salisbury by his marriage with Alice, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Salisbury (see below). The young Richard Neville married Anne, the daughter of Richard Beauchamp mentioned above; and through her inherited the vast estates of the Warwick family; he was created Earl of Warwick, 1449, when he was about twenty-one years old, and not till five years after the marriage of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, with which this play ends. As he was not born till 1428, that is six years after the play opens, it is difficult to see how he could have taken the prominent part assigned to the Earl of Warwick in act iii. and act iv. There is no reason why the Earl of Warwick, all through the play, should not be Richard Beauchamp; except that he is represented as being present at the execution of Joan of Arc; when, according to history, he would have been in England, as he was at that time governor of the young king Henry VI. That, however, is a very much slighter historical discrepancy than to suppose that the *Warwick* in all the scenes of this play, except act i. scene 1, was "the King-Maker." We have therefore only given Beauchamp Earl of Warwick among the Dramatis Personæ of this play.

9. EARL OF SALISBURY. Thomas Montague, or Montacute, fourth Earl of Salisbury, was the son of John the third Earl (see note to Dramatis Personæ, Richard II.). When Beauchamp was recalled from France to become the young king's governor, or tutor, the Earl of Salisbury was sent to take his place with the army. It was at his instigation that a determined attempt was made to take the city of Orleans, an attempt only partially successful: an outwork was captured, including a tower, in which the earl met his death a few days afterwards, on the 3rd November, 1428. He is supposed to have been "the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon-ball" [French (on the authority of Camden), p. 130]. He married first Eleanor Holland, daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, by whom he had issue one daughter, Alice, who married Richard Neville, father of "the King-Maker" (see above, under Earl of Warwick). This Earl of Salisbury was a patron of English literature in the

person of Lydgate, and he married, as his second wife, the grand-daughter of Chaucer; but by her he left no issue.

10. **EARL OF SUFFOLK.** William de la Pole, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Suffolk, was the grandson of Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, one of the favourites of Richard II. His father fell at the siege of Harfleur, 1415. His elder brother Michael de la Pole was killed at Agincourt. He distinguished himself at the battle of Verneuil, and succeeded to the chief command at the siege of Orleans after the death of Salisbury. He was taken prisoner at the siege of Jargeau, May 18, 1429, and one of his brothers, Sir Alexander Pole, was killed. He and his other brother were the only ones among the prisoners taken whose lives were spared. He was present at the coronation of Henry VI. in Paris in 1431. He was one of the representatives of the king at the "diet" held at Tours in 1443 (see *Hollinshed*, vol. iii. p. 206), when a truce between the kings of France and England was arranged. He is one of the characters in the next play, in which his death is recorded. In 1450 he was impeached by the Commons, and the king was compelled to banish him. The ship in which he sailed was taken by one of the ships of the Duke of Exeter, who was then Constable of the Tower. The captain of the ship took upon himself to behead Suffolk, without any trial, on the coast of Kent near Dover.

11. **LORD TALBOT.** Sir John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, was the second son of Sir Richard Talbot by his wife Anne, the sister of Lord L'Estrange of Blackmere. He succeeded his brother Gilbert Talbot; he married Maude, the elder of the two daughters and co-heiresses of Neville Lord Furnivall, and was first summoned to Parliament in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry IV. by the title of Lord Furnivall, and afterwards by the name of John Talbot of Hallamshire; in 1412 he was appointed Justice of Ireland; in 1414 he was appointed Lieutenant of Ireland; and in 1419, on the death of his elder brother Gilbert, he returned to England, attended the king in France at the siege of Senne in Burgundy, and of Molyne (Mouline) on the Seine, and was with him at his triumphant entry into Paris in 1420. He continued with Henry V. till the death of that king. In 1423 he was elected Knight of the Garter, and in 1425 he was, for the second time, appointed Lieutenant of Ireland, and was made general of the army in 1427. In 1429 he was taken prisoner at the battle of Patay, and after three years' captivity was set at liberty for a very heavy ransom. He immediately raised new forces and returned to France; was created Earl of Shrewsbury May 20th, 1442, and Earl of Wexford and Waterford about 1445. On July 20th, 1453, in attempting to raise the siege of Châtillon, he was mortally wounded, being shot through the thigh by a cannon-ball, and his horse was killed under him. He died on the battle-field at the age of eighty; having been "victorious in forty several battles and dangerous skirmishes" (*Collins's Peerage*, vol. iii. p. 16).

12. **JOHN TALBOT** was the eldest son of the preceding by Margaret his second wife, who was daughter and co-heiress of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick. He was

killed at the same battle as that which proved fatal to his father, having refused to save his life by flight.

13. **EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH.** It is presumed that Shakespeare means Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March. He was the eldest son of Roger Earl of March and Eleanor Holland, and grandson of the Edmund Mortimer who married Philippa, the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the second son of Edward III. It was to avenge Roger Mortimer's death, in 1398, that Richard II. set out on that expedition to Ireland, from which he returned only to find his kingdom practically taken from him by Bolingbroke. Edmund Mortimer, who was only seven years old when Richard II. was deposed, became, through the death of his father, the rightful heir to the English crown. The usurper Bolingbroke did not venture to take his life, but always regarded him with great jealousy; and it was in order to set aside Mortimer's undoubted right to the throne that Bolingbroke, or his friends, invented the fiction that Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, the second son of Henry III., from whom he himself was lineally descended by his mother Blanch, was really the eldest son; and that his brother Edward, afterwards Edward I., was made eldest son because of the deformity of Edmund; but the manifest improbability of this story, which was in violation of all known facts, induced Bolingbroke's friends to advise him to claim the crown on the ground that Richard II. had adopted him as his heir; and that, failing the Earl of March, he was, undoubtedly, the next heir male. It would seem that the young Earl of March was kept in a kind of honourable imprisonment in Windsor Castle, and that he was ultimately placed under the guardianship of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., to whom he was always a most devoted friend, serving under him at Harfleur and Agincourt, and at the siege of Melun. French says (p. 134) he "carried the sceptre at his queen Katharine's coronation, and was one of the chief, and without doubt one of the truest, mourners who followed his royal friend's protracted funeral procession through France to England." In 1422 Edmund Mortimer was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where he died in January, 1424, at the age of thirty-two, at Trim Castle, a place which was long the residence of the governors of Ireland. French (pp. 135, 136) gives several proofs, taken from official documents of the time, which leave no doubt that the Earl of March not only had his liberty in the reign of Henry V., but that he was treated with every honour befitting his rank. He was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, fifth Earl of Stafford, but left no issue, so that Richard Plantagenet became his heir. Mortimer's sister, Anne, married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the father of the above-mentioned Richard Plantagenet who claimed the throne, through his mother, as the last descendant of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. The fearful obscurity that surrounds this character appears to have arisen from the mistake made by the chroniclers in confusing with the young Earl of March, his uncle, Edmund Mortimer, younger brother of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, a mistake which Shakespeare has followed in the First Part of Henry IV. The reader of history becomes further confused by the fact that Hollinshed persists in calling this

Sir Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, and in giving the same title to George of Dunbar, Earl of the Marches of Scotland, who had no more right to the title of Earl of March than he had to that of King of England

14. SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, son of John Fastolfe, . . . was born "on Nov. 6, 1380, at Great Yarmouth, co. Norfolk; he was educated as a page in the household of Thomas Mowbray, the 'Duke of Norfolk' in *King Richard II.*, and afterwards attended Prince Thomas of Lancaster to Ireland in 1405. He accompanied Henry V. in his expedition to France in 1415" (French, p. 136), and was appointed by Thomas Duke of Exeter his lieutenant at Harfleur after its capture by the English army (see Hall, p. 62). He was not present at the battle of Agincourt, as the town and garrison of Harfleur were left in his charge. He distinguished himself on several occasions, notably at the siege of the Castle of Pacy, 1423, and was made deputy governor under the Duke of Bedford of the duchy of Normandy on this side of the river Seine, and governor of the counties of Anjou and Maine in the same year (see Hall, pp. 118, 119). He was superseded, however, in the latter office by Lord Talbot in 1427, and was "assigned to another place" (Hall, p. 141). "He remained in France under the Duke of York, who rewarded his services with a pension, and he at length retired from active service in 1440, to his estate at Caistor, near Great Yarmouth, where the remains exist of the stately castellated brick mansion, which he built from the proceeds, as alleged, of the ransom of John II., Duke of Alençon (son of the prince killed at Agincourt), who was taken prisoner by Fastolfe, at the battle of Verneuil, in 1424. Sir John died at Caistor, Nov. 6, 1450, leaving no issue by his wife, who pre-deceased him in 1446." . . . "Sir John bequeathed the greater part of his large estates to charitable and pious purposes, and in his lifetime had endowed Magdalen College, Oxford, with the manor of Caldecot, co. Suffolk, and the tenement called the 'Boar's Head' in Southwark" (*Ut supra*, pp. 137, 138). Many interesting letters from and concerning Sir John Fastolfe will be found in vol. i. of the Paston letters.

15. SIR WILLIAM LUCY. This is probably the same Sir William Lucy mentioned by Hall, as having been killed at the battle of Towcester. Hall says (p. 244): "and syr William Lucy, which made great hast to come to parte of the fight, and at his first approche was strikis in the hed w<sup>th</sup> an axe." French says (p. 139): "He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Percy of Athol, son of Sir Thomas, next brother of 'Hotspur,' but died without issue." There was another Sir William Lucy, one of the Lucys of Charlecote, three times sheriff of Warwickshire in King Henry VI's reign, who might have been the character introduced in this play.

16. SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Hall mentions William Gladsdale (i.e. Glansdale) as taking part in an expedition despatched by the Regent, the Duke of Bedford, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, into Burgundy, in 1423. He was made captain of Malcorne in 1424 by the Earl of Salisbury. He is also mentioned (p. 145) as having been present at the siege of Orleans, when the Earl of Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave were killed; "the

keepynge of the toure and Bulwerke," when the fatal event happened, having been committed to his care (Hall, p. 145). He was killed at the siege of Orleans in the assault on the Bastille sainte Loure (Hall, p. 148), which the French, largely outnumbering the English, took by assault, and set on fire. It was bravely defended; but before Lord Talbot could come to the rescue of the small garrison it was taken, and "Willyam Gladdisdale the capitaine was slain" (p. 148).

17. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE. The only mention I can find in Hall of the above is the reference to his death at the siege of Orleans: "Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken so that he died in within two daies" (Hall, p. 145). Hollished mentions a Sir Robert Gargrave who was made captain at Pontorson by the Duke of Gloucester in 1418 (p. 96).

18. MAYOR OF LONDON. "This is the first time that this important functionary is introduced in Shakespeare's plays. The events in act i. scene 3, and act iii. scene 1, both really occurred in 1425, during the time that the Lord Mayor was John Coventry, citizen and mercer; and it is recorded in history that he behaved manfully on the occasions, and put the Bishop of Winchester's faction to flight" (French, p. 141).

19. WOODVILLE, LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER, was a much more important character than we should be made to believe from the very small part that he takes in the action of this play. He was a member of a good Northamptonshire family. According to Hall<sup>1</sup> in the fifth year of Henry V. he was appointed captain at Harcourt in Normandy by the Duke of Clarence, and in the next year he was appointed captain at Dangu. In 1437 he married Jacqueline, the young widow of the Duke of Bedford. By her he had a numerous family, four sons and six daughters. The eldest son, Sir Antony Woodville, is the Lord Rivers of the Third Part of Henry VI., and the Earl Rivers of Richard III. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married, first, Sir John Grey, and became afterwards the queen of Edward IV. Woodville was created Knight of the Garter and Lord Rivers by Henry VI., and Earl Rivers by his son-in-law Edward IV. in 1466. The earldom became extinct on the death without issue of the third earl, the youngest son of Richard Woodville, in 1491. In the third year of the reign of Henry VI. Woodville was appointed Constable of the Tower. According to Hall his marriage greatly displeased his wife's family (see Hall, p. 186). He met his death in the disturbances which took place after Warwick had declared against Edward IV. in 1469. Hall gives the following account of his death: "The Northamptonshire men, with diuers of y<sup>e</sup> Northernne by them procured, in this fury made thyn a capitayne, and called hym Robyn of Riddesdale, and sodaynly came to the maner of Grafton, where the erle Ryuers father to the Quene then lay whom they loued not, and there by force toke the sayd erle and syr Thon his sonne, and brought them to Northampton, and there

<sup>1</sup> According to Hollished the date in each case is one year later, viz. the sixth and seventh years respectively. This discrepancy of a year or even more between Hall and Hollished is not uncommon.

without iudgement stroke of their hedges, whose bodies were solemnly entered in the Blackheeres at Northampton" (p. 274).

20. VERNON of the White Rose, or York Faction, was probably Sir Richard Vernon of Haddon Hall, near Bakenell, Derbyshire, who, Courtenay says, was the speaker in the parliament held at Leicester. He does not appear to have been in any way connected with the Sir Richard Vernon of the First Part of Henry IV., who died in 1452.

21 BASSET of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction. It is uncertain who this character was. Hall (p. 90) mentions that William Basset was appointed captain at Senclere Surgette. French (p. 148) says: "The person in this play may have been one of the heroes of Agincourt, either Robert Basset, who was one of the lances in the train of the earl marshal, or Philip Basset, a lance in the retinue of Lord Botreaux." The family of Basset furnished many distinguished soldiers in the reigns of Henry III. and his three immediate successors. One Robert Basset, alderman, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London, distinguished himself highly in the defence of the city of London against Thomas Nevill, the bastard son of Lord Fauconbridge in 1471 (see Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 323).

22. CHARLES VII. KING OF FRANCE was the son of Charles VI., and was born in 1403 and died in 1461. He was Regent of France for some time during the madness of his unfortunate father. He was crowned at Rheims in 1429: he subsequently recovered all the French conquests of England, except Calais.

23 REIGNIER DUKE OF ANJOU was the second son of Lewis II Duke of Anjou and Count of Provence. He married Isabella, heiress of the Duchy of Lorraine, and succeeded his brother Lewis III. in the dukedom of Anjou, in 1434. Having been left heir to the kingdom of Naples by the will of Queen Joanna II., he went to Naples in 1438; but in 1442 was obliged to retire thence before the victorious Alfonso of Arragon. He returned to Lorraine, where he lived till 1452; when he gave up that duchy to his son, John of Calabria, and went to live in Anjou. Of that duchy he was robbed by Lewis XI., 1473; and he retired thence to Provence, where he died, 1480. He left his estates to Charles du Maine, his nephew, at whose death they reverted to the crown of France. His sister Mary of Anjou was married to King Charles VII.; his daughter Margaret to Henry VI. He made himself beloved in all the countries which he governed, and was known as "Le bon roi René." His daughter does not seem to have inherited her father's virtues.

24 DUKE OF BURGUNDY. Philip III., called *Le Bon*, succeeded his father Jean Sans Peur in 1419. He is the same Duke of Burgundy that appears in the last act of Henry V. With that king he signed the treaty of Troyes, by which he recognized Henry as Regent of France and heir presumptive to Charles VI.; but in 1426 he was reconciled to Charles VII., and signed the treaty of Arras. Philip was three times married, his third wife being Isabella of Portugal, daughter of John I. and Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt; by her he became the father of "Charles the Bold," the well-known Duke of Burgundy,

who was the great rival of Lewis XI. It was with Duke Philip that Lewis took refuge after having, when Dauphin, rebelled against his father. He died at Bruges on June 12th, 1467.

25 DUKE OF ALENÇON was John II., son of John I., whom he succeeded in 1415. He was twice condemned to death: first, for having had treasonable communications with the English in 1458; and secondly, in 1474, for having assisted Charles the Bold of Burgundy against Lewis XI. On both occasions he was pardoned, but died, after seventeen months of captivity, in 1476.

26 BASTARD OF ORLEANS John, Count of Longueville and Dunois, born 1392, died 1470. He was one of the most distinguished of the French generals. In 1444 he was appointed Lieutenant-general of France, and in 1450 he won the battle of Formigny. Hall (p. 144) has the following account of this personage: "Here must I a little digresse, and declare to you, what was this bastard of Orleans, whiche was not onely now captain of the citee, but also after, by Charles the sixt made erle of Dunoys, and in great authoritie in Fraunce, and extreme enemye to the Englishe nacion, as by this story you shall apparantly perceiue, of whose line and steme dyscend the Dukes of Longuile and the Marques of Rutylon. Lewes Duke of Orleans murthured in Paris, by Ihon duke of Burgoyne, as you before haue harde, was owner of the Castle of Concy, on the Frontiers of Fraunce toward Arthoys, wherof he made Constable the lord of Cauny, a man not so wise as his wife was faire, and yet she was not so faire, but she was as well beloued of the duke of Orleans, as of her husband. Betwene the duke and her husbande (I cannot tell who was father) she conceived a child, and brought forth a pretye boye called Ihon, whiche child beyng of the age of one yere, the duke disceased and not long after the mother, and the Lorde of Cawny ended their liues. The next of kynne to the lord Cawny challenged the enheritaunce, whiche was worth foure thousande crownes a yere, alledgyng that the boye was a bastard: and the kynred of the mothers side, for to saue her honesty, it plainly denied. In conclusion, this matter was in contenciõ before the Presidentes of the parliament of Paris, and there hang in controuersie till the child came to the age of eight yeres old. At whiche tyme it was demaunded of hym openly whose sonne he was: his frêdes of his mothers side aduertised him to require a day to be aduisd of so great an answer, whiche he asked, and to hym it was graunted. In y meane season his said frendes perswaded him to claime his inheritaunce, as sonne to the Lorde of Cawny, which was an honorable liuyng, and an aunciët patrimony, affirming that if he said contrary, he not only slaudered his mother, shamed himself, and stained his bloud, but also should haue no liuyng nor any thing to take to. The scholemaster thinkyng y<sup>e</sup> his disciple had well learned his lesson, and would reherse it accordyng to his instrucciõ, brought hym before the Judges at the daie assigned, and when the question was repeted to hym againe, he boldly answered, my harte geueth me, and my noble corage telleth me, that I am the sonne of the noble Duke of Orleans, more glad to be his Bastarde, with a meane liuyng, then

the lawfull sonne of that coward cuckolde Cauny, with his foure thousande crounes. The Iustices muche merueiled at his bolde answere, and his mothers cosyns detested him for shamyng of his mother, and his fathers supposed kinne reioysed in gainyng the patrimony and possessions. Charles duke of Orleans heryng of this iudgement, toke hym into his family and gaue him great offices and fees, which he well deserued, for (duryng his captiuitie) he defied his lades, expulsed thenglishmen, and in conclusion procured his deliuerance."

27. MARGARET D'ANJOU, the daughter of René, Duke of Anjou, married Henry VI. in 1445. She may be said virtually to have governed England and to have been the leader of the Lancastrian party; for all that was done both in the government of the country, and in the management of the campaign against the Yorkists, was done under her directions. Defeated at St. Albans, 1455, and at Northampton, 1460, she gained a decisive victory at Wakefield in that same year; but was defeated at Towcester, 1461, and was forced to fly to France. Having obtained very little help from Lewis XI., she returned to England; and was defeated at the battle of Hexham, 1463. On Warwick deserting the Yorkists and joining the Lancastrian party, the hopes of this indomitable woman revived. She was, however, defeated at Tewksbury, 1471; after which battle she had the agony of seeing her son murdered; and was herself afterwards imprisoned in the Tower. From the Tower she was removed to Windsor, and thence to Wallingford, having, according to Lingard, but "a weekly allowance of five merks for the support of herself and her servants" (vol. iv. p. 193). After being kept five years a prisoner she was ransomed for 50,000 golden crowns by her father, who sold "the kingdomes of Naples and both the Sicils with the countie of Provence" to Lewis XI. in return for the money lent (see Holinshed, iii. p. 321). She died in France in 1482.

28. COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE. About this lady I can find nothing historic; the incident in which she appears being taken from some old source no longer extant, or, perhaps, invented by one of the authors. In 1155 the territory of Auvergne was divided into two portions, one the *Comté*, which went to the younger branch of the house, and the other, the *Dauphiné*, which went to the elder branch. The latter passed by marriage, in 1428, to the House of Montmorency, a branch of the House of Bourbon. At the end of the thirteenth century the county of Auvergne was joined by marriage to the ancient family of La Tour, which was afterwards known as La Tour d'Auvergne. The county of Auvergne was bequeathed in 1524 by the Countess Anne to Catherine de Medicis. It was united to the French crown by Lewis XIII. in 1610.

29. JOAN OF ARC was born in 1409 at Domrémy. She was the daughter of Jacques D'Arc, and was herself employed as a shepherdess up to the age of eighteen years. At that age she left her home to seek Charles VII., inspired with a divine mission to rescue France, her country, from the hands of the English. Her great success was at the battle of Patay on February 17th, 1429, after which she wished to retire; but at the entreaty of the king she remained with the army. The next year she was taken

prisoner at Compiègne by the Burgundians, on the 24th May, in a sortie. To the eternal disgrace of the English, to whose custody she was surrendered, she was condemned to death and burned alive at Rouen, May 14th, 1431. In 1456 the sentence was reversed by Charles VII., and the pope, Calixtus III., "rehabilitated her memory." Her story furnished Schiller with the subject of one of his finest tragedies, and our English poet Southey wrote a long poem on her life. In the last two centuries she has been honoured quite as much by Englishmen as by her own countrymen. The family of Joan of Arc was ennobled by Charles VI., and were allowed to take the surname of De Lys. Montaigne (in 1580) describes the coat of arms granted to her family, and mentions his having seen the house where Joan's father lived.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

30. Line 3: *Brandish your CRYSTAL tresses in the sky.*—Steevens quotes from "a Sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1804:

When as those *crystal* comets'whiles appear."

Also from an old song "The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love:

You *crystal* planets shine all clear

And light a lover's way."

—Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 8.

*Crisped, created, tristful*, have all been suggested as emendations; but the passages quoted by Steevens show that no alteration of the text is necessary.

31. Line 5: *That have CONSENTED UNTO Henry's death.*—Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 5:

Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn  
To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive,  
Thou art *consenting* to my daughter's loss.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 84;

where *consenting* seems to have the same sense which we have given it in the foot-note to this passage. In sc. 5, lines 34, 35 of this act, Talbot says:

You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

There *consented* unto seems to have more than the ordinary sense of the word, and to = "were partly guilty of," or "responsible for." The distinction that Douce would suggest (see Douce, pp. 313, 314) between *consent* and *concent* does not appear to have much bearing upon this passage. There is no doubt, as regards their derivation, that the two words are perfectly distinct; *consent* being derived from the Latin *consentio*, and meaning, generally, "to agree together," in a good sense. There is no reason why it should not have borne the same sense, as the Latin original sometimes did, namely, "to agree to any wrong," "to conspire;" but to *concent* is derived from *concinno* (*con-cano* = "to sing together"), and never seems to have any sense but a good one. Spenser employs the word in one passage in The Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. ii. st. 2:

Such music is wise words with time *concented*,

where it certainly seems to have its original musical sense. This is the only instance of the use of the verb, in this sense, that I have been able to find.

32. Line 6: *Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!*—Fl.

have "*King Henry the Fifth*," which is quite unnecessary, and spoils the metre. Most editors follow Pope in omitting it. Compare line 52 below of the same scene:

*Henry the Fifth*, thy ghost I invoke.

33. Line 27: *By MAGIC VERSES have contriv'd his end*.—These were charms in rhyme, which were supposed, when recited by witches, to be fatal to the person against whom they were directed. To these magical verses we may suppose belong the grim, rhymed incantations in Middleton's *Witch* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Steevens quotes Reginald Soot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c., yea they will not stick to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 30).

34. Line 50: *Our ile be made a NOURISH of salt tears*.—Pope's ingenious emendation *marsh* (the old word for *marsh*) has been very generally adopted; but on mature consideration we have rejected it. Ritson quotes a very similar expression in support of that emendation from *The Spanish Tragedy*:

Made mountains *marsh*, with spring-tides of my tears.

—Var. Fd. vol. xviii. p. 11.

Steevens' note seems, however, to make it pretty certain that the Folio is right: "I have been informed that what we call at present a *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. 1. no date:

Of that chylde she was blyth,  
After *norysches* she sent belive.

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author may signify a *nurse*, as it apparently does in *The Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, b. i. c. xii.:

Athenes whan it was in his flour  
Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise."

—Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 11.

35. Line 58: *Than Julius Cæsar or bright* —.—The blank has been filled up, by various commentators, with the names of Francis Drake, Berenice, Alexander, &c. Surely there is no need attempting to fill it up at all. It is much more dramatic that the speaker should be interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

36. Line 60: *Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, ROUEN, Orleans*.—We have supplied *Rouen* here to make the line complete. It seems the more necessary because, in line 65 below, Gloucester asks:

Is Paris lost? Is *Rouen* yielded up?

The Folio simply has:

Guyen, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans.

37. Line 62: *What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse*.—This line is arranged in F. 1 thus:

What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Corse?

So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 substantially. We have printed it in the same way as Staunton, which seems much more effective from a dramatic point of view.

38. Line 64: *Will make him burst his LEAD, and rise from death*.—It may be worth noticing that in line 19 *Exeter* says:

Upon a wooden coffin we attend.

It would appear from this that the practice of putting bodies in a *lead*en case within a *wooden* coffin existed at least as early as Shakespeare's time. Monstrelet, in describing the interment of Duke Philip le Bon of Burgundy in 1467, says: "The heart and body of the duke were each put separately in a flat coffin, covered with a bier of Irish oak" (vol. ii. chap. cxlii. p. 347). Probably by bier he means what we call an outer coffin. That the inner coffin was of lead we know from what the chronicler says above (p. 346): "His body and bowels were each put into a well-closed coffin of lead."

39. Line 76: *A third MAN thinks, without expense at all*.—F. 1 omits *man*, which is supplied by F. 2. Surely no one with the vestige of an ear could print such a line as:

*A third thinks*, without expense at all.

Putting aside the fact that the halting rhythm is absolutely excruciating, the alliteration of *third* and *thinks* should be avoided, if there is any means of doing so.

40. Line 83: *their flowing tides*.—Ff. have *her*; the correction is Theobald's. If the reading of the Ff. be retained *her* must refer to England; but surely *their* makes much better sense.

41. Line 88: *To weep their INTERMISSIVE miseries*.—Warburton explains this epithet thus: "*i.e.* their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 14).

42. Line 94: *Reignier, Duke of Anjou*.—Ff. have *Reynold* here; but, in scene 2, F. 1 has *Reignier*, and afterwards in act ii. scene 1 *Reignier*.

43. Line 96: *The Duke Alençon fieth to his side*.—Ff. have "The Duke of Alençon." We have omitted *of* in order to improve the metre, as the whole of the passage certainly seems to be intended for blank verse.

44. Line 98: *The Dauphin CROWN'D king! AND all fly to him!*—*Crowned* has the *e* elided in F. 1. The line is usually printed:

The Dauphin *crowned* king! all fly to him!

in order to make the metre complete. We have retained the elided form of the Ff; and have ventured to insert *and*. It is, perhaps, not a matter of much importance; but in speaking the line it will be seen that *king* is the word which has to be most emphasised by the speaker, and not *crowned*. In line 92 above, *crowned* is not elided in the Folio; the two syllables being necessary to the metre.

45. Lines 108 *et seq.*—This is one of the many liberties which the author of this play takes with chronology. The Battle of Patay, in which the great Talbot was taken prisoner, did not occur till the seventh year of Henry VI.'s reign, A.D. 1420. It was fought on June 18th—the fact that the day of the month coincides with that on which Waterloo was fought is worth noticing—and not on August 10th, as Shakespeare makes it (line 101). Hall (p. 150) gives the following description of the battle: "Wherefore, thei (*i.e.* the French) intending to stop hym a tyde, conveyed their company to a small village called Patay, whiche way, they knewe that the Englishmen

must nedes passe by. And first they appoynted their horsemen, whiche were well and richely furnished, to go before, and sodainly to set on the Englishemen, or they wer, either ware or set in ordire. The Engllishmen comyng forward, perceiued the horsemen, and, Imaginyng to deceue their enemies, commaunded thi fotemen to enuiron & enclose theselves about with their stakes, but the French horsemen came on so fiersly, that the archers had no leysur, to set themselves in a rale. There, was no remedy but to fight at adventure. This battaill, cōtinued by the space of thre long houres. And although the Englishmen wer ouerpresse, with the nombre of their aduersaries, yet thei neuer fledde backe one foote, till their captain the lord Talbot, was sore wounded at the backe, and so taken. Then their hartes began to faint, thei fled in whiche flight, ther wer slain about xij C. and taken. xl. wherof the lord Talbot the lord Scales, the lord Hungerford (see below, line 146), and sir Thomas Rampton, were the chief: howbeit diuerse archers whiche had shot all their arrowes, hauyng only their awerdes, defended thesself, and with the help of some of the horsemen, cā safe to Meū."

46. Line 128: *Cried out again, A Talbot! HO! A Talbot!*  
—Ff. have:

*A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain.*

which Pope altered to: "*A Talbot! Talbot! cried*" Seymour suggested: "*A Talbot! cried, a Talbot.*" The whole of this speech is so spirited that it seems a pity to spoil it by a manifestly defective line. The emendation we have ventured to make seems preferable to the one quoted above.

47. Lines 130-134.—The conduct of Sir John Fastolfe at this battle is almost inexplicable. There can be no doubt he was one of the most trusted and valiant generals on the English side. His name occurs constantly in Hall and Holinshed; indeed, he appears to have distinguished himself both for generalship and courage on many occasions. In the battle known as the Battle of Herrings, which was fought in the year previous, 1428, Sir John Fastolfe, with only 1600 English, obtained a decisive victory over 10,000 of the French; and, afterwards, brought a large quantity of supplies which were under his charge safely to the camp before Orleans. Holinshed follows Hall's account of the Battle of Patay word for word. Hall says: "Frō this battaill, departed without any stroke stricken, sir Ihon Fastolfe, thesame yere for his valiauntnes elected into the ordre of the Garter. For whiche cause the Duke of Bedford, in a great anger, toke from hym the Image of saint George, and his Garter, but afterward, by moane of frendes, and apparant causes of good excuse by hym alledged, he was restored to the order again, against the mynd of the lord Talbot" (p. 150). Monstrelet's account of the matter is as follows: "Sir John Fastolfe and the bastard de Thian had not dismounted, and, to save their lives, they, with many other knights, set off at full gallop." Further on he gives an explanation of Fastolfe's conduct more favourable to his reputation: "On the day of the battle of Pataye, before the English knew that their enemies were so near, Sir John Fastolfe, one of the chief captains, and who fled without striking a blow, assembled a council,

when he remonstrated on the losses they had suffered before Orleans, at Gergeau, and other places, which had greatly lowered the courage of their men, and on the contrary raised that of the French, and which made him now advise that they should retire to some of their strong towns in the neighbourhood, and not think of combating the enemy until their men were more reconciled to their late defeats, and until the reinforcements should be sent them which the regent was expecting from England. This language was not very agreeable to some of the captains, more especially to lord Talbot, who declared that if the enemy came he would fight them."

"Sir John Fastolfe was bitterly reproached by the duke of Bedford for having thus fled from the battle,—and he was deprived of the order of the Garter: however, in time, the remonstrances he had made in council, previously to the battle, were considered as reasonable; and this, with other circumstances and excuses he made, regained him the order of the Garter. Nevertheless great quarrels arose between him and lord Talbot on this business, when the latter was returned from his captivity" (p. 555). Fastolfe's excuse for his conduct may have been the right one; but one cannot help suspecting that there may also have been some feeling of jealousy on his part towards Talbot; for it will be remembered that he was superseded by that great general in 1427: "the lord Talbot, was made governor, of Anlow and Mayne, and Sir Ihon Fastolfe was assigned to another place" (Hall, p. 141).

48. Line 132: *He, being in the VAWARD,—plac'd behind.*  
—This seems to be a contradiction in terms. He could not be in the *van* and in the *rear* at the same time. Hammer proposed to alter *vaward* to *rearward*. Steevens explains the apparent contradiction thus: "Some part of the *van* must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the *back front* of a house." And Mason adds: "When an army is attacked in the *rear*, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*." (Var. Ed. vol. xviii p. 16) Clarke explains it that "Fastolfe, being in the front line of his own troop, at the head of his own division, was placed behind the main body of the army" (p. 306). From the description of the battle given by Shakespeare it would appear that the small body of English troops were surrounded, and that the general made a hasty attempt to form his archers in square surrounded by an impromptu defence of stakes. The rest of his forces under the command of Sir John Fastolfe were drawn up some little distance off in the rear of the archers with orders to go to their assistance immediately they commenced to attack the enemy. If such were the arrangement, the expression in the text is not inappropriate.

49. Line 146: *And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford.*—See the passage quoted from Hall above (note 45). *Lord Scales* was Thomas, seventh Lord Scales. He is one of the characters in the Second Part of Henry VI., and an account of him will be given in the notes on the Dramatis Personæ of that play. *Lord Hungerford* was Sir Walter Hungerford, who, according to French, was present at Agincourt; but he is not mentioned in the account of that battle by Hall, Holinshed,

or Moustrelet. Holinshed and Hall both mention that he was made Lieutenant of Cherburgh (Cherbourg) in place of Lord Grey of Codnor in 1418. "He was Steward of the Household in the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., and afterwards Treasurer" (French, p. 163).

50. Line 159: *The Earl of Salisbury craves a supply.*—*Fl.* have:

The Earl of Salisbury *craveth* supply.

a very awkward line. If Salisbury were pronounced as a quadrisyllable, then we might read simply:

The Earl of Salisbury *craves* supply.

But I cannot find any satisfactory instance of the use of this name by Shakespeare other than as a trisyllable. I have therefore ventured to make the emendation printed in the text, which avoids the unrhythmical line given in *Fl.*

51. Line 171: *Being ordain'd his special governor.*—According to Hall the Duke of Exeter and Cardinal Beaufort were joint guardians of the young king: "And the custody of this young prince was apointed to Thomas duke of Excester, and to Henry Beauford bishop of Wynchester" (p. 115).

52. Line 174: *for me NO THING remains.*—*Fl.* read *nothing*. On account of the accent being required on *thing*, we have separated the two words. Compare note 136, King John.

53. Line 176: *The king from Eltham I intend to STEAL.*—*Fl.* read *send*. The emendation is Mason's conjecture, and is required both by the sense and by the verse, a rhymed couplet being doubtless intended to end the scene. The objection that the king was under the guardianship of the Duke of Exeter, and not of the speaker, the Cardinal (Beaufort), seems not of much force (see above, note 51). The second Article of Accusation brought by the Duke of Gloucester ran as follows: "Item my said lorde of Winchester, without the aduise and assent of my said lorde of Gloucester, or of the kynges counsaill, purposed and disposed hym to set hande on the kynges persone, and to haue remoued hym from Eltham, the place that he was in to Windsor, to the entent to put him in suche gouernance as him list" (Hall, p. 131). It is doubtless this alleged abduction of the king that Beaufort is here supposed to contemplate, and to such an act the word *steal* is more appropriate than *send*.

#### ACT I. SCENE 2.

54. Lines 1, 2:

*Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens  
So in the earth, to this day is not known.*

Stevens quotes from one of Nash's prefaces "before Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1506: 'You are as ignorant in the true *movings* of my muse, as the astronomers are in the true *movings* of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to'" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 18). The motions of Mars were irregular and difficult to explain—at least to the old astronomers—owing to the eccentricity of his orbit. Kepler's work on Mars (Comment. de Motibus Stellæ Martis) was published first in 1609. For instances of this

form of the genitive *Mars his* = Mars's, see in this play, iii. 2. 123, "*Charles his* gleeks;" and again iv. 6. 3: "*Frances his* sword." In the well-known passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 512, in the Player's speech the *Fl.* have:

On *Mars his* armour for'd for profect ease,

which is much more grand, and suited to the majestic measure of the passage, than the commoner form *Mars's*.

55. Line 7: *Otherwhiles.*—Capell altered to *The whites*; but unnecessarily. The word certainly does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; neither does he use *the whites*, but *the whilst* or *the while*. Perhaps the MS. had *O' the whites*. The sense is better suited by *The whilst*; but we hesitate to erase from the text a word so characteristic.

56. Line 13: *why lie we idly here?*—*Fl.* have *live*. We have adopted Walker's conjecture, which is supported by line 6 above:

At pleasure here we *lie*, near Orleans.

57. Line 19: *the forlorn French.*—For the accent on *forlorn* see Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2. 124:

Poor *forlorn* Proteus, passionate Proteus,

and v. 4. 12 of same play:

Thou gentle nymph cherish thy *forlorn* swain.

It is doubtful whether *forlorn* really can bear the first meaning given in our foot-note, which is the one assigned to it by Staunton and Clarke; or whether *for* is anything more than the intensive prefix. *Forlorn* is used as = "lost," "miserable;" it may refer here either to those who had been killed in the siege, or to those shut up in the besieged town.

58. Line 25: *THAT Salisbury's a desperate homicide.*—*Fl.* have:

Salisbury is a desperate homicide.

We have ventured to make a less halting line of it. Nor shall we scruple in trying to amend the many imperfect and unmetrical lines which disfigure this play: because we feel that we can scarcely be interfering with what was the outcome of Shakespeare's deliberate judgment, but that we are merely trying to repair blemishes which he carelessly passed over.

59. Line 30: *bred.*—*Fl.* have *breed*; the correction is Rowe's.

60. Line 41: *gimmals*.—Johnson says: "A *gimmel* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 20). But surely the connection between *gimmel* and *gimcrack* is quite fanciful. *Gimbal*, *ginbol* (the modern form of the same word) is thus explained in Annandale's edition of Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary: "[L. *gemellus*, twin, paired, double, from *geminus*, twin.] A contrivance, as a ring moving on horizontal pivots, for securing free motion in suspension, or for suspending anything, as a chronometer, so that it may keep a constant position or remain in equilibrium. The term is most commonly applied to two movable hoops or rings, the one moving within the other, and each perpendicularly to its plane, about two axes, at right angles to each other." A *gimmel-bit* is the double bit, the play of which in the

1 To be found in vol. III of Frisch's edn. of Kepler's Works, Frankfurt, 1858-70.



horse's mouth is obtained by means of double rings. Shakespeare uses the word in *Henry V.* (iv. 2. 49, 50):

And in their pale dull mouths the *gimmals* bit  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

Steevens quotes "The Vow-breaker, or The Faire Maide of Clifton, 1636:

My actes are like the motionall *gymnalls*  
Fixt in a watch."

—Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 27.

May not *gimmals* mean those wheels in the mechanism of a watch or clock, which we call cog-wheels?

61. Line 48: *cheer*.—For a similar use by Shakespeare of this word = countenance, compare *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 96:

All fancy sick she is and pale of *cheer*.

And Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 264:

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of *cheer*.

63. Line 56: *the NINE sibyls*.—There were *nine* sibylline books, as is well known; but the number of the sibyls has been variously given as three, four, seven, and even ten. In a note on *The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl*, act ii., Steevens says: "Of the Seven Worthies, the Ten Sibyls, and the Twelve Cæsars, I have seen many complete sets in old halls and on old staircases" (*Dodsley*, vol. xi. p. 447).

63. Lines 65-70.—The incident of Joan of Arc recognising Charles, who was unknown to her by sight, in spite of his attempting to pass off one of the lords about him as the Dauphin, is founded on the account given in the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed (1586-7): "Vnto the Dolphin into his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gale lords before him to trie hir cunning from all the companie, with a salutation (that indeed marz all the matter) she pickt him out alone, who therevpon had hir to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and priuate talke, that of his prude chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would haue broken it off; but he made them a sign to let hir sale on" (vol. iii. pp. 163, 164). Hall only says: "What should I reherse, how they safe, she knewe and called hym her kyng, whom she neuer saw before" (p. 148).

64. Line 72: *Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter*.—This is inconsistent with what Joan says afterwards (v. 4. 8, 9; 21, 22; 30-38) where she disowns her father and claims to be of noble birth. Hall says she was "a chamberleyn in a comen hostery" (p. 148); but says nothing about her father; while Holinshed says (p. 163) her father was "a sorie sheepeheard;" and that she herself was "brought vp poorelle in their trade of keeping cattell."

65. Line 83: *In complate glory*.—For the accent compare *Hamlet*, i. 4. 52:

That thou, dead corse, again in complate steel.

66. Lines 84-86.—This apparently contradictory description of herself by Joan may have been suggested by the fact that while Hall speaks of "her foule face, that no one would desire it" (p. 148), Holinshed says: "of fauour was she counted likesome" (p. 163).

67. Line 91: *Resolve* <sup>in this</sup>,—*thou shalt be fortunate*.—Schmidt explains *resolve* in a different sense so that given in our foot-note. According to him it means: "come to a resolution on this supposition, that thou shalt be fortunate, etc." We find *resolved* used = "sure," "convinced" in *III. Henry VI.* ii. 2. 124, 125:

I am *resolue'd*

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

68. Line 90: *Deck'd with FIVE flower-de-luces*.—*Ff.* have *fine*. Steevens made the obvious correction. Holinshed's words are: "that with *fine* *floure delices* was grauen on both sides" (vol. iii. p. 163).

69. Line 101: *Out of a deal old iron I chose forth*.—*Ff.* have "out of a great deal of old iron," making a most horribly unrhymical line, which, one would think, no editor would care to print. We have followed Dyce. Steevens printed "Out of a deal of;" but, in his note, proposed "Out a deal of." The only objection to the reading of Dyce is that there is no other instance in Shakespeare of *deal* used = *deal of*. Here, again, it is evident the writer of this play followed Holinshed: "from saint Katharins church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she neuer had bene and knew not) in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir" (p. 163).

70. Line 102:

*Then come on, o' God's name; I fear no woman.*

I had inserted the *on* (which is necessary to the metre, and which might easily have been overlooked by the transcriber, coming before the *o'*), before I saw that Keightley had made the same emendation.

71. Line 131: *Expect SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER, HALCYON days*. Saint Martin's day is the 11th of November; and the brief period of fine weather, like a cold reflection of summer, which frequently occurs about that time of the year, was called Saint Martin's summer. Joan means to say that after the winter of misfortune will come the summer of success. *Halcyon* is the old name of the kingfisher, during the period of whose incubation the sea was supposed to remain "smooth and calm, that the mariner might venture on the sea with the happy certainty of not being exposed to storms or tempests; this period was therefore called, by Pliny and Aristotle, 'the halcyon days'" (*Harter's Ornithology of Shakespeare*, p. 275). The kingfisher does not build by the sea but by the banks of streams.

In Holland's Pliny (edn. 1601) bk. x. chap. xxxii. p. 267, we find the following: "They lay and sit about midwinter when daies be shortest: and the time whyles they are broodie is called the *Halcyon daies*, for during that season the sea is calme and navigable especially on the coast of Sicillies" . . . "Now about seven daies before mid-winter, that is to say, in the beginning of December they build and within as many daies after, they have hatched." Pliny says there are two kinds, one of which haunts rivers.

72. Lines 138, 139:

*Now am I like that proud insulting ship  
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.*

This alludes to the well-known story told by Plutarch in the life of Julius Cæsar. The incident is thus narrated in North's Plutarch: "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the maister of the pynnae, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c., said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c., and fear not, for thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 27). Shakespeare uses *insult* in the sense of *to exult, to triumph*, in many passages, though in some of them it certainly has the implied sense of insolence. In Heywood's *Captives*, iii. 3:

Howe the slave  
Insults in his damnation.  
—Bacon's *Old Plays*, vol. iv. p. 167.

It clearly has the sense of *exult*.

73. Line 140:

*Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*

Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* (book xii. chap. xv.) gives the following description of this sacred bird. "Mahomet's pigeon, which would resort unto him, being in the midst of his campe, and pickt a pease out of his eare; in such sort that many of the people thought that the holy ghost came and told him a tale in his eare: the same pigeon also brought him a scroll wherein was written, *Rex esto*, and laid the same in his neck." (*Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1654, p. 182.)

74. Line 142: *Helen, the mother of great Constantine.*

—This was St. Helena, the first wife of Constantius Chlorus, and mother of Constantine the Great. Little is known of her origin except that she was not of high birth. In A.D. 292 according to some, according to others 296, Constantius divorced her at the bidding of Diocletian, in order to marry Theodora. Some of the historians say she was not married to him; but if so, she could not be divorced from him. One legend makes her the daughter of King Coel of Colchester and a native of Britain. When she was 64 years old she is said to have discovered, buried on Mount Calvary, the true cross on which our Lord was crucified. She died about the age of 80.

75. Line 143: *Saint Philip's daughters.*—See Acts of the Apostles, xxi. 9: "And the same man" (Philip, the Evangelist, one of the seven) "had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy."

76. Line 145: *How may I REVERENT worship thee enough!*—*Fl.* have *reverently*. The very obvious correction which we have made is the same as that given in Collier's MS.

77. Line 148: *Drive them from Orleans, be immortaliz'd.*—*Fl.* have

Drive them from Orleans, *and* be immortaliz'd.

The *and* here makes a most inharmonious line, so we have ventured to omit it.

### ACT I. SCENE 3.

78. Line 1: *I am come to survey the Tower this day.*—This is a bad line, and can only be made to scan by accentuating *to*. The verse is very poor throughout this scene, part of which might just as well be in prose. Of the quarrel between Gloucester and the Cardinal, and of

the incident on which this scene is founded, Hall gives the following account: "In this season fell a greates division in the realme of England, which, of a sparke was like to growe to a greates flame. For whether the bishop of Winchester . . . enuied the authoritie of Humfrey duke of Gloucester Protector of the realme, or whether the duke had taken disdain at the riches and pompous estate of the bishop, sure it is that the whole realm was troubled with them and their partakers: so that the citezens of London fearyng that that should insue vpon the matter, wer faine to kepe dailly and nightly, watches, as though their enemies were at hande, to besiege and destroe them: In so muche that all the shoppes within the cite of London wer shut in for feare of the fauorers of those two greates personages, for eche parte had assembled no small nombre of people" (p. 130). The first article of accusation brought by Gloucester against the Cardinal according to Hall ran thus: "First, where as he beyng protector and defender of this lande, desired the toure to be opened to him, and to lodge him therein, Richard Woodeulle esquire, hauyng at that tyme the charge of the keypynge of the toure, refused his desire, and kepte the same toure aganist hym, vnduly and aganist reason, by the commaundement of my saied Lord of Winchester: and afterward in aprouyng of thesaid refuse, he receiued thesaid Woodeulle, and cherished hym aganist the state and worship of the kyng, and of my saied lorde of Gloucester" (p. 130).

79. Line 2: *conveyance.*—Compare Pistol's well-known speech: "'Convey' the wise it call. 'Steal!' fo! a fico for the phrase" (Merry Wives, i. 2. 31, 32).

80. Line 4: *Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls.*—The Var. Ed. prints without any comment:

Open the gates *Gloster* it is that calls.

It appears that this emendation, which makes the line metrically correct, was Reed's. But we have not adopted it, because it seems evident that, both here and in line 6, *Gloster* is to be pronounced *Glo-ces-ter* as a trisyllable; while it is equally manifest that in line 17 it is, as usual, a dissyllable. We have not altered the spelling of the word, which is that of F. 1, and is never varied throughout the play.

81. Line 13: *BREAK UP the gates.*—To break up—"to break open" was a common form of expression in Shakespeare's time. It occurs in more than one passage of the Bible (e. g. Matthew xxiv. 43); and, in relating the doings of the Kentish rebels under Jack Cade, Hall says (p. 222): "After this abstinence of warre agreed, the lusty Kentishe Capitayne, hoppyng on more frendes, brake vp the gayles of the kinges benche and Marshalsea, and set at libertie, a swarms of galâtes, both mete for his seruice and apte for his enterprise." For a different use of the same phrase see Love's Labour's Lost, note 85.

82. Line 28: *We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.*—*Fl.* have:

Or we'll burst them open, if *that* you come not quickly.

Pope omits *Or* and *that* in order to make a verse. We have adopted his alteration; though it is possible the speech may have been intended for prose.

83. Line 30: *PEEL'D priest*.—This verb to *peel* is used with several different meanings, owing to three distinct verbs having been mixed up as the sources of its derivation. In its ordinary sense of "to strip off the skin or bark" it is derived from the French *peler*; while in the sense of "to pillage" it is derived from the French *piller*. Again, in the sense in which it is here used, "to deprive of hair," "to make bald," it would seem to be connected with the Latin *pilare*. In *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 85, the reading of the quarto is *pyl'd*, and of F. 1 *pil'd*; the line being printed in most modern editions:

The skilful shepherd *peel'd* me certain wands.

But we may hold that the verb to *pill* used by Shakespeare in *Richard II.* ii. 1. 246; in *Richard III.* i. 3. 159; and *Timon of Athens*, iv. 1. 12 is a perfectly distinct word from to *peel*, and is really an abbreviated form of "to pillage." But in *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 35, we have *piled*, used in a double sense, as if it was equivalent to *peeled*, in the same sense as that in which it is used here, and *piled* as commonly applied to velvet; the latter word being derived from the Latin *pilus*, hair=covered with hair.

84. Line 35.—This line refers to the fact that the public brothels were situated within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. Upton records the existence of an old manuscript "in which are mentioned the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them" (*Var. Ed.* vol. xviii. p. 31).

85. Line 36: *I'll CANVASS thee in thy broad cardinal's hat*.—The sense of *canvass* has been variously given as "to toss in a blanket," or rather we should say "in a sheet," and "to shake as in a sieve." The latter meaning seems the most probable one. Rolfe quotes from the *Edin. Rev.* for Oct. 1872, "*canvass* was a name for a net used to snare wild hawks; and hence the verb came to mean to entrap, ensnare, catch in a net. The writer thinks that to be the meaning here, and that it was suggested by the netlike meshes of the strings attached to the cardinal's hat."

86. Lines 39, 40:

*This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,  
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.*

It was an old legend that the scene of the murder of Abel by Cain was on a mountain near Damascus. Sir John Maundeville says (*cap. xi. p. 123*) in his account of Damascus: "And in that place, where Damasc was founded, Kaym sloughe Abel his brother."

87. Line 47: *Blue coats to tawny*.—*Priest beware your beard*.—Ff. have: "Blue coats to tawny coats." Pope omitted the second *coats*, which destroys the metre. It appears that *tawny* was the colour worn by officers of the ecclesiastical courts. Steevens quotes a passage from Stowe's *Chronicles*, p. 822: "—and by the way the bishop of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats*" (*Var. Ed.* vol. xviii. p. 30).

88. Line 53: WINCHESTER GOOSE! *I cry, A ROPE! A ROPE!*—Johnson says: "A strumpet, or the consequences

of her love, was a *Winchester goose*" (*Var. Ed.* vol. xviii. p. 33). But there is no evidence of the word having ever borne the first meaning. It was properly applied to a swelling in the groin, the result of disease. For a *rope! a rope!* a cry commonly taught to parrots, see *Comedy of Errors*, note 118.

89. Line 62: *Here's Gloster, TOO, a foe to citizens*.—F. 1 omits *too*; in which case *Gloster* must be pronounced as a trisyllable.

90. Line 72: *Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst*.—Ff. have: "as e're thou canst, cry." the cry is probably a stage-direction which has crept into the text.

91. Line 81: *Gloster, we'll meet; to thy DEAR cost, be sure*.—F. 1 omits *dear*, which was added in F. 2.

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

92.—The main incidents of this scene are founded on the following passage in Hall (copied almost word for word by Holinshed): "In the toure that was taken at the bridge ende, as you before haue heard, there was a high chamber haungyng a grate full of barres of yron by the whiche a man might loke all the length of the bridge into the cite at which, grate many of the chief capitaines stode diuerse times, viewyng the cite and deuising in what place it was best assauntable. They within the citee perceiued well this totyng hole, and laied a pece of ordynance directly against the wyndowe. It so chaunced that the lix. daie after the siege laied before the citee, therle of Salisbury, sir Thomas Gargrane and William Glasdale and diuerse other, went into thesaid toure and so into the high chabre, and lokod out at the grate, and with in a short space, the sonne of the Master gonner, percelued men lokyng out at the wyndowe, toke his matche, as his father had taught hym, whiche was gone to dinner, and fired the gonne, which brake and sheuered ye yron barres of the grâte, wherof one strake therle so strögly on the hed, that it stroke away one of his eyes and the side of his cheke" (p. 145).

93. Line 8: *The prince's espials have informed me*.—Ff. have *espials*, which makes a very awkward line; the slight emendation is Pope's. Shakespeare uses *espial* in two passages, in iv. 3. 6, of this play:

By your *espials* were discovered:

and in *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 32:

Her father, and myself, lawfull *espials*.

But the form *spial*, without any mark of elision, is a recognized form of the word, e.g. "he perceived . . . that he had many *spials* upon him" (*North's Plutarch*, p. 110).

94. Lines 16-18:

*And even FOR these three days have I watch'd,  
If I could see them.*

*Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.*

This passage is generally held to be corrupt. In F. 1 it stands thus:

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,  
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer.

## F. 2 endeavoured to amend it thus:

And fully even these three dayes have I watcht,  
 If I could see them. Now Boy doe thou watch,  
 For I can stay no longer.

For the arrangement in the text I am responsible; the only word inserted being *for*, in line 16. In any arrangement attempted, one of the lines must needs be imperfect.

95 Line 27: *The DUKE of Bedford*.—Ff. have: "The Earle of Bedford;" corrected by Theobald.

96. Line 28: CALLED the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles.—Ff. have *call'd* as in the next line they have *ransom'd*. As has been said before we generally adhere strictly to the elision of words ending in *ed*, as given in F. 1; but, in these two instances—or, at any rate, in the latter one—the retention of the elided *e* seems necessary.

Of *Lord Ponton de Santrailles* frequent mention is made by Hall as among the bravest of the French captains. The name is very variously spelt by Holinshed. Hall says: "Emögest the capitaines was found prisoner, the valiaunt captain, called Poynton of Sanctrayles, (which without delay,) was exchanged for the lorde Talbot, before taken prisoner, at the battaill of Patay" (p. 164).

97. Line 35: so VILE-esteem'd.—Ff. have *pill'd* esteem'd, an evident mistake for *vild-esteem'd*; *vild* being the spelling of *vile* frequently adopted by writers in Shakespeare's time. The emendation *vilde-esteem'd* was first made by Pope. There is no reason for maintaining the obsolete spelling of *vile*. Shakespeare uses *vile-esteem'd* in Sonnet cxxi. 1:

'T is better to be vile than *vile-esteem'd*.

98. Line 60: *Here, through this SECRET grate*.—Ff. omit *secret*, which is Dyce's admirable conjecture; we do not hesitate to adopt it as completing the metre, and also as being in accordance with line 10 above:

Went through a *secret grate* of iron bars.

The line as given in F. 2:

Here *through* this grate I can count every one,

is, as Dyce points out, a very weak attempt at emendation.

99. Line 95: PLANTAGENET, I will; and, NERO-LIKE.—Salisbury was a Montague, or Montacute, not a Plantagenet. (See above note 9.) In F. 1 the line is printed thus:

Plantagenet I will, and *like thee*.

F. 2 has: "and Nero-like *will*," which we adopt, omitting *will*, as Dyce does, with whom we agree that this is preferable to Malone's reading: "and *like thee, Nero*"

100 Line 107: *Pucelle* or PUZZEL, DOLPHIN or dogfish.—*Puzzel*, *puse*, or *pusill*, meant "a filthy drab," from Italian *puzzolente*. See Stubbes's Anatomy of Abuses (New Shak. Soc. Publications, Series VI. No. 4, p. 78): "And in the Sommer-time, whilst floures be greene and fragrant, yee shall not haue any Gentlewoman almost, no nor yet any droye or *pussle* in the Cuntrey, but they will carry in their hands nosesayes and posies of floures to smell at." *Droye* means a drudge. Dauphin is invariably spelt *Dolphin* in F. 1; hence the play on the word.

## ACT I. SCENE 5.

101. Line 6: *Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch*.—The superstition that anyone who could draw the witch's blood was free from her power is mentioned in George Giffard's Dialogue concerning Witches, first published in 1593. (Percy Society's Reprint of edn. 1603, pp. 11, 13, 32.) Compare Butler's Hudibras:

Till drawing blood o' the dames like witches  
 They're forthwith cur'd of their capches.

See, on this subject, Notes and Queries, 7th Series, vol. i. No. 2, p. 23 (January 9, 1886).

102. Line 16: *hunger-starved*.—Ff. have *hungry-starved*. The correction is Rowe's. We have the same word in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 5. Boswell's suggestion that *hungry, starved* may be the right reading is worth consideration; though Rowe's emendation is much the more forcible expression. The original sense of "to starve" is either to die (intransitive), or to kill (transitive); so that *hunger-starved* may mean "killed by hunger."

103. Line 21: *A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal*.—Alluding to the stratagem practised by Hannibal when he found himself surrounded by the army of Fabius near Casinum, which is thus narrated by Plutarch: "So the army of the Carthaginians was in manner compassed in every way, and they must needs have died for famine in that place, or else have fled, to their great shame and dishonour: had not Hannibal by this Stratagem prevented the danger. Who knowing the danger all his army stood in, and having spent a fit time for it: he commanded his souldiers to bring forth two thousand Oxen which they had gotten in spoil in the Fields, having great store of them, and then tying Torches of Fire-links unto their horns, he appointed the nimblest men he had to light them, and to drive the Oxen up the Hill to the top of the Mountains, at the relief of the first Watch. All this was duly executed according to his commandment, and the Oxen running up to the top of the Mountains, with the Troughs burning, the whole Army marched after them fair and softly. Now the Romans that had long before placed a strong Garrison upon the Mountains, they were afraid of this strange sight, and mistrusting some Ambush, they forthwith forsook their Pieces and Holds" (North's Plutarch, edn. 1676, p. 384).

104 Line 29: *Renounce your STYLE, give sheep in lions' stead*.—Ff. read: "Renounce your *soil*," but surely the word *soil* is entirely out of place, both in relation to the immediate context and to the whole passage. We do not hesitate to adopt *style*, one of the suggestions offered, but not adopted by Dyce in his note on this line. Above (line 25) Talbot says:

'They call'd us, for our fierceness, *English dogs*;

and it may be to that *style*, or "title" that he here refers; or merely to the general reputation of the English for fierceness and bravery; or even to the fact that the lion, the characteristic badge of England, had come to be associated with English soldiers, and, especially, with an English king. Compare Richard II. i. 1. 174, where King Richard speaks to Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, whose badge was a leopard: "*Lions* make leopards tame." For

the use of *style*, in the sense of *title* or *titles*, see below, iv. 7. 72-74:

Here is a silly stately *style* indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a *style* as this.

Dyce's other suggestion is *scroll*; but that does not come so near in letters to *style*, the reading of F. 1.

105. Line 34.—See above note 31.

#### ACT I. SCENE 6.

106. Line 2: *Rescu'd is Orleans from the ENGLISH*.—F. 2 added *wolves*, unnecessarily, as *English* is here a tri-syllable. The account of the raising of the siege of Orleans, which took place in the year before the battle of Patay, is thus given by Hall: "Then the erle of Suffolke, the Lorde Talbot, the Lorde Scales, and other capitaines, assembled together, where causes wer shewed, that it was bothe necessary and convenient either to leue the siege for enur, or to deferre it till another tyme, more luckey and convenient. And to the intent that thei should not seme either to fle or to be driuen from the siege by their enemies, they determined to leaue their fortresses and Bastyles, and to assemble in the plain feld and there to abyde all the daie, abidyng the out-comming and battalle of their enemies. This conclusion taken, was accordingly executed. The Frenchemen, weried with the last bickeryng, held in their heddes and durste not once appere: and so thei set fire in their lodgynges, and departed in good ordre of battall from Orleauce" (p. 149).

107. Line 6: *Adonis' gardens*.—Pliny alludes to the gardens of Adonis and Alcinous in his *Natural History* (book xix. chap. 4); and Spenser in *The Fairy Queen*, bk. iii. c. 6, stanzas 29-42, gives a long description of them. Rolfe says: "The *gardens of Adonis* mentioned by the earlier classical writers were nothing but pots of earth planted with fennel and lettuce, which were borne by women on the feast of Adonis in memory of the lettuce bed in which he was laid by Venus" (p. 146).

108. Lines 11-14.—These lines were suggested, no doubt, by the following passage from Hall (p. 149): "After this siege thus broken vp to tell you, what triumphes wer made in the citee of Orleauce, what wood was spente in fiers, what wyne was dronke in houses, what songes wer song in the stretes, what melody was made in Tauernes, what roundes were daunced, in large and brode places, what lightes were set vp in the churches, what anthemes wer song in Chapelles, and what loye was shewed in euery place, it were a long worke, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would haue dooen, and we being in like estate would haue dooen as they did."

109. Line 22: *Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was*.—F. 1 (followed substantially by the other FF.) has:

*Then Rhodope's or Memphis ever was,*

which, as Dyce remarks, is simply nonsense. The necessary emendation is Capell's conjecture. Pliny in his *Natural History* (book xxxvi. chap. 12) thus speaks of this pyramid: "That no man should need to marvell any

more of these huge workes that kings haue built, let him know thus much, that one of them, the least (I must needs say) but the fairest and most commended for workmanship, was built at the cost and charges of one *Rhodope*, a verie strumpet. This *Rhodope* was a bonds slave together with *Aesope* a Philosopher in his kind, and writer of morall fables, with whome shee served under one master in the same house: the greater wonder it is therefore and more miraculous than all I haue said before, that ever shee should be able to get such wealth by playing the harlot." She was called *Rhodope* (*Ῥόδωπε*), i.e. "rosy-checked;" though Sappho speaks of her as *Doricha*, which may have been her real name. Charaxus, the brother of Sappho, fell in love with her, and ransomed her from slavery for a large sum of money. She appears to have lived principally at Naucratis, in Egypt. Dr. Smith in his *Classical Dictionary* mentions a conjecture that she may have been confounded with Nitocris the beautiful Egyptian queen, who is said by the ancient chroniclers to haue built the third pyramid.

110 Line 25: *the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius*.—This is the coffer mentioned by Plutarch in his life of Alexander the Great (p. 569): "There was brought unto him a little *Coffer* also, which was thought to be the preciouslest thing, and the richest that was gotten of all Spoils and Riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius. When he saw it, he asked his familiars that were about him, what they thought fittest, and the best thing to be put into it. Some said one thing, some said another thing: but he said, he would put the *Iliads* of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing." Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesie* (edn. 1589), in speaking of this *coffer* uses almost the identical expression in the text: "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, inso-much as euery night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the *rich jewel cofer* of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battalle."

#### ACT II. SCENE 1.

111. Line 29: *Not all together*.—Ff. *altogether*, corrected by Rowe.

112 Line 58.—IMPROVIDENT *soldiers*!—Shakespeare only uses *improvident* in one other passage, in *Merry Wives*, ii. 2 302: "Who says this is *improvident* jealousy?" *Imprudent*, which would suit the metro better, is never used by Shakespeare.

113. Lines 78-81.—The incidents in this scene appear to have been taken from the account by Hall of what took place, not at Orleans, but at "the citee of Mauns," which was delivered over to the French by the treachery of the inhabitants; the Earl of Suffolk and most of the English garrison escaping into "the Castle which standeth at the gate of Salnot Vincent," whence they sent a message to Talbot asking for help. Talbot despatched one Matthew Gough "as an espial," who "so well sped, that priuily in the night he came into the castle, where he knew how that the French men beyng lordes of the citee, and now castyng no perils nor fearyng any creature, began to waxe wanton and felke to riote, as though their

enemies could do to them no damage: ~~thynkyng~~ that the Englishmen whiche wer shut vp in the Castle, studied nothing but how to escape and be deliuered. Whē Matthew Gough had knowen al the certainte and had eaten a litle breade and dronke a cuppe of wine to comfort his stomacke, he pruely returned again, and within a mile of the citee met with the lorde Talbot and the Lorde Scalls, and made open to theim al thyng according to his credence, whiche to spede the matter, because the day approached, with al hast possible came to the posterne gate, and alighted from their horses, and about size of the clocke in the mornyng thei issued out of the castle cryng saluēt George, Talbot. The French men which wer scace vp, and thought of gothyng lesse then of this sodain approachment, some rose out of their beddes in their shertes, and lepte ouer the walles, other ranne naked out of the gates for sauynge of their liues, leuyng behynde them all their apparell, horssees, armuro and riches, none was hurt but suche, whiche ether resisted or would not yelde, wherof some wer slain and cast into prisone" (p. 143).

114. Line 79: *The cry of Talbot serues me for a sword.*—There are several allusions in writers of Shakespeare's time to the terror which Talbot's name inspired. The following is from Whitney's emblems, 1566:

So HECTORs sighte greate feare in Greekes did worke,  
When hee was showed on horsebacke, beeing dead:  
HVNIADES, the terrour of the Turke,  
Though he layed in graue, yet at his name they fled:  
And cryng babes they ceased with the same,  
The like in FRANCE, sometime did Talbots name.

(Green's Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, p. 207.)  
See also above i. 4. 42, 43, and below ii. 3. 16, 17

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

115. Line 48: *Ne'er trust me then*—Hammer proposed very plausibly "*Nay, trust me there.*" It certainly seems odd that Talbot should reply as if the Duke of Burgundy had expressed the opinion that he would *not* comply with the request of the countess. Perhaps we should understand by the expression in the text: "Never trust me if I do despise her suit;" *then* being equivalent to "if I do what you say I may not."

116. Line 54: *No, truly, NO; 't is MORE than manners will.*—*FF.* have:

No, truly 't is more than manners will

Most editors print *it is* for *'t is*; but we have preferred inserting the second *No* to make the line complete; the abbreviation of the *it* having been apparently intentional.

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

117.—For the incident represented in this scene—one capable of far more dramatic treatment than it here receives—there appears to be no historical foundation whatever; nor has there yet been found any other source, legendary or dramatic, from which it might have been taken.

118 Line 6: *As Scythia, TOMYRIS by Cyrus' death.*—

*Tomyris* was the queen of the Massagetæ; a people of Scythia, who defeated Cyrus the Great in a battle in 529. Cyrus crossed the Araxes in order to conquer the Massagetæ; he was at first victorious, the son of Tomyris being defeated, and her husband slain. She was not long, however, in avenging his death. Cyrus was killed in the battle; the queen had his head cut off and thrown into a bag filled with human blood, that he might satiate himself, as she said, with blood. There is a well-known picture by Rubens on this subject.

119. Line 23: *writhled*.—Some editors read *wrized*; but the form *writhled* is found in Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, Satire iv. line 35. Speaking of Sylenus, he says:

Cold, *writhled* eide, his liues-wet almost spent.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 262

In Sumner's *Last Will and Testament* we find the form *writhen*=wrinkled.

And, Winter with thy *writhen*, frosty face.

—Doddsley, vol. viii. p. 89.

The only authentic portrait of Talbot known, which originally hung over the tomb of Lady Shrewsbury in old St Paul's, and is now in the Herald's College, London, E.C., proves that this description of his physical appearance by the Countess of Auvergne could not have been in any way a true one. The picture is a half-length; and is evidently the portrait of a man of fair average size and considerable muscular development. A duplicate of this portrait is in the possession of the Marquis of Northampton at Castle Ashby. But to put the matter beyond all doubt, when the bones of Talbot, which were found in a perfect condition, were removed from the old tomb in the parish church of St. Alkmunds, Whitchurch, and re-interred in a new tomb, they were arranged anatomically, and carefully measured; the femur or thigh bone was found to be 18½ inches long, from which it is quite clear that the great general must have been a man, if not a giant, certainly of such a height as by no stretch of the imagination could be called a dwarf. (See Notes and Queries, 6th S., xii. p. 502, Dec. 19, 1885.)

120. Line 27: *I 'll SORT some other time to visit you.*—Shakespeare only uses *sort* in this sense—"to select" in two other passages; in *Two Gent of Verona*, ii. 2. 92:

To *sort* some gentlemen well-skill'd in music;

and in *Rom.* and *Jul.* iv. 2. 34:

To help me *sort* such rich and useful ornaments.

121. Line 42: *captivate*.—The same form is used below in v. 3. 107:

Tush, women have been *captivate* ere now

Compare Soliman and Perseda, act iv.:

And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroy'd;  
If not destroy'd, yet bound and *captivate*;  
If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith

—Doddsley, vol. v. p. 331.

122. Line 57: *This is a riddling MERCHANT.*—This use of the word *merchant*, in a contemptuous sense, is only found in one other passage in Shakespeare, namely, in *Rom.* and *Jul.* ii. 4. 153, 154: "what saucy *merchant* was this, that was so full of his ropery?" Compare our slang word *chap*, which is merely an abbreviation of *chapman*.

122. Lines 78, 79:

*that we may  
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have.*

Seymour has the following note on this passage: "It seems not very consistent with discretion in Talbot thus to solicit a repast from one that had just been plotting his destruction; she who intended to hang him would not have scrupled to give him poison" (Remarks, vol. i. p. 351). Certainly the conclusion of this scene, which promises to be one of the most dramatic nature, containing, as it does, a really strong situation, is very tame. But I think Seymour has misinterpreted the character of Talbot as drawn in this play, and especially in this scene. Having accepted the frank apology of the countess, he would be utterly incapable of harbouring any suspicion of her good faith afterwards. He took this jovial and good-natured way of ending what might have been a very awkward adventure.

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

124. Lines 34, 35:

*I love no colours; and without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery.*

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 156: "I do fear colourable colours." So also in Lucrèce, 475-478:

But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies:

The colour in thy face,  
That even for anger makes the lily pale.

125. Line 56. — "This lawyer," Ritson says, "was probably Roger Nevyle, who was afterward hanged" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 60). I do not know what ground Ritson had for this conjecture. Few lawyers have attained the distinction which he claims for "Roger Nevyle."

126. Lines 65, 66:

*but anger that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses*

Malone thus explains the sentence: "it is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumstance, namely, that thy cheeks blush," &c. (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 68). The latter part of the sentence seems the chief difficulty. I suppose it means that the blush on Plantagenet's cheek, which arose from shame at showing he was in the wrong, counterfeited the red roses of the Lancaster faction, as if the blusher knew that he ought to be on the side of the red rose.

127. Line 76: *I scorn thee and thy FACTION, peevish boy.*—*Fi* have fashion. The emendation is Theobald's, and is justified by line 107 below, where Plantagenet says:

And, by my soul, this pale and angry rove  
Will I for ever, and my faction wear.

128. Line 83: *His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence.*—This is a mistake (see note 7). Duke Lionel was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

129. Line 86: *He bears him on the place's privilege.*—This means, apparently, that the gardens and precincts of the Temple had the "privilege of sanctuary." But this

was not so, it being then, as in later times, chiefly remarkable as the residence of law students and "gentlemen learned in the law." Probably the author still connected the Temple with its original founders, the Knights Templars; or perhaps he thought that any one might hold himself secure from illegal violence in a place with such a strong legal element all round him. If men quarrelled within the bounds of the Temple, they were bound only to quarrel "as the law directs," and not without the paid assistance of lawyers.

130. Lines 96, 97.—The Earl of Cambridge was condemned like his associates on his own confession; but that his intentions were different from those of his fellow-conspirators the following passage in Hall would seem to show: "For diuerse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lorde Scrope and sir Thomas Graye to murthier kyng Henry to please the Frenche kyng withal, but onely to thentent to exalte to the croune his brotherinlawe Edmond earle of Marche as heyre to duke Lyonel. After whise death considering that the earle of Marche for diuerse secrete impediments was not hable to haue generacion, he was sure that the croune should come to him by his wife, or to his children. And therefore it is to be thought that he rather cōfessed him selfe for nede of money to be corrupted by the Frēche kyng, then he would declare his inwarde mynd and open his very entent. For surely he sawe that if his purpose were espied, the earle of March should haue dronken of the same cup that he did, and what should haue come to his owne children he muche doubted. And therefore beyng destitute of comfort and in dispayre of life, to saue his children he fayned that tale, desyryng rather to saue his succession then him selfe, which he did in dede. For Richard duke of Yorke his sonne not priuely but openly claimed the croune, and Edward his sonne both claimed and gained it as hereafter you shall heare, which thying at this time if kyng Henry had foresene I doubt whether either euer that line shoulde haue either claimed the garlande or gained the game" (p. 61).

131. Line 101: *I'll note you in my BOOK OF MEMORY.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 98, 99: \*

Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records

And (in line 103) in the same scene:

Within the book and volume of my brain.

## ACT II. SCENE 5.

132. Line 9: *as drawing to their EXIGENT.*—Shakespeare uses *exigent* in two other passages; in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 63; and in Julius Caesar, v. 1. 19; in both of which cases it is used as "pressing necessity." It seems to be used, as here, in the sense of *end* in the following passage from The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll (iv. 8):

Aye me, I feare my barbarous rudenesse to her  
Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent*.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 146.

In the following passage from A Knack to Know a Knave (1594), the word appears to have much the same sense: "I tell you, neighbour, my great grandfather and all my predecessors have been held in good regard for their good

housekeeping; and (God willing) their good names shall never take an *exigent* in me" (Dodsley, vol. vi. p. 546). Possibly there was, in the latter passage, some allusion to the legal sense of the word.

## 133. Lines 23-25:

*Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
This loathsome sequestration have I had.*

This was not historically true (see above, note 13). The author fell into the mistake very likely through the following passage in Hall (p. 128): "Duryng whiche season, Edmonde Mortimer, the last Erie of Marche of that name (whiche long tyme had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame) diseased without issue, whose inheritaunce disceded to lorde Richard Plantagenet, sonne and heire to Richard erle of Cambridge, beheded, as you haue heard before, at the toune of Southhâton."

134. Line 61: *my FADING breath*. — Walker suggests that we should read *failing*, which is certainly a more appropriate word; but it is hardly worth while to alter the text. Below, in line 95, we have "*fainting words*."

135. Line 64: *Depos'd his NEPHEW Richard*. — Some editors would read *cousin*. Bolingbroke and Richard were first cousins; but *cousin* and *nephew* are both used to express various relationships. In Othello, i. 1. 112 *nephews* is used — grandchildren Compare Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs:

*Him (i.e. your son) shall you see triumphing over all,  
Both foes and vices: and your young and tall  
Nephews, his sons, grow up in your embraces*

—Works, vol. vii. p. 445.

But this sense of *nephew* is the same as that of the Latin *nepos*, from which *nephew* is derived through the French *neveu*. Spenser uses it = descendant in general, in the Ruines of Rome (viii. 6):

*This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was  
Of virtuous nephews, that posteritie  
Striving in power their grandfathers to pass, &c.*

—Works, vol. v. p. 305

But here, and in the passage quoted by Nares from Drayton (under *nephew*), it is evidently associated, in the writer's mind, with the sense of *grandson*. But that *cousin* is used very indiscriminately for any relationship, is clear from numerous passages, e.g. Hamlet, i. 2. 64:

*But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,*

*Niece* also appears to have been used of different relationships. See Two Gent. of Verona, note 91.

## 136. Lines 74, 75:

*For by my MOTHER I derived am  
From Lionel Duke of Clarence.*

This is a mistake; it should be *grandmother*, i.e., his father's mother (see above, note 13).

137. Line 78: *Unto the third King Edward*. — In Ff the line stands:

*To King Edward the Third; whereas he,*

a line too excruciatingly unmetrical to be admitted as verse at all. The emendation is one that I have ventured to make. Compare line 86 above:

*Of Edward king, the third of that descent.*

## 138. Lines 82, 83:

*Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,  
Succeeding his sire Bolingbroke, did reign.*

In F. 1 (which the other Ff. follow substantially) the second line is:

*Succeeding his Father Bullingbroke, did reign;*

I have ventured to substitute *sire*, a word used frequently by Shakespeare in the sense of *father*, which makes the line more metrical. One would be tempted to suggest a rearrangement of these two lines thus:

*Long after this when the Fifth Henry reign'd,  
Succeeding to his father Bolingbroke,*

but that Shakespeare appears never to have used *succed*, or any of its derivatives, in this sense, with the preposition *to*. He always uses the verb alone.

139. Line 88: *Levied an army*. — Neither the Earl of Cambridge, nor any of his accomplices in the conspiracy, appears to have *levied an army*, or ever to have contemplated doing so. See above, note 130.

140. Line 96: *Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather*. — Thus explained by Heath: "I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw" (Revised, p. 281). But may not the latter part of the speech mean: "*the rest*, i.e., the practical result, the advantages to be gained therefrom, I wish thee to gather, i.e. to reap."

## 141 Lines 109, 110:

*Thou dost then wrong me,—as that slaughterer doth  
Which gieth many wounds when one will kill*

Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 95, 96:

*I take to a murdering piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death.*

142 Line 129: *Or make my will the advantage of my good*. — Ff. have "my will;" corrected by Theobald.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

143 The Parliament, in which this scene is supposed to take place, met at Leicester on the 25th day of March, 1426. Henry VI. was then only four years and three months old. The dramatist has assigned to him the part really played on this occasion by the Duke of Bedford, who was summoned hastily from France by a letter from the Bishop of Winchester, complaining of the Lord Protector's conduct. Whoever was the original author of this play, he was quite right to disregard history in this matter; perhaps Shakespeare himself might have transferred what should be Bedford's speech to the young king. One of the dramatic objects, which he proposed to himself in this play, evidently was to illustrate the character of the boy-king, and so to complete the portrait of Henry which the Three Parts furnish. The passage in Hall, referring to the Parliament at Leicester, is as follows: "The xxv. daie of Marche after his comyng to London, a parliamēt began at the toune of Leicester, where the Duke of Bedford openly rebuked the Lordes in generale, because that they in the tyme of warre, through their priuile malice and inward grudge, had almoste moued the people to warre and commocion, in which



tyme all men, ought or should be of one mynde, harte and consent: requirynge them to defend, serue and drede their soueraigne lorde kyng Henry, in perfourmyng his conquest in Fraunce, whiche was in maner brought to conclusion. In this parliament the Duke of Gloucester, lated certain articles to the bishop of Wynchesters charge, the whiche with the answers herafter do ensue" (p. 130). Fabyan tells us (p. 590) that the Parliament lasted till the 15th of June in the same year; also that it was called by the common people The Parliament of Bats,<sup>1</sup> "the cause was, for proclamacyons were made, y<sup>e</sup> men shulde leue theyr swerdes and other wepeyns in their innys, the people toke great *battes* and stauns in theyr neckes," (i.e. on their shoulders) "and so folowed theyr lordes and maisters vnto the parlyament. And whan y<sup>e</sup> wepyn was inhybyted theym, then they toke stonys and plūmettes of lede, and trussyd them secretly in theyr sleuys and bosomya."

144. Line 1: *deep-premeditated*.—Not hyphenated in Ff.; but *deep* must be an adverb here, so we have thought it better to follow Dyce in adopting Walker's suggestion to insert the hyphen.

145. Line 6: *extemporal*.—This form of the adjective is used by Shakespeare only here, and twice in Love's Labour's Lost; i. 2. 189; iv. 2. 51. As Armado is the speaker in the first case, and Holofernes in the second case, the word would seem to lie under some suspicion of affectation or pedantry. Shakespeare, however, uses the adverb *extemporally* in Ant. and Cleo. v. 2. 217, and in Venus and Adonis (line 836). *Extemporal* is used by Hooker, and by later authors such as Boyle and Locke; but it is rarely if ever used in the present day. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, uses *extemporaneous*; while the more modern form *extemporary* does not seem to be used by any author earlier than Bishop Taylor.

146. Line 29: *Were I ambitious, covetous, or worse*.—This line stands in Ff. thus:

If I were covetous, ambitious or *perverse*,

a very inharmonious line, which could only be made metrical by transposing the last two adjectives, and omitting or (as Pope prints it):

If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious.

But I have ventured on the alteration given in the text, because *perverse* seems to me a very weak word here; and *proud* (Collier's suggestion) hardly less so. Gloucester has piled such a heap of abuse on his uncle that the latter may well scruple to repeat his polite epithets: *lewd, pestiferous, lascivious, wanton, pernicious usurer*, &c. There seems to be little or no historical ground for Gloucester's virulent abuse of the Cardinal.

147. Lines 41, 42:

But he shall know I am as good—  
Glo. As good!  
Thou bastard of my grandfather!

<sup>1</sup> *Bats*, i.e. clubs; the word is still preserved in this sense when used of a cricket bat or tennis bat, which, in their original form, were little better than clubs with flattened ends. It is also used of Harlequin's wooden sword, which he still carries in modern pantomimes.

Walker proposes to read:

But he shall know I am as good as he.

Glo. As good, thou bastard of my grandfather!

Very likely this suggestion may be right; but the text, as it stands, sins against neither sense nor metre. Gloucester's reflection on the Cardinal's birth is not in good taste; for the explanation of it see above, note 4.

148. Line 45: *Am I not LORD protector, saucy priest!*—F. 1, F. 2 have:

Am I not Protector, saucy Priest?

in F. 3, F. 4:

Am not I Protector, saucy Priest?

The emendation we have adopted is Walker's conjecture.

149. Line 49: *reverend*.—So F. 3, F. 4; but F. 1, F. 2 have *reverent*, which now we only use in the active sense, as implying the act of revering, not the quality of being revered.

150. Lines 51-55.—Arranged as by Theobald. Ff. give line 52 to Warwick, and lines 53-55 to Somerset.

151. Lines 78-80:

The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones.

See above note 143. For a similar form of the possessive 's being omitted in the first of a pair of words, compare Richard II. ii. 3. 62:

Shall be your *love* and labour's recompense.

152. Line 82: *at one another's PATE*.—Altered by Pope, whom many editors follow, unnecessarily to *pates*. It is tiresome to notice these petty emendations; but, as Rolfe remarks, unless one does note them, the ordinary reader may think there is a misprint in the text. In trying to make Shakespeare's grammar conform, in all respects, to modern usages, those characteristics of style, common to him and to many authors of that period, are lost.

153. Line 96: *To none inferior but his majesty*.—Ff. have

Inferior to none but to his majesty:

a very awkward, unrhymical line. Stevens omitted the second *to*; but suggested, in a note, the arrangement of the line which we have adopted.

154. Lines 103, 104:

Shall FITCH a field when we are dead.  
Glo. Stay, stay!

Referring to the practice of archers and of foot-soldiers, in battles at this period, always to protect themselves, when possible, against cavalry, by a fence of stout stakes pitched, or stuck, in the ground. See i. 1. 116-119. Ff. have "Stay, stay, I say!" We have followed Hamner in omitting the words *I say*, which seem perfectly unnecessary, and clash awkwardly with *you say* in the next line.

155. Line 138: *THIS TOKEN serveth for a flag of truce*.—What does he mean by *This token*? Probably, as we have explained it in the stage-direction, he speaks the words while claspings the cardinal's right hand with his own; meaning that this public reconciliation of the principals would serve for the sign of a truce between the followers, as well as between themselves.

156. Lines 146-148.—These lines are all printed in *Ff.* as prose; it seems no use to try and make verse of them.

157. Line 159: *That Richard be restored to his blood.*—See Hall (p. 138): "For ioy wherof, the kyng caused a solépe feast, to be kept on Whitson sondale, on the whiche daj, he created Richard Plantagenet, sonne and heire to the erle of Cambridge (whom his father at Hampton, had put to execution, as you before haue hearde) Duke of York, not forseyng before, that this prefermēt should be his destruccion, nor that his sede should, of his generacion, bee the extreme ende and finall confusion."

158. Lines 167, 168:

*Thy humble servant vows obedience  
And FAITHFUL service till the point of death.*

*Ff.* have "and *humble* service, &c." We have adopted Pope's emendation which substituted *faithful* for *humble*, avoiding the awkward tautology. It seems a better answer on the part of Plantagenet to what the king says first above (line 163) "If Richard will be true," for him to answer that he will give "his *faithful* service."

159. Line 176: *That GRUDGE one thought against your majesty.*—Clarke seems to be the only commentator who has noted the difficulty of assigning to the word *grudge* in this line its exact meaning. We have given in the foot-note Schmidt's explanation of the word in this passage; but, as an alternative, we have also given the sense of "to murmur," in which it appears to be used by Shakespeare.—though intransitively—in more than one instance. Still I do not feel sure that Schmidt is right in assigning that meaning (i.e. "to murmur") to *grudge* in all the passages which he quotes. For instance, in Richard III. ii. 1. 9:

By heavens my heart is free from *grudging* hate,

it seems to have the sense of "sullen" or "malicious;" perhaps "envious." The original meaning of *to grudge*, and that in which it is most frequently used, both in the old and modern English writers, is the sense of "to reprove," "to regret," with an idea of sullenness. Chaucer couples it with "murmur":

As by continual murmur or *grutching*.

—Wife of Bath's Tale, Prologue, line 598.

In iv. 1. 141 we have another instance of the use of this verb, but not in the same sense. It is when King Henry is trying to reconcile the partisans of York and Lancaster. It is better to quote the whole passage (lines 137-142):

And you, my lords, remember where you are;  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:  
If they perceive dissention in our looks,  
• And that within ourselves we disagree,  
How will their *grudging* stomachs be provok'd  
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Here it may mean "malicious," or it may mean the *sullen submission* which the French rendered to the English, submission which a very little encouragement would rouse into rebellion.

160. Lines 198, 199:

*That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,  
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all.*

See Hall (p. 108): "But when he" (i.e. Henry V) "heard reported the place of his natiuitie, whether he fantasied some old blind prophesy, or had some foreknowledge, or els iudged of his sones fortune, he sayd to the lord Fitzheugh his trusty Chamberlein these wordes: My lorde, I Henry borne at Monmoth shall small tyme reigne and much get, and Héry borne at Wyndesore shall long reigne and al lese, but as God will so be it."

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

161. The stratagem practised here by Joan of Arc was really practised, apparently, by the English. Knight fell into a mistake here. He says: "The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Evreux was taken in 1442." In the first case it is under 1441 that the announcement is mentioned; secondly, it was not at Evreux, as will be seen by the account given by Hall, followed almost verbatim by Holinshed, which is as follows: "A little before this enterprise, the Frenchmen had taken the town of Eureux, by treason of a fisher. Sir Fraunces Arragonnoys hearyng of that chaunce, apparreled sixe strong men, like rustical people with sackes and baskettes, as carriers of corne, and vitaille, and sent them to the Castle of Cornyll,<sup>1</sup> in the whiche diuerse Englishemen were kept as prisoners: and he with an imbushement of Englishemen, lay in a valey nye to the fortesse. These sixe companions entered into the Castle, vn suspected and not mistrusted, and straight came to the chambr of the capitain, and laied handes upō hym, geuyng knowledge therof to their imbushement, whiche sodainly entered the Castle, and slew and toke all the Frenchmen prisoners, and set at libertie all the Englishemen, whiche thing doen, they set all the castle on fire, and departed with great spoyle to the citie of Roan" (p. 197).

162. Lines 13, 14:

Watch. [Within] *Qui va là?*  
Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France.*

In F. 1 (which the other *Ff.* follow) the lines are printed thus:

Watch. Che la.  
Pucell. Peasants la povere gens de France.

The editors of F. 1 were evidently not strong in foreign languages

163. Line 22: *Where is the best, &c.*—*Ff.* have *Here*; the correction was made by Rowe.

164. Line 40: *That hardly we escap'd the PRIDE of France.*—Theobald altered *pride*, unnecessarily, to *prize*. Shakespeare uses *pride* in two other passages in the same sense; below, in this play, iv. 6. 15:

And from the *pride* of Gallia rescu'd thee.

<sup>1</sup> It does not appear where this *Castle of Cornyll* was. If it was an outwork of Evreux, one would have expected some mention of the fact. Neither Hall nor Holingshed says that Evreux was retaken by the English. There is a place, called Corneilles, in the same department, the Eure, as Evreux, 15 kilometres south-west of Pont Audemer, which may possibly be the *Cornyll* of Hall, and the *Cornill* of Holingshed.

And in Henry V. i. 2 111, 112:

O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full *pride* of France.

The sense we have given to the word, in the foot-note, seems to be the nearest that one can give in a condensed form; *pride* in all those three passages evidently means "the best" or "chosen troops," "those of which the country has most reason to be proud."

165. Line 44: *'Twas full of DARNEL*—Gerard in his *Héribal* says: "*Darnel hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim, if it happen in corn for breade, or drinke.*" Steevens adds in his note: "Hence the old proverb—*Lolium viciolare*, applied to such as were *dim-sighted*. Thus also Ovid, *Fast.* i. 691:

*Et careant lolis oculos vitantibus agri.*

Pucelle means to intimate, that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem." Blakeway has an interesting note on this line: "*Darnel* is the *Lolium temulentum*, so called, because when the seeds happen to be ground with corn, the bread made of this mixture always occasions giddiness and sickness in those who eat it. It resembles wheat in its appearance, whence Dr. Campbell is of opinion, that it was the *ζίζανιον* of St Matt xiii 25, improperly rendered *tares* in our Authorized Version" (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 91).

166. Line 52: *hag of ALL despite*.—Collier altered *all* to *hell's*, considering it, according to Dyce (see his note on this passage), "as equivalent to 'hag of hellish despite.' But compare, in *Coriolanus* (iii. 3 139):

As he hath follow'd you, with *all despite*, &c ;

and in the Third Part of King Henry VI. (ii. 6 & 80),

That I in *all despite* might rail at him," &c

167. Line 73: *we came up but to tell you*.—In F 1 the line is defective and reads "we came to tell you." F 2 inserted *Sir*; but *up*, which is Lettsom's emendation, adopted by Dyce, is much better; it means "up on the walls."

168. Lines 82, 83:

*As sure as in this late betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried.*

The heart of Richard Cœur-de-lion was buried in Rouen Cathedral, and is now in the museum of that town. Holinshed's account of Richard's last directions as to the disposal of his body after death is as follows: "Finallie remembering himselfe also of the place of his bugiall, he commanded that his bodie should be interred at Fontenard at his fathers feet, but he willed his heart to be conveyed vnto Rouen, and there buried, in testimonie of the loue which he had euer borne vnto that cite for the stedfast faith and tried loialtie at all times found in the citizens there. His bowels he ordeined to be buried in Poitiers, as in a place naturalle vnthankfull and not worthe to reteine any of the more honorable parts of his bodie" (vol ii p 270). There are many variations of this story.

169. Lines 95, 96:

*That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.*

Uther Pendragon was the father of King Arthur. The story alluded to is found in Harding's Chronicle:

For which the king ordain'd a horse litter  
To bear him so then unto Verolame,  
Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in fear,  
That Saint Albones now light of noble fame,  
Bet down the wallies; but to him forth they came,  
Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.  
The felde he had, and thereof was full fayn.

170. Line 110.—The Duke of Bedford's death really took place peaceably at Rouen in 1435 (see above, note 2). Hall (p. 178) gives the following account of his death and funeral: "This yere the xiiij. daie of September, died Ihon duke of Bedford, Regent of Fraunce, a man, as polittique in peace, as harfly in warre, and yet no more hardy in warre, then mercifull, when he had victory, whose bodie was, with greate funerall solemnitie, buried in the Cathedrall church of our Lady, in Roan, on the North-side of the high alter, vnder a sumptuous and costly monument."

171. Line 117. *Let Heaven have glory for this victory!*—*FF* have.

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory.

Dyce altered *Yet* to *Let*, which emendation we have adopted with the additional alteration of *heavens* to *Heaven*.

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

172. Line 44.—There is no historical foundation for this personal appeal of Joan to the Duke of Burgundy; but a letter said to have been addressed by her to the Duke on the day of Charles's coronation in Rheims is given in Barante's *Chronicles* (tom. iv. p 259) and transcribed by Knight. In the original French it runs as follows:

"Jhesus Maria.

Haut et redouté prince, duc de Bourgogne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert, de par le roi du ciel, mon droit-urrier souverain seigneur, que le roi de France et vous fassiez bonne paix, ferme, qui dure longuement. Pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux chrétiens; et s'il vous plait guerroyer, allez sur le Sarasin. Prince de Bourgogne, je vous prie, supplie, et requiers tant humblement que je vous puis requérir, que ne guerroyiez plus au saint royaume de France, et faites retraire incontinent et brièvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses dudit royaume. De la part du gentil roi de France, il est prêt de faire paix avec vous, sauf son honneur; et il ne tient qu'à vous. Et je vous fais savoir, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturrier et souverain seigneur, pour votre bien et votre honneur, que vous ne gagnerez point de bataille contre les loyaux Français; et que tous ceux qui guerroyent audit saint royaume de France guerroyent contre le roi Jhesus, roi du ciel et de tout le monde, mon droiturrier et souverain seigneur. Et vous prie et vous requiers à jointes mains que ne fassiez nulle bataille, ni ne guerroyez contre nous, vous, vos gens, et vos sujets. Croyez sûrement, quelque nombre de gens que vous ameniez contre nous, qu'ils n'y gagneront mie; et sera grand pitié de la grand bataille et du sang qui sera répandu de ceux

qui y viendront contre nous. Il y a trois semaines que je vous ai écrit et envoyez de bonnes lettres par un héraut pour que vous fussiez au sacre du roi qui, aujourd'hui dimanche, dix-septième jour de ce présent mois de juillet, se fait en la cité de Reims. Je n'en ai pas eu réponse, ni onc depuis n'a on nouvelles du héraut. A Dieu vous recommande et soit garde de vous, s'il lui plaît, et prie Dieu qu'il y mette bonne paix. Écrit audit lieu de Reims, le 17 juillet."

I append a translation for the benefit of those of our readers not acquainted with old French:

"Jesus Mary.

High and redoubted prince, Duke of Burgundy, Joan the maid beseeches you, by the King of Heaven, my rightful sovereign lord, that the King of France and you should make a good peace, firm, which may endure long. Pardon me another with good heart, entirely, as loyal Christians ought to do; and if it pleases you to make war, go against the Saracen. Prince of Burgundy, I pray you, supplicate you, and beseech you, as humbly as I can beseech you, that you war not any more against the holy kingdom of France, and that you cause to retreat incontinently and shortly your men who are in any places and fortresses of the said kingdom. On the part of the gentle king of France, he is ready to make peace with you, without prejudice to his honour; and he only waits for you. And I make you to know, by the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign lord, for your good and for your honour, that you will not gain any battle against the loyal French; and that all those who make war on the said holy kingdom of France make war against the King Jesus, the king of heaven and all the world, my rightful and sovereign lord. And I pray you and beseech you with clasped hands that you should not make any battle, nor war against us, you, your men, and your subjects. Believe surely, whatever the number of men that you may bring against us, that they will not gain anything; and there will be great pity for the great battle and for the blood which shall be shed of those who shall go against us. It is three weeks that I have written to you and sent good letters by a herald in order that you should have been at the coronation of the king, which, to-day Sunday, the seventeenth of this present month of July, takes place in the city of Rheims. I have not had any response, nor ever since have I heard any news of the herald. I commend you to God and may he protect you, if it pleases him, and I pray God to arrange a good peace. Written at the said place of Rheims, the 17th July."

The language of this letter is certainly very simple and that of a person who thoroughly believes in her own mission. One may notice the frequent recurrence of the phrase "rightful sovereign lord" used of God or of "our Lord Jesus." The Duke of Burgundy did not break off his alliance with Henry and go over to the French till 1435. On 26th September in that year peace was proclaimed between France and Burgundy at Arras, where a congress had been held, after the representatives of the King of England had left in disgust at their failure to obtain any acceptable terms from France.

173. Line 47: *As look the mother on her LOWLY babe.*—So FF.: most editors adopt Warburton's rather common-

place emendation *lovely*. There is something repugnant to one's feelings in such an epithet in a passage like this, which describes the desolation of the speaker's country. Whether we take *lovely* to mean "humble in rank," or, as Schmidt explains it, "enfeebled" (by illness or starvation), it is the preferable epithet of the two. Rather than *lovely* I would suggest *lonely* as the word to be substituted, if any change be desirable; *lonely* in the sense of "deserted by all save the mother," or, = the "one remaining babe" would be in accord with the picture.

174. Line 57: *And wash away thy COUNTRY'S STAINED spots.*—Should we not read here "*stained country's spots*?" *Stained spots* seems but poor sense; while *stained* applied to *country* would be a forcible epithet, meaning that France was dishonoured by the presence of a foreign enemy in her midst; or by the fact of one of her own children helping to make war upon her. For an instance of an epithet joined to a wrong word see below, note 200.

175. Line 72: *They set him free without his ransom paid.*—This is historically inaccurate. The Duke of Orleans was not liberated till about the end of the year 1440, five years after the Duke of Burgundy had abandoned the English alliance.

176. Line 85: *Done like a Frenchman.*—[Aside] *turn, and turn again!*—The fickleness of the French was and is proverbial; but surely such a taunt is out of place in the mouth of this simple and heroic maid who so loved her country. The writer of this line was probably not Shakespeare; and if so, he fell into the error, so common with inferior dramatists, of putting into the mouths of their Dramatis Personae the sentiments of the author himself, however inconsistent.

#### ACT III. SCENE 4.

177. Henry VI did not visit France till 1430 when he was in his ninth year. He went first to Rouen, where he appears to have remained about eighteen months; after which time, when all hope of being able to reach Rheims, where it was the Duke of Bedford's original intention that he should be crowned, being abandoned, the young king set out for Paris. He first went to Pontoise, and thence to St. Denis, whence he made his entry into Paris in November, 1431.

178. Line 7: *Twelve cities, seven walled towns of strength.*—FF. have:

*Twelve cites, and seven walled towns of strength.*

We have omitted the *and* for the sake of the metre

179. Line 13: *In this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester!*—This is the only passage where we find this name printed *Gloucester*; in all the other passages, even where it is evidently pronounced as a trisyllable, it is printed *Gloster*. In FF. the line stands:

*Is this the Lord Talbot, Uncle Gloucester?*

We have omitted the *the*, in preference to inserting any such word as *fam'd* (Rowe's emendation), and made *Gloucester* a trisyllable.

180. Lines 17, 18:

*When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—  
I do remember how my father said, &c.*

This is a delightful poetical license. Henry VI. was nine months old when his father died.

## 181 Lines 38, 39:

*Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,  
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death.*

Blackstone says: "by the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. So too, in the old Gothic constitution, there were many places privileged by law, 'quibus major reverentia et securitas debetur, ut templa et judicia quæ sancta habebantur, — arces et aula regis, — denique locus quilibet presente aut adventante rege.' And at present with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. xii. malicious striking in the king's palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand, the solemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length" (Commentaries, vol. iv. p. 124)

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

182. Line 1: *Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.*

—The coronation of Henry VI took place on the 17th December, 1431. Hall gives a detailed description of his progress from St. Denis to Paris, and of the grand procession and pageant which met him on the way. The author of this drama, having killed off the Duke of Bedford, has thereby unfortunately got rid of a character who played a very prominent part in the coronation ceremonies. According to Hall, Gloucester does not seem to have been present; he has probably been substituted by the dramatist for the Duke of Bedford. Hall thus describes the actual coronation: "And on the xvij. of thesaied moneth, he departed from the place" (i.e. "the palace of Paris") "in greate triumphe, honorably accompanied, to our Lady church of Paris: where with al solemnitie, he was anoynted and crowned kyng of Fraunce, by the Cardinal of Winchester: (the bishop of Paris, not beyng content, that the Cardinal should doe auche a high Ceremonie, in his Church and iurisdiction.) At the offering, he offered breade and wine, as the custome of Fraunce is. When the deuine seruise was finished, and all Ceremonies due, to that high estate were accomplished, the kyng departed toward the palaice, hauning one crowne on his hed, and another borne before hym, and one scepter in his hand, and the second borne before hym" (p. 161).

183. Line 3: *Now, GOVERNOR OF PARIS, take your oath.*

—Hall does not mention any governor of Paris; but he mentions a Sir Simon Mouer, provost of Paris, who met the king on his way between St. Denis and Paris. I can find no mention of any governor of Paris, either in Hall or in Holinshed. French says (p. 148): when Paris was captured by the English, the Duke of Bedford "appointed as its governor John of Luxemburg;" but, according to Hall (p. 160), Sir John of Luxemborough was left by the Duke of Burgundy as his lieutenant at the siege of Compiègne.

184. Line 12: *Write to your grace from PHILIP Duke of Burgundy.*—*Ff.* read: •

Write to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

That makes such a very awkward line, that we have ventured to amend it as above.

185. Line 15: *To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.*—See above, note 47.186. Line 19: *at the battle of Patay.*—*Ff.* print, by mistake, *Poictiers*; corrected by Malone.

## 187. Lines 48, 49:

*And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.*

It was not till four years after Henry's coronation in Paris that the Duke of Burgundy seceded from the English alliance (See above, note 172.) The "letters" sent by the Duke of Burgundy to King Henry were sent, according to Hall, by "Thoisson Dor, his kyng at armes" (p. 177). They were to the effect that "he, beyng not only waxed faint, and weryed, with continual warre, and dally conflicts, but also chafed daily, with complaintes and lamentacion, of his people, whiche, of the Frenchemen, suffered losse and detriment, embayrdyng and rebukynge hym openly, affirming that he onely was the supporter and mainteyner, of the Englishe people, and that by his meanes and power, the mortal warre was continued and sette forward, and that he more dilligently studied, and intently toke pain, bothe to kepe, and maintein the Englishemen in Fraunce, and also to aduance and promote their desires, and intentes, rather then to restore kyng Charles his cosyn, to his rightful inheritance, and paternal possession: by reason of whiche thynges, and many other, he was in maner compelled and constrained to take a peace, and conclude an amitie with kyng Charles." And further Hall says: "This letter was not alittle looked on, nor smally regarded of the kyng of Eng-land, and his sage counsaill: not onely for the weightines of the matter, but also for the sodain chaunge of the man, and for the straunge superscripcion of the letter, which was: To the high and mightie Prince, Henry, by the grace of God Kyng of Englande, his Welbeloued cosyn: Neither nanyng hym kyng of Fraunce, nor his souereigne lorde, accordyng as, (euer before that tyme) he was accustomed to do. Wherefore all they, whiche wer present, beyng sore moued with the craftie deede, and vntrue demeanor of the duke, (whom they so much trusted) could neither temper their passions, nor moderate their yre, nor yet bridle their toungues: but openly called hym traytor, deceiuer, and most inconstant prince" (p. 177)

188. Line 175: *Prettily, methought, did play the orator.*

—This is a very awkward and inharmonious line. Pope inserted *most* before *Prettily*. I would propose to read (omitting *methought*):

*Right prettily did play the orator.*

189. Line 180: *An if I wist he did,—but let it rest.*—*Ff.* read: "And if I wist he did;" the emendation is Capell's. *Wist* is the preterite tense of the old verb *to wit* [not as erroneously stated by some commentators of *I wis*, there

being no such verb, but *I wis* being "the adverb *I'-wis*, *i-wis*" (see Imperial Dict. sub. *wis*). *To wit* is connected with the German *wissen*, to know, and comes direct from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, to know. Shakespeare uses the verb *to wit* in this same play, above, ii. 5. 16:

As *witting* I no other comfort have;

and again in Pericles, iv. 4. 31, 32:

Now please you *wit*

The epitaph is for Marina writ.

The sense evidently demands some such alteration as Capell made. Johnson's attempt to explain the meaning of the text, as it stands in F. 1, is not very successful. (See Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 111.) We have punctuated the passage as Capell did, following the Cambridge edn and Dyce. Theobald would read: "And, if *I wis*, he did—" explaining it: "Nay, if I know anything, he did think harm in answer to the last sentence of the preceding speech of Warwick."

190. Lines 187-191:

*But howsoever, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,*

*But that it doth presage some ill event.*

The construction of this sentence is certainly obscure. Many emendations have been proposed in the last line; that generally adopted being the substitution of *he* for *it*, which is Rowe's; F. 3, F. 4 have "By tilth it," which certainly does not help the sense. The best conjecture is an anonymous one, mentioned by the Cambridge editors, "But *thinks* it does, &c." It is better, however, to take the passage as being elliptical in construction; the meaning being: "No man, however *simple*, that sees this jarring discord, &c. &c. but sees (also), or feels that it doth presage, &c. &c."

#### ACT IV. SCENE 2.

191. Lines 10-13:

*You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers.*

Compare Henry V. Prologue i. 6-8:

and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment.

The close similarity of the two passages is worth noticing; but the whole of this scene, short as it is, bears evident marks of Shakespeare's hand. Both these passages are evidently founded upon the following passage in Hall (p. 86), copied as usual by Holinshed: "The goddess of warre called Bellona (whiche is the correctrice of princes for right witholdyng or iniurie doying, and the plage of God for euill luyng and vntrue demeanor amongst subiectes) hath these . iii. handmaides euer of necessitie attendyng on her, bloud, fyre, and famine, whiche thre damosels be of that force and strength that euery one of them alone is able and sufficient to turnent and afflict a proud prince; and they all ioyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous country and most richest region of the world."

192. Line 14: *If you forsake the offer of OUR love.—FI.* read *their*; the correction is Hammer's.

193. Line 15: *Thou ominous and fearful owl of death.*—The association of the cry of the owl with the foreboding of death is alluded to in Richard III. iv. 4. 509:

Out on you, *owls*! nothing but songs of death!

in Macbeth, ii. 2. 3, 4:

It was the *owl* that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night;

and in Lucrece, line 165:

No noise but *owls*' and wolves' death-boding cries.

194. Line 34: *That I, thy enemy, DUE thee withal.*—*FI* have *dew*, which may possibly be the right reading. *Due* for *endue* is not used by Shakespeare elsewhere. He uses the verb *to dew* several times, though never in a tropical sense; but if *dew* be retained it is worth while to compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 23:

He water'd his new plants with *dews* of flattery.

It seems most probable that, if *due* be the right reading, it is not meant as a shortened form of *endue*, but as a verb equal to *give what is due*.

195. Line 42: *He FABLES not.*—It is curious that this verb is used by Milton, in the well-known passage in Comus, when the lady refutes the enchanter's arguments. After her beautiful speech, Comus says (lines 800, 801):

*She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
Her words set off by some superior power.*

Shakespeare uses the verb, in the limited sense of "to tell fables," in III. Henry VI. v. 5. 25:

*Let Risop fable in a winter's night.*

196. Line 47: *MAX'D with a yelping kennel of French curs.*—This word is generally explained as = *amazed*; but it may mean "surrounded by a *maze*," out of which it was impossible to escape.

197. Line 54: *dear deer.*—The same pun is found in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 115, in Venus and Adonis (line 231), and in several other passages.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 3.

198. There seems to be no historical foundation for the supineness, or treachery, of which York in this scene accuses Somerset. John Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset of this play, died in 1444; so that, as Talbot was killed in battle in 1453, it must have been Edmund, the brother of John Beaufort, who is the Duke of Somerset of the next play. He was appointed regent in France in 1445, in the place of the Duke of York; having, it was alleged, obtained the office by the help of Suffolk. In 1453 he was High Constable of England, and in the previous year was accused by the Duke of York of "treason, bribery, oppression and manie other crimes" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 233). The king had already promised the regency of France to the Duke of York for another term of five years. The successful intrigue, by which Somerset supplanted him, incensed the duke's enmity, already bitter enough against his rival. Probably the historical fact, upon which this scene is founded, is the alleged weakness of Somerset in yielding up the town of Caen, in 1450, to the French,

against the wish of Sir David Hall, who had been left as captain of the town by the Duke of York. Somerset was induced to commit this act of weakness by the entreaties of his wife, who, with her children, had a narrow escape of being killed by a stone shot into the town. Sir David Hall remonstrated most strongly with Somerset, maintaining that without the permission of his lord and master, Richard Duke of York, the town could not be surrendered; but at last, according to Hall, (p. 215) "this captain perceivynge, that neither his wordes served, nor his truth toward his master prevailed, had the duke of Somerset do what he list, for he would in no wise be named in y<sup>e</sup> composiciō. Then the duke partly to please the townes men, but more desirous to please the duchesse his wife, made an agrement with the Frenche kyng, that he would reudre the town, so that he and all his, might depart in sauegard with all their goodes and substaunce: whiche offre, the Frenche Kyng gladly accepted and allowed, knowyng that by force, he might lenger haue longed for the strong town, then to haue possessed thesame so sone. After this conclusion taken, sir Dauid Halle, with diuerse other of his trustie frēdes, departed to Chierburge, and from thence sailed into Irelande, to the duke of Yorke, makyng relacoun to hym of all these dooynges: whiche thyng kyndeled so grente a rancore in his harte and stomacke that he neuer left persectyng of the Duke of Somersette, till he had brought hym to his fatal poynt, and extreme confusion." It may be observed that, judging by York's own conduct in this scene, he was quite as much to blame as Somerset for not going to Talbot's help. Both this scene and the following one show, on the part of the dramatist, no little ingenuity in setting forth so effectively the fatal results of the jealousies and quarrels between the various lords, from which resulted the disastrous and bloody civil war known as The Wars of the Roses.

199. Line 13: *louted*.—Various meanings have been assigned to this word. Johnson in his note suggests that it may mean "lowered," "dishonoured." Steevens gives "subdued," "vanquished;" but from a passage in Ralph Roister Doulster, iii. 3:

Whereas a good gander, I dare say, may him beat  
And where he is *louted* and laughed to scorn,  
For the veriest dolt that ever was born.

—Doddsley's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 103;

as well as from two or three passages quoted from various authors, the word seems evidently to have the meaning assigned to it in our foot-note.

200. Line 51: *That ever living man of memory*.—Lettsom suggests that we should read:

That man of ever living memory.

But it is hardly worth while to disturb the order of the words, the meaning being: "That man who lives for ever in our memory." For a similar misplacement of epithets, see Richard II. note 233; also above, note 174.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 4.

201. Line 13: *Whither, my lord!*—from *bought and sold* Lord Talbot.—R. 1 has *Whether*. Dyce reads *Hither*, following Pope. Surely the repetition of *Whither* is the

better reading, and more like the original. There is no note of interrogation after the sentence in the Folio. For *bought and sold* as a proverbial expression—"be-trayed," see Comedy of Errors, note 67.

202. Line 16: *his weak legions*.—Ff. have *regions*, corrected by Rowe.

203. Line 19: *And, in ADVANTAGE lingering, looks for rescue*.—Staunton conjectures "*disadvantage*." Johnson's explanation is: "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post;" and Malone adds: "Or, perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himself, to linger out the action" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 120). Dyce prints *disadvantage*, and in his note on this passage, vol. v. p. 90, quotes Lettsom: "Johnson's explanation of the old reading is against the course of events as described in this play." It certainly does not seem, from the detailed account which Hall gives of the circumstances preceding the engagement so fatal to Talbot, that he, at any time, held any position in which he awaited reinforcements; in fact he appears all throughout to have been, not the attacked, but the attacker. After he had retaken Bordeaux, his son and other lords arrived from England with 2200 men and supplies; and Talbot immediately assumed the offensive. Charles had two armies in the field, one of which marched against Bordeaux, while with part of the other he besieged the town of Châtillon in Périgord. Talbot immediately determined to attack the smaller of the two hostile armies first. He left the bulk of his forces, under the command of the Earl of Kendale, with directions to follow him as quickly as possible. Having taken one of the enemy's outposts, and routed a small body of 500 men, he attacked the French in a very strong intrenched position, in which they had more than 300 pieces of ordnance. Talbot appears to have had only 800 cavalry with him, whom he dismounted, himself remaining on horseback on account of his age. To attack so strong a position without waiting for his reinforcements was a very heroic feat, but, at the same time, a very serious strategic mistake; and for the fatal result he had no one but himself to blame.

204. Line 26: *Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy*.—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: F. 1 omits the *and*.

205. Line 31: *his levied horse*.—Ff. read (substantially) *host*; which may be the right reading, as, above line 23, we have:

The *levied succours* that should lend him aid.

But it is much more probable that the author intended to write *horse*, in accordance with York's speech above, sc. 3, lines 9-11:

A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of *horsemen*, that were levied for this siege

and with Somerset's answer (line 33, below):

York lies; he might have sent and had the *horses*.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 5.

206. Line 29: *But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear*.—If this, the reading of Ff. be right, *bow* must mean "yield," give way under pressure, as in Sonnet xc. 3:

Join with the spite of fortune, make me *bow*.

Again, in Sonnet cxx. 3:

Need must I under my transgression bow.

But I had noted *go*, in the margin, as a probable reading before I saw that it is given in the Long MS. It is extremely probable that the author really wrote *go*, both because above, in line 11, Talbot says: "come, dally not, be gone;" and again below, line 38:

Upon my blessing, I command thee *go*.

*Go* is in perfect contrast with *stay* in the next line. Walker proposes also the same reading.

207. Lines 34-42.—This is an instance of what is called in Greek *εναρμυδία*, i. e. dialogue in alternate lines, a very favourite trick in Greek Tragedy, and one which we find much imitated in the early English dramatic writers. Shakespeare does not ever resort to it, except in his earlier plays. The most noteworthy instance is in Richard III. iv. 348-367; and in The Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2, and in many scenes in the Comedy of Errors, other instances will be found. Lilly introduced a modification of *εναρμυδία* in dialogues consisting of one short sentence, on the part of each speaker, in prose. This Shakespeare imitates frequently; especially in his early plays. The old play (if it can be called a play) of The Pardoner and the Friar, 1521, by John Heywood, contains pages of this *εναρμυδία*. Sometimes the rhyme is in alternate lines, sometimes in consecutive lines. Where such instances are found in old English plays, they are generally in rhyme, as of course the use of rhymed decasyllabic lines is earlier than the use of blank verse. The objection to the use of *εναρμυδία*, whether in its original classic form or in the modified form introduced by Lilly, is that it causes the author to strive after epigrammatic expressions, and to attempt to be witty at the expense of naturalness.

208. Lines 52, 53:

*Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.*

There is apparently a quibble intended on *son* and *sun* here, however out of place it may seem in such a passage. Shakespeare appears to have been rather partial to this quibble. Compare Richard III. i. 3. 267:

Witness my *son*, now in the shade of death,  
where it is introduced with equal impropriety.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 6.

209. Line 44: *On that ADVANTAGE, bought with such a shame.*—Several unnecessary emendations of this word have been proposed. The meaning of this and the three following lines is plain. He means: "Before I will secure the advantage of continuing our household's name bought with such a shame as the desertion of my father, I wish my horse may fall dead under me." Talbot had two surviving sons by his first wife, and two more sons, besides this John Talbot, by his second wife, so that the speaker was not in any sense an only son.

210. Line 48: *And like me to the peasant boys of France.*—Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 97, 98: "when the prince broke thy head for striking his father to a singing-man of Windsor" (according to the Quarto; Ft. have lik'ning).

#### ACT IV. SCENE 7.

211. This pathetic scene, as also the preceding one, are founded on Hall's vivid account of Talbot's death: "This conflict continued in doubtful judgement of victory. ii. longe houres: duryng which fight the lordes of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great compaignye of Frenchmen entered the battayle, and began a new felde, and sodaynly the Gonners perceiuyng the Englishmen to approche nere, discharged their ordinaunce, and slew. iii. C. persons, nere to the erle, who perceiuyng the imminent leopardy, and subtille labyrinth, in the which he and hys people were enclosed and illaquate, despiyng his awne sauegarde, and desiryng the life of his entierly and welbeloued sonne the lord Lisle, willed, aduertised, and counsailled hym to departe out of the felde, and to saue hym selfe. But whē the sonne had adswered that it was neither honest nor natural for him, to leue his father in the extreme leopardy of his life, and that he woulde taste of that draught, which his father and Parent should assay and begyn: The noble erle and comfortable capitayn sayd to him: Oh sonne sonne, I thy father, which onely hath bene the terror and scourge of the Frēch people so many yeres, which hath subuerted so many townes, and profligate and discomitted so many of them in open battayle, and marcial conflict, neither cā here dye, for the honor of my cuntrye, without great laude and perpetuall fame, nor flye or departe without perpetuall shame and cōtinuall infamy. But because this is thy first Iournay and enterprise, neither thy flyeng shall redounde to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely fleth, as a temerarious person folishly abideth, therefore y<sup>e</sup> flyeng of me shalbe y<sup>e</sup> dishonor, not only of me and my progenie, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall saue thy lyfe, and make the able another tyme, if I be slayn to reuenge my death and to do honor to thy Prince and profyt to his Realme. But nature so wrought in the sonne, that neither desire of lyfe, nor thought of securitie, could withdraw or pluck him frō his natural father: Who cōsidering the constancy of his chyld, and the great danger that they stode in, comforted his soul-dours, cheered his Capitayns, and valeantly set on his enemies, hauyng a greater company of men, and more abūdaunce of ordinaunce then before had bene sene in a battayle, fyrst shot him through the thyghe with a hād-gōne, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lyenge on the ground, whome they neuer durste lōke in the face, whyle he stode on his fete, and with him, there dyed manfully hys sonne the lord Lisle, his bastard sonne Henry Talbot, and syr Edward Hull, elect to the noble order of the Gartier, and .xxx. valiant personages of the English nacion, and the lord Molyns was there taken prysoner with .ix. other" (p. 229).

Hall's account of Talbot's death was confirmed most curiously by an examination of the bones of Talbot (see above, note 119). On the occasion of their reinforcement, the thigh bones were found to be uninjured; so that it is evident that the shot which first disabled him did not fracture the bone. But "Immediately behind the right parietal eminence of the cranium was a perpendicular



fracture, evidently caused by a sharp instrument. It was 2½ in. long, and in the centre of an inch across" ("Talbot's Tomb," &c., by Rev. W. H. Egerton. Transactions of Shropshire Archaeological Society, June 1886, p. 113). This was the blow on the head, struck from behind, when he was *lyenge on the ground*, probably with a battle axe. The skeleton of a mouse was found along with the bones of the great warrior, and in the skull was the nest of the little intruder with "three small mummied mice" still in it; the mother had used the opening made in the cranium by the battle axe as a means of ingress and egress. That the mouse had chosen this odd spot for her nest, after the removal of the body from Rouen to Whitchurch, was proved by the fact of some portions of an English prayer book being found therein (*Ut supra*, pp. 14, 26).

212 Line 3: *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity.*

-This line seems to have exercised the understandings of some of the commentators. The explanation of *smear'd*, given in our foot-note, is probably the right one. Walker asks, "Can any sense be made out of this line?" to which Professor F. A. Leo thus makes answer: "I believe Death here to be represented in the appearance of a warrior. In the same way as the Indian war-tribes are accustomed even to-day to appear in the battle (smearing their body with the slain enemies' blood, in order to make a more horrid impression on their foes), and as our Teutonic ancestors appeared, Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle field, *smear'd* with the terrible aspect of captivity; terrible even for those who are happy enough to escape the sword of death" (Shakespeare, notes, p. 17). This is a truly leonine explanation. As Clarke justly observes: "The construction of this sentence is so 'forced and cramp' that it may either signify 'Death, thou who art stained with captivity,' or 'Death, stained as I am with captivity, my son's valour enables me to smile at thee'" (vol. ii. p. 342).

213. Line 10: *TEND'RING my ruin.*—*Tendering* is usually explained as in our foot-note; but it may mean "caring for me in my ruin." We have, in II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 277:

*I tender so the safety of my liege.*

214 Line 18: *Thou ANTO death, which laugh'st us here to scorn.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 162-165:

and there the *antic* (i.e. *Death*) sits

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks.

215. Line 21: *lither sky.*—Walker would read *hither*; but *lither* seems to have meant originally "soft," "yielding;" and, secondly, "weak," "lazy," "depraved."

216. Line 35: *raging-wood.*—See *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 114.

217. Line 41: *GIGLOT wench.*—Shakespeare uses this word in two other passages; as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 352, and as an adjective, in *Cymbeline*, iii. 1. 31. The derivation of the word seems to be uncertain, whether it be the diminutive form of *gig*, or derived from *giggle*. As young Talbot's death took place twenty-two years after the execution of Joan of Arc, and during

her lifetime he could not have been old enough to bear arms, she could never have encountered him in single combat. Probably the author confused him with his elder half-brother, John Talbot, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Shrewsbury, and who was at this time forty years old.

218. Line 70: *Great marshal to OUR KING Henry the Sixth.*—So F. 2; F. 1 omits *our king*.

219. Line 76: *STINKING AND FLY-BLOWN, lies here at our feet.*—The author might have spared us these repulsive words; for, even in the hottest climate, the body of Talbot could not have become corrupt in so short a time.

220. Line 91—F. 2 makes act v. begin in the middle of the last scene immediately after Talbot's death where the Dauphin and others enter.

221 Line 91, 92:

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy.

*I'll bear them hence;*

*But from their MIGHTY ashes shall be rear'd.*—

FF have:

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence, but from their ashes shall be rear'd.

Various emendations have been made in order to complete the metre. Pope prints *Dauphin*. Dyce adopts Lettsom's emendation:

*But doubt not from their ashes shall be rear'd.*

The emendation we have ventured to make is based on the supposition that some epithet to *ashes* has dropped out of the text.

222 Line 94: *So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt*—F. 1 has:

So we be rid of them, do with *him* what thou wilt.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.

It seems a pity to spoil the line by leaving in the two words *with them*, which are utterly unnecessary.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

223. Lines 1, 2:

*Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,  
The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?*

This probably refers to two attempts on the part of the pope to put an end to the disastrous war between England and France. One was made a year after the king's coronation. Hall, after describing the terrible sufferings which the war inflicted upon both nations, says (p. 166): "for whiche cause Eugyne the fourth, beyng bishopp of Rome, intending to bring this cruel warre, to a frendly peace, sent his Legate, called Nicolas, Cardinall of the holy crosse, into Fraunce to thentent to make an amitie, and a concord betwene the two princes and their realme. This wise cardinall, came first to the Frenche kyng, and after to the duke of Bedford beyng at Paris: exhortyng concord, and perswadyng vnite, shewyng, declaring and arguyng, peace to be mooste honorable and more profitable to christian princes, then mortall warre, or vncharitable disencion;" and further on he says, "The Cardinall beyng in vtter dispaire, of obcludyng a peace betwene the two

realmes, (least he should seme to departe empty of all thynges, for the whiche he had taken somuche trauaill) desired a truce for sixe yerres to come, which request, as it was to him, by bothe parties hardly graunted, so was it of the Frenchmen, some and lightly broken, after his returne." No doubt the principal reference is to the Council of Arras. (See above, note 172.) It was after this Council of Arras that the Duke of Burgundy deserted the English alliance and was reconciled to France. There is no mention of the Earl of Armagnac, either in Hall or Holinshed, as having been present at the council.

224. Lines 15-20. — This offer on the part of the Earl of Armagnac was not made till later in 1442. The account given by Holinshed is as follows: "H<sup>e</sup> (Armagnac) sent solenne ambassadours to the king of England, offering him his daughter in mariage, with promise to be bound (beside great summes of monie, which he would giue with hir) to deliuer into the king of Englands hands, all such castels and townes, as he or his ancestors deteined from him within anie part of the duchie of Aquitaine, either by conquest of his progenitors, or by gift and deliuerie of anie French king. and further to aid the same king with monie for the recouerie of other cities within the same duchie, from the French king; or from anie other person that against king Henrie vnjustlie kept, and wrongfullie withholden them" (vol. iii. p. 205).

225. Line 17: *near KIN to Charles*. — Ff. have *knit*; the correction is Pope's. The Cambridge editors defend the reading of the Ff *knit* (vol. v. note vi. p. 104): "as the conceit suggested by the 'knot of amity,' in the preceding line, is not alien from the author's manner" On the other hand, Dyce says that *knit* is a mistake, evidently occasioned by the *knot* just above, and we agree with the latter. Pope's emendation is a very plausible one, and, as the retention of *knit* makes a weak and cacophonous line, we do not scruple to adopt it.

226. Line 21: *Marriage! alas, uncle, my years are young!* — The king was, as Malone points out, twenty-four years old when he married; but when his marriage with the daughter of Armagnac was first proposed, he had only just completed his twenty-first year.

227. Lines 28, 29:

*What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a CARDINAL'S degree?*

This is an undoubted discrepancy, implying great carelessness on the part of the author, in giving the Bishop of Winchester the title of *cardinal* in act i. sc. 3, while he is only called *prelate* in act iii. sc. 1, and *bishop* in act iv. sc. 1, and making him here apparently for the first time invested with the dignity of *cardinal*. According to history, although he was named *cardinal* in 1417, in the reign of Henry V., Archbishop Chicheley, who was jealous of him, persuaded the king to forbid Beaufort to accept the dignity offered him, and he did not obtain the royal license to accept the preferment until 1426. He was appointed one of the representatives of the King of England at the Congress of Arras in 1435: but he does not appear to have been one of the commissioners for peace in the diet called together at Tours, at which Suffolk represented

the king. It is useless to attempt to assign the exact year to the events of this act, as it contains a mixture of incidents which really occurred in the years 1435, 1442, and 1444 respectively.

228. Lines 31-33:

*Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—  
"If once he come to be a cardinal,  
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."*

The foundation for this statement, here put into the mouth of Exeter, seems to rest on the second article of the complaint made against the cardinal by Gloucester in the year 1441: "First, the cardinal then being bishop of Winchester, tooke vpon him the state of cardinal, which was naieit and denaied him, by the king of most noble memorie, my lord your father (whome God assoile) saing that he had as leef set his crowne beside him, as see him weare a cardinals hat, he being a cardinall" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 190).

229. Line 49: *And safely brought to Dover; WHERE, inshipp'd.* — F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have *there*; the reading in our text is that of F. 4.

230. Line 50: *That, neither IN birth, or for authority.* — Johnson would read "*for birth*." In order to make the line scan we must make *neither* a monosyllable. I would propose to read:

*That nor in birth, nor in authority.*

#### ACT V. SCENE 2.

231. Line 12: *Into two PARTS.* — Ff. have *parties*; the correction is Pope's. It is pretty evident that the error arose from the *is* being mistaken by the transcriber as belonging to the word *parts*.

#### ACT V. SCENE 3.

232. — As has been remarked in the introduction, the first part of this scene between Pucelle and the fiends seems to have been "written in to please the vulgar," and is decidedly inconsistent, in the main, with her character as depicted by the dramatist.

233. Line 2: *periapts* — In bk. 12, chap. ix. Reginald Scot gives a number of "Popish *periapts*, amulets and charmes." He says: "These vertues under these verses (written by pope Urbane the fifth to the emperour of the Grecians) are contained in a periapt or tablet, be continually worne about one, called Agnus Dei, which is a little cake, having the picture of a lambe carrying of a flag on the one side; and Christs head on the other side, and is hollow: so as the Gospel of S. Iohn, written in fine paper, is placed in the concavities thereof: and it is thus compounded or made, even as they themselves report."

He then gives eight lines of Latin verse "Englished by Abraham Fleming."

"Balm, virgine wax, and holy water,"  
An Agnus Dei make:  
A gift than which none can be greater,  
I send thee for to take.  
From fountain clear the same hath issue,  
In secret sanctified:  
'Gainst lightning it have soveraigne vertue,  
And thunder-crackes beside.

Each hainous sinne it weares and wasteth,  
 Even as Christ's precious blood,  
 And women, whiles their travel lasteth,  
 It saves, it is so good.  
 It doth bestowe great gifts and graces,  
 On such as well deserve:  
 And borne about in noisome places,  
 From perill doth preserve.  
 The force of fire, whose heat destroyeth,  
 It breaks and bringeth down:  
 And he or she that this enjoyeth,  
 No water shall them drowne.

—Edm. 1654, pp. 166, 167.

**234. Line 6: Under the lordly MONARCH of the NORTH.**—By the monarch of the north is meant the devil *Zimimar*, "the king of the north." Scot says: "Amaymon, king of the east, Corson king of the south, *Zimimar* king of the north, Goap king and prince of the west, may be bound from the third houre, till noone, and from the ninth houre till evening" (bk. 15, chap. ii. p. 277). In his preceding chapter (p. 266) he gives "an inventarie of the names, shapes, powers, government, and effects of divels and spirits, of their severall signiorities and degrees." Most of these great spirits seem to have so many legions under them, who obey them; but *Zimimar* does not appear to be described among them. He says in a note at the end of this chapter that "a legion is 6666." Johnson says: "The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 139); but according to Scot: "Their first and principal king (which is of the power of the east) is called *Baell*" (bk. 15, chap. ii. p. 266). It would seem that among the evil spirits there were dukes and marquises, prelates, knights, and presidents.

**235. Lines 10, 11:**

*Now, ye familiar spirits, that are CULL'D*  
*Out of the POWERFUL LEGIONS under earth.*

*Ff. have regions;* but the expression *cull* and the epithet *powerful* surely point to *legions*, and not to *regions*, as the right reading; it is Warburton's correction. The same mistake occurs above (iv. 4. 16):

To beat assailing death from his weak *legions* (*Ff. regions*).

The emendation of *legions* is also supported by three or four passages quoted by Dyce in his note on this passage, e.g. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 55-57:

Not in the *legions*  
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,  
 In evils to top *Macbeth*.

He also gives an instance of the same misprint in Shelton's *Don Quixote* (Pt. ii. chap. 46, p. 220, edn. 1652): "And such was his ill lucke, . . . it seem'd to him that there were a *Region* of Duels in his chamber."

**236. Line 25: That France must VAIL her lofty-plumed creek.**—Compare *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 27, 28:

And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
*Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs.

**237. Excursions.** Re-enter *La Pucelle* fighting hand to hand with York: *La Pucelle* is taken. The French fly.—In *Ff.* the stage-direction here is given: Enter BURGUNDIE and Yorke, fight hand to hand. French fly.

**238. Line 30.—The capture of Joan of Arc is thus narrated by Hall** "And it happened in the night of the Assencion of our lorde, that Pothon of Xentraxles, Ione the Puzell, and fise or sixe hundred men of armes, issued out of Châpeigne, by the gate of the bridge towarde Mowntdedier, intending to set fire in the tentes and lodgynges of the lord of Baudo, which was then gone to Marigny, for the Duke of Burgoyns affaire. At whiche tyme, sir Ihon of Luxenborough, with eight other gentlemen (which had riden aboute the toun to serche and vlieue, in what place the toun might be most aptly and conveniently assauted or scaled) were come nere to the lodges of the lorde of Baudo, where they espied the Frenchmen, whiche began to cut doune tentes, ouerthrowe paulions, and kil men in their beddes. Wherefore, shortly they assembled a great nombre of men, as well Englishe as Burgonions, and coragiously set on the Frenchmen. Sore was the fight and greates was the slaughter, in so much that the Frenchemen, not able lenger to indure, fled into the toun so faste, that one letted the other to entre. In whiche chace was taken, Ione the Puzell, and diuerse other: whiche Ione was sent to the duke of Bedford to Roan, wher, (after lög examinaciō) she was brent to ashes" (pp. 156, 157). There seems to be no ground for ascribing this act of valour to the Duke of York. Monstrelet's account is as follows:

"After some time, the French, perceiving their enemies multiply so fast on them, retreated toward Compiègne, leaving the Maid, who had remained to cover the rear, anxious to bring back the men with little loss. But the Burgundians, knowing that reinforcements were coming to them from all quarters, pursued them with redoubled vigour, and charged them on the plain. In the conclusion, as I was told, the Maid was dragged from her horse by an archer, near to whom was the bastard de Vendôme, and to him she surrendered and pledged her faith. He lost no time in carrying her to Marigny, and put her under a secure guard. With her was taken Poton the Burgundian, and some others, but in no great number. The French re-entered Compiègne doleful and vexed at their losses, more especially for the capture of Joan: while, on the contrary, the English were rejoiced, and more pleased than if they had taken five hundred other combatants, for they dreaded no other leader or captain so much as they had hitherto feared the Maid" (vol. i. chap. lxxvi. p. 572). Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 170) gives three different accounts of Joan's capture; but Monstrelet's account is, no doubt, substantially correct.

**239. Line 35: As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!**—Alluding to the mythological legend of *Circe*, supposed to be the daughter of the sun by the ocean nymph *Perse*; she lived in the island of *Cæa*. She changed those persons, who were unfortunate enough to fall into her power, into animals. The story of the adventure of *Ulysses* with this enchantress, and his amour with her, is given in the Tenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

**240. Line 45: Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.**—It is hardly necessary to say that Suffolk never took Margaret prisoner. It was in 1430 that Joan was captured; but not until 1444, when representing the king at the Diet held at Tours, that Suffolk took upon himself

to negotiate the marriage between Margaret of Anjou and Henry VI.

241. Lines 47-49:

- *For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.*

In Ff. these lines run thus:

For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,  
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

The transposition was made by Capell. The reason for the transposition is that Suffolk, according to the arrangement of the Ff., is made to kiss his own fingers; "a symbol of peace," says Malone, "of which there is, I believe, no example." On the other hand, those who defend the reading of the old copies say that Suffolk is supposed to kiss Margaret's hand, and to lay it gently back by her side; but surely it is much more natural, as he is supposed to be bringing her in prisoner, that he should have his arm round her, as if supporting her.

242. Line 68: *Hasst not a tongue? is she not here THY PRISONER?*—F. 1 omits these words, which were added by F. 2. Lettsom suggests: "Perhaps the author wrote 'here in place,' or 'here beside thee,' at any rate he could scarcely have written what the second folio ascribes to him" (Walker, vol. iii. p. 152). We agree with Dyce in thinking that this objection has not much force.

243. Line 71: *Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses ROUGH.*—There have been several emendations proposed in this line. Hamner suggests "makes the senses *crouch*," instead of *rough*, which Dyce adopts. Collier coolly altered it to "*mocks the sense of touch*." Schmidt explains it: "disturbs them like a troubled water, ruffles them." May not *rough* here be taken as the opposite to *fine*, the meaning being that the effect of beauty, instead of sharpening the senses, makes them dull and *rough*?

244. Lines 77, 78:

*She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.*

These lines occur with very little variation in Titus Andronicus, II. 1. 82, 83:

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

Steevens says that the latter line "seems to be a proverbial line, and occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1685" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 143).

245. Line 83: *there lies a COOLING CARD.*—Clarke (p. 347) explains this expression thus: "A card so decisive as to cool the courage of an adversary; metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant." We have in The Antiquary (1641), v. 1: "Are you so hot? I shall give you a *card to cool you presently*" (Dodley, vol. xiii. p. 505); and in Sir Gyles Goosecappe, II. 1: "their livers were too hot, you know, and for temper sake they must needs have a *cooling carde* plaid upon them" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 37).

246. Line 89: *tush, that's a WOODEN thing!*—This is the only instance of Shakespeare using the word *wooden*

in this peculiar sense. It may either mean "That is a *wooden*, i. e. a stupid thing to do," much as we talk nowadays of any dense person being "*wooden headed*;" or it may possibly mean that the king was a "mere block of wood" incapable of love. None of the instances given by Steevens in his note seem very much to the point; nor has he succeeded in coming across any instance of this exact phrase. The following passage from Middleton's *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* (lines 17-19) illustrates this meaning of *wooden*:

Conceiving folly in a foolish brain,  
Taught and instructed in a *wooden* school,  
Which made his head run of a *wooden* vein.  
—Works, vol. v. p. 445;

referring to the making of wooden idols. The double sense of the word here is clearly intended.

247. Line 120: *If thou wilt condescend to—*.—Ff. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have "*to be my*;" F. 4 "*to my*." The emendation is Steevens's. The words *be my* are superfluous.

248. Line 154: *the COUNTIES Maine and Anjou.*—Maine is called both by Hall and Hollinshed "*the county Maine*." Ff. have *country*; the alteration is Theobald's.

249. Line 179: *Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.*—F. 1 has *modestie*; the correction is made in F. 2.

250. Line 192: *AND natural graces that extinguish art.*—F. 1 has *mad*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *made*. Pope prints *her*; but we prefer Mason's conjecture *and*, which we have adopted, as being the word most likely to be mistaken for *mad*. Steevens defends the reading of F. 1, supposing *mad* to be "wild," "uncultivated;" but even in that sense the word seems completely out of place.

#### ACT V. SCENE 4.

251. Line 2: *this kills thy father's heart.*—Compare Richard II. v. 1. 97-100:

Give me mine own again; 't were no good part  
To take on me to keep and *kill thy heart*.  
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
That I may strive to *kill it* with a groan.

The expression to *kill one's heart* means "to cause great grief" or "distress."

252. Line 7: *Decrepid miser!*—For an instance of *miser* = miserable creature, compare The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality (1602), i. 6:

That *misers* can advance to dignity,  
And princes turn to *misers'* misery.

—Dorlsley, vol. viii. p. 342.

253. Lines 7-9.—We have already remarked in the Introduction on the gross inconsistency of Joan's repudiating her parents, and claiming to be of noble birth, as she does here, after her own declaration of her humble origin. (See above, i. 2. 72-75.) In fact the whole of this scene is contemptible, with the exception of Joan's speech (lines 30-53).

254. Line 18: *God knows thou art a COLLOP of my flesh.*—Shakespeare only uses *collop* in one other passage, namely, in Winter's Tale, i. 2. 137, where Polixenes says of his son: "Most dear'st! my *collop*!" There is great

difference of opinion as to the origin of this word. Richardson derives it from *to collow* or *colly*, i.e. "to make black with coal;" and quotes Cotgrave, who gives: "*charbonner*, is to *collow*, or make black with a coal." But the real derivation is from German *klopfen*, Dutch *kloppen*, "to beat." Skeat quotes a passage from a comic poem, of which he does not give the date, in which the word *klop* is used—"clap" or "clatter." Halliwell gives *cllope* = "a blow" in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words; and in Cornwall *clopping* is used, meaning "lame," "limping;" a word derived probably from the same source. There is no doubt that *collop* originally meant "a piece of meat cut off for the purpose of cooking." Beaumont and Fletcher use the word in *The Maid of the Mill*, iv. 1:

If there want but a *collop*,  
Or a steak o' me, look to 't

—Works, vol. ii. p. 599

255. Line 40: *No, MISCONCEIVED Joan of Arc hath been.*—F. 1 has:

No misconceyued, Joan of Arc hath beene;  
and so F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 substantially. Steevens arranges the line thus:

No, *misconceived*! Joan of Arc hath been,  
explaining it, "No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities." The reading in our text is that of F. 4, which certainly seems to be, in this instance, the right reading. There can be no necessity for giving the peculiar sense to *misconceived* which Steevens does. Its natural meaning suits the context best; Joan calls herself the victim of misconception.

256. Line 64: *Although ye HALE me to a violent death.*—It is worth noting that this word seems to be a favourite one with the author, or authors of this play, in which it occurs three times, namely, i. 1. 140; ii. 5. 3; v. 4. 64. It occurs twice in II. Henry VI. iv. 1. 131 and iv. 8. 59; twice in Titus Andronicus, v. 2. 51; v. 3. 143, and once in Pericles, iv. 1. 55. It may be noted that these are all plays of which comparatively but a small portion is Shakespeare's own work. He uses the word no more than five times in all the other plays; namely, in Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 64; Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 102; Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 6; Coriolanus, v. 4. 40; Othello, iv. 1. 144.

257. Line 70: *Well, WELL, go to; we'll have no bastards live.*—The second *well* was added by Capell. F. 1 has:

Well go too, we'll have no Bastards live.  
F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have "we will have no bastards live," in order to make the line complete. Capell's emendation, however, is preferable.

258. Line 74: *that notorious Machiavel!*—In Merry Wives, iii. 1. 103, 104, we have: "Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*?" and in III Henry VI. iii. 2. 193:

And set the *murderous Machiavel* to school,  
an epithet which he scarcely deserves. *Machiavelli* was born in 1469, and died in 1527. His period of political activity, as secretary to the Council of Ten in Florence, lasted from 1498 to 1512. In that year he was banished; and was not again employed, except as ambassador. His work *Del Principe*, which has gained for his name pro-

verbial infamy, was not published till 1532. The evil reputation associated with the name of *Machiavelli* is scarcely deserved. His other works are models of style and composition; and may justly claim to rank among the noblest specimens of Italian literature. The anachronism in this passage is surpassed by one quoted by Steevens from *The Valiant Welshman*, 1615, a play of Armin's. One of the characters bids Caradoc, i.e. Caractacus,

read *Machivell*:

Princes that would aspire must mock at hell.

259. Line 87: *May never glorious sun REFLEX his beams.*—This is the only instance of the use of this word as a verb. Shakspeare uses the noun once; namely, in *Rom.* and *Jul.* iii. v. 60:

'T is but the pale *reflex* of Cynthia's brow.

260. Line 91.—This is the last that the dramatist allows us to see of the unhappy Joan, who ought to have been the heroine of this play; whose character, as has been already pointed out, is treated with such inconsistency, and such a curious mixture of meanness and generosity, that one does not know whether the dramatist intended us to sympathize with her, or to detest her. One cannot help regretting that Shakespeare had not time and inclination to treat the character of the Maid of Orleans from a nobler and juster point of view; but perhaps that would have been asking too much of a writer in his time. The intense prejudice shown against Joan by Hall and Hollinshed, greater in the case of the latter, proves how long the embittered animosity, which originally demanded the execution of this brave and noble-minded woman, survived in the English mind. Hall gives the letter sent by the King of England to the Duke of Burgundy justifying the execution of Joan. This letter has been attributed to the Duke of Bedford, but, from the theological tone of it, it is more likely to have been the work of Cardinal Beaufort, who is said to have been the only ecclesiastic who looked on unmoved at the Maid's death-agony. The letter is too long for quotation; but the gist of it is that she was accused of heresy, of sorcery, and of blasphemy; that she refused to confess her crimes till the judges had begun to pronounce her sentence; that being condemned to penance, she revoked her confession and submission; was again exhorted to repent, but, proving obstinate, was delivered over to the secular authorities, who condemned her to be burnt. Hall does not accuse her of incontinency, as will be seen from the following passage, in which he argues against any claim on her part to sanctity: "I can very well agree, that she was more to be marvelled at, as a false prophetesse, and seducer of the people: then to be honored or worshipped as a saint sent from God into the realme of France. For of this I am sure, that all auſcient writers, as well deſigne as prophane, alledge theſe three thynges, beſide diuerſe other, to apperteine to a good woman. Firſt, ſhamefaſtneſſe, whiche the Romain Ladies ſo kept, that ſeldome or neuer thei wer ſeen openly talking with a man: whiche vertue, at this day emongſt the Turkes, is highly eſteemed. The ſeconde, is pitty: whiche in a womans harte, abhorreth the ſpilling of the bloud of a poore beaſt, or a ſely birde. The third, is womanly behauior aduoyding the occaſion of euill iudgement, and

causes of slaundre. If these qualities, be of necessitie, incident to a good woman, where was her shamefastnes, when she daily and nightly, was conuersant with comen souldiors, and men of warre, amongst whom, is small honestie, lesse vertue, and shamefastnesse, least of all exercised or vsed? Where was her womanly pitie, whē she taking to her, the harte of a cruell beaste, slewe, man, woman, and childe, where she might haue the vpper hand? Where was her womanly behauior, when she cladde her self in a mannes clothyng, and was cōuersant with euery losell, geuyng occasion to all men to iudge, and speake euill of her, and her doynge. Then these thynges, beyng thus plainly true, all men must nedes confesse, that the cause ceasynge, the effect also ceaseth: so yt, if these morall vertues lackyng, she was no good womā, then it must nedes, consequently folowe, that she was no saint" (p. 159).

But the dramatist had some ground for representing Joan as stooping to the cowardly device of pleading pregnancy, as the following passage from Holliushed will show: "But herein (God helpe vs) she fullie afore possest of the feend, not able to hold hir in anie towardnesse of grace, falling streight wale into hir former abominations (and yett coming to eech out life as long as she might) staketh (though the shift were shamefull) to confesse hur selfe a whorepet, and (vnmarrid as she was) to be with child. For triell, the lord regents lenitie gaue hir nīne moneths staie, at the end wherof she found herein as false as wicked in the rest, an eight daies after, vpon a further definitiue sentence declared against hir to be relapse, and a renouncer of hir oth and repentance, was she therevpon deliuered ouer to secular power" (vol. iii. p. 171). However much of shame one feels, as an Englishman, at the pollipant cruelty which condemned this heroic girl, whose courage at least ought to have won the respect of her foes, to an ignominious death; and at the malicious persecution which, a century and a half later, allowed no English writer to treat her character with any justice; still it may be some consolation to remember that it was reserved for a Frenchman in the eighteenth century, one before whose intellect, if not to whose heart, we are often asked to bow down, to perpetrate the greatest outrage on one of the noblest of heroines his country had ever produced is fortunately little read, except by those whose tastes lead them to explore the sewage of literature. That a Frenchman could have written such a thing seems almost incredible; but, having written it, that he should not have done everything in his power to withdraw it from publication, and to destroy every copy of it, seems absolutely impossible. Unfortunately for the reputation of the human intellect, such is the fact.

261. Line 114: *SEVERE covenants*.—For another instance of the accent on the first syllable of this word compare Measure for Measure, II. 2. 41: "O just but *severe* law!" In all other cases Shakespeare uses the word with the accent on the second syllable.

263. Lines 121, 122:

*The hollow passage of my PRISON'D voice,  
By sight of these owg BALEFUL enemies.*

FI have *poison'd*; the emendation is Theobald's. Johnson

defends *poison'd* on the ground that the epithet agrees well enough with *baful* in the following line; *baful* being = "baneful," i.e. "noxious;" but surely it is not his voice that would see his *baful* enemies, and the context does not allow of our making any sense of *poison'd*. For *baful* compare Rom. and Jul. II. 3. 8: "*baful* weeds and precious-juiced flowers."

263. Line 150: *Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?*—The meaning is: "Do you stand off upon the ground of comparing your position with that of King Henry, the part that you possess of France with the part that he possesses?"

264. Lines 171, 172:

*Nor be rebellious TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.*

*Thou, nor thy nobles, TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.*

Walker suggests that there is an error here in the repetition of the words *to the crown of England*. It certainly looks very much like it. I would suggest the omission altogether of the words in the second line, leaving this line an imperfect one.

#### ACT V. SCENE 5.

265. Lines 5-9:

*And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven by breath of her renown,  
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.*

The simile in this passage is certainly obscure and far-fetched. Johnson says: "he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 157). King Henry does not say anything about sacrificing his interests, he simply says, what he affirms below (79-80), that Suffolk's description of Margaret's charms and accomplishments has kindled in him so strong a passion, that he has determined to possess her as his wife.

There does not seem to be any historical authority for representing Henry's consent to this marriage as proceeding from any passion excited by the description, received from Suffolk, of Margaret's charms. From the first it must have been a marriage devised, on political grounds, by part of the king's council; and, as far as we can gather from the somewhat conflicting authorities, Suffolk was himself very reluctant to conclude the marriage. Hall's account is as follows: "When these thynges wer concluded, the Erle of Suffolke with his company, thinking to haue brought loyfull tidynge, to the whole realme of Englande, departed from Toures, and so by long iornies, arriued at Douer, and came to the kyng to Westminster, and there openly before the kyng and his counsaill, declared how he had taken an honorable truce, for the saueguard of Normandy, and the wealth of y<sup>e</sup> realme, out of whiche truce, he thought, yea, and doubted not, but a perpetual peace, and a finall concord, should shortly procede and growe out. And muche the soner, for that honorable marlage, that inuincible alliance, that Godly affinitie, which he had concluded: omitting nothyng, whiche might extoll and setfurth, the personage

of the Ladie, nor forgetting any thyng, of the nobilitie of her kinne, nor of her fathers high stile: as who would sale, that she was of suche an excellent beaultie, and of so high a parentage, that almoste no king or Emperour, was worthy to be her make. Although this mariage pleased well the kyng, and diuerse of his counsaill, and especially suche as were adherentes, and fautors to the erle of Suffolke, yet Humfrey duke of Gloucester, Protector of the realme, repugned and resisted as muche as in him laie, this new alliaunce and contriued matrimonie" (p. 204).

266. Lines 25-20 — Gloucester's reasons for opposing the marriage are the same as those given by Hail (p. 204): "that it was neither consonant to the lawe of God nor man, nor honorable to a prince, to infringe and breake a promise or contracte, by hym made and concluded, for the vtilitie and profite of his realme and people, declaring, that the kyng, by his Ambassadors, sufficiently instructed and authorised, had concluded and contracted, a marriage betwene his highnes, and the daughter of therle of Arminacke, vpon condicions, bothe to hym and his realme, as muche profitable as honorable. Whiche offers and condicions, the said erle with his commynge out of his captiuitie and thraldome, is redy to yelde and performe, saying: that it was more conueniente for a Prince, to marie a wife with riches and frendes, then to take a make with nothyng, and disherite himself and his realme of olde rightes and aunient seigniories. The duke was not heard, but the Erles doynge, were condiscended vnto, and allowed. Whiche facte engendered suche a flame, that it neuer wente oute, till bothe the parties with many other were consumed and slain, to the great vquietnes of the kyng and his realme."

267. Line 46: *Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower.*—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 reads "a liberal dower," which Dyce prefers on the ground that *warrant* is usually a monosyllable in our early poets. This may be so in one or two instances; but certainly, in the majority of passages in which Shakespeare uses the word, it cannot be anything but a dissyllable. For instance, in the Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 69; the Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 4. 102; in Richard II. iv. 1. 235; and again in this very play, v. 3. 143. So, upon the whole, we are justified in preferring to follow F. 2.

268. Line 56: *Than to be dealt in by ATTORNEYSHIP.*—Or as we should say, "by attorney." Shakespeare is

rather fond of this legal similitude: e.g. in Richard III. iv. 4. 413: . . .

Be the attorney of my love to her;

and again in same play, v. 3. 83:

I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother.

Shakespeare would certainly seem, at one period of his life, to have had some practical acquaintance with the technicalities of the law. (See Mid. Night's Dream, note 11.)

269. Line 60: *It most of all these reasons bindeth us.*—It is omitted in Ff.; first inserted by Rowe.

270. Line 64: *Whereas the contrary bringeth FORTH bliss.*—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 has *bringeth bliss*, which some editors defend upon the ground that *contrary* is here used as a quadrisyllable; but as there does not seem to be, in Shakespeare, any instance of the use of the word as a quadrisyllable; and as, in two passages, namely, Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 144: "Be quite contrary;" and Hamlet, iii. 2. 221:

Our wills and fates do sq *contrary* run,

Shakespeare uses it with the accent on the second syllable (where the word cannot possibly be a quadrisyllable), it seems better to adopt the alteration of F. 2.

271. Line 72: *Will answer hope in issue of a king.*—Ff. have:

. . . Will answer *our* hope in issue of a king.

The omission of *our* was first suggested by Stevens.

272. Line 90: *ACROSS the seas to England, and be crown'd.*—Ff. have *To cross*; the emendation is Walker's.

273. Line 108: *But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.*—Whether this play was written before or after those two plays now known as The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., it certainly ends at the very best point that could be chosen with regard to the two other plays. Henry's marriage seems to have been the turning-point of his fortunes. From that moment nothing seems to have prospered with him or his army. The discontent which the cession of Anjou and Maine excited in the minds of the people, as well as amongst the nobles, was increased by the uniform ill success which the English met with in France after that event. Had Henry not been linked to a woman of so ambitious, resolute, and fierce a character as Margaret, he might, perhaps, have been suffered to conclude his reign in peace; or, at least, to have yielded up the crown of his own accord, and retired into that life of quiet contemplation and religious devotion for which he was most adapted by nature.

# WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

## PART I.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line			
Abrupt.....	ii.	3	30	Ever-living ..	iv.	3	51	Market-men ...	{	iii.	2	4	Reguerdon (sub.)	iii.	1	179		
Accomplices...	v.	2	9	Exequies .....	iii.	2	133		{	v.	5	54	Reguerdoned..	iii.	4	23		
Agazed.....	i.	1	120	Expulsed .....	iii.	3	25	*Master-gunner	{	i.	4	6	Repugn.....	iv.	1	94		
Air-braving...	iv.	2	13	Extinguish...	v.	3	192	*Minute-whistle	{	i.	4	54	Rich-jeweled..	i.	6	25		
Attorneyship..	v.	5	56					Misconceived..	{	v.	4	40	Rigorously ....	v.	4	52		
				Fickleness .....	v.	3	134	*Moody-mad...	{	iv.	2	50						
Bachelorship ..	v.	4	13	*First-begotten	ii.	5	65	Motions (verb).	{	i.	3	63	Sack <sup>14</sup> (sub.) ..	ii.	2	15		
Bartered .....	i.	4	31	Fling (sub.)....	iii.	1	64					Sapless .....	{	ii.	5	12		
Blood-sacrifice.	v.	3	20	Fly-blown.....	iv.	7	76	*Nero-like <sup>11</sup> ...	{	i.	4	95	Servility .....	{	iv.	5	4	
Blood-thirsty..	ii.	3	34					Nestor-like ....	{	ii.	5	0	Servility .....	v.	3	113		
Bloomed <sup>1</sup> .....	i.	6	7	Foil <sup>2</sup> (sub.)....	{	v.	3	23	*Now-begot...	{	i.	1	79	Skirmish (verb)	{	i.	2	34
Bold-faced <sup>2</sup> ...	iv.	6	12	Fruition.....	v.	5	9	Nourish (sub.)	{	i.	1	50	Stabliish .....	v.	1	19		
*Bull-boeves...	i.	2	9	*Full-replete ..	v.	5	17	Nurser .....	{	iv.	7	46	Strong-fixed...	ii.	5	102		
												Stubbornly....	iv.	1	94			
Cannon-shot...	iii.	3	79	Gimmals.....	i.	2	41	Off-snbdued...	{	i.	5	32	Studiously ....	iii.	1	2		
Captivate (adj.)	{	ii.	3	Guardant <sup>4</sup> (sub.)	iv.	7	9	Otherwhiles...	{	i.	2	7	Subtle-witted..	i.	1	25		
	{	v.	3					Over-awe .....	{	i.	1	30	Subverts .....	ii.	3	65		
Co-equal .....	v.	1	33	Hedge-born .....	iv.	1	43	Over-daring...	{	iv.	4	5	Taint <sup>17</sup> .....	v.	3	183		
Condescend ...	{	v.	3	High-minded ..	i.	5	12	Over-long .....	{	v.	3	13	Tawny-coats...	iii.	1	74		
	{	v.	3	*Hungry-starved	i.	5	16	Over-mounting	{	iv.	7	15	*Thrice-victorious	iv.	7	67		
Confusedly ....	i.	1	118					Overpassed .....	{	ii.	5	117	Turtle-doves...	ii.	2	39		
Confutation....	iv.	1	98	Immanity.....	v.	1	13	Over-tedious ..	{	iii.	3	43						
Contumeliously	i.	3	58	Immortalized ..	i.	2	148	Over-veiled ..	{	ii.	2	2	Unbidden .....	ii.	2	55		
Cornets.....	iv.	3	25	Imperiously <sup>8</sup> ..	i.	3	5					Unchain.....	v.	3	31			
Corrosive (adj.)	iii.	3	3	Incantations...	v.	3	27	Pamphlets <sup>12</sup> ...	{	iii.	1	2	Unfallible .....	i.	2	59		
Couched <sup>3</sup> .....	iii.	2	134	Inhearsed <sup>9</sup> ...	iv.	7	45	Parked .....	{	iv.	2	45	Unpremeditated	i.	2	88		
Crazy .....	iii.	2	89	Inshipped .....	v.	1	49	Patronage (verb)	{	iii.	1	48	Unready .....	{	ii.	1	39	
Crestless .....	ii.	4	85	Intermissive...	i.	1	88					Unvanquished.	v.	4	141			
				Keen-edged....	i.	2	98	Periapts .....	{	v.	3	2	Uptart (sub.)..	iv.	7	87		
*Deep-premedi-				Kennel <sup>10</sup> .....	iv.	2	47	Pithless .....	{	ii.	5	11	*Vile-esteemed	i.	4	38		
tated.....	iii.	1	1					Platforms <sup>13</sup> ...	{	ii.	1	77						
Disagree.....	iv.	1	140	Lither .....	iv.	7	21	Potter .....	{	i.	5	19	Warrantize <sup>16</sup> ...	i.	3	13		
Dismimates...	iii.	1	183	*Lofty-plumed.	v.	3	25	*Practisants...	{	iii.	2	20	War-wearied ..	iv.	4	18		
Discomfiture...	i.	1	59	Louted .....	iv.	3	13	Precinct.....	{	ii.	1	68	Wist .....	iv.	1	186		
Distrustful ....	i.	2	120					Preciseness...	{	v.	4	67	Writhled.....	ii.	3	23		
Dizzy-eyed....	iv.	7	11	Magniflent....	iv.	7	75	Proditor.....	{	i.	3	31						
Dogfish.....	i.	4	107	Market-bell....	iii.	2	16	Putrefy (trans.)	{	iv.	7	90						
Due (verb).....	iv.	2	34	Market-folks ..	iii.	2	15	Quittance (verb)	{	ii.	1	14						
*Easy-held ....	v.	3	139					*Raging-wood.	{	iv.	7	35						
Effused .....	v.	4	52					Rascal-like....	{	iv.	2	49						
Enrank .....	i.	1	115					Raw-boned...	{	i.	2	35						
Enshrines.....	iii.	2	119					Reflex (verb) ..	{	v.	4	87						

1 The substantive bloom occurs twice in Shakespeare: the verb only in this passage.

2 Occurs in Venus and Adonis, 6.

3 Use of fixing a lance in the rest; in other senses the verb is used frequently.

4 Lucraee, 313.

5 In the sense of "defeat." In other senses it is used in several places.

6 In Coriolanus, v. 2. 67; Jack guardant occurs, where the word is probably used as an adj.

7 This is the reading of Ff. See note 102.

8 Venus and Adonis, 265.

9 Occurs in Sonn. lxxvi. 3.

10 Used as a pack of dogs; in other senses it occurs elsewhere.

11 See note 99.

12 Lucraee Dedic. 1.

13 In the sense of "plans," "schemes." In its ordinary sense platform occurs Hamlet, i. 2. 213, 225; Oth. ii. 3. 134.

14 —the sacking of a town. It is used frequently as the name of a kind of wine.

15 —working a spell or enchantment.

16 See note 93.

17 —taunted.

18 Sonn. cl. 7.

<sup>1</sup> The substantive bloom occurs twice in Shakespeare: the verb only in this passage.

<sup>2</sup> Occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, 6.

<sup>3</sup> Used of fixing a lance in the rest; in other senses the verb is used frequently.

<sup>4</sup> *Lucrece*, 313.

<sup>5</sup> In the sense of "defeat." In other senses it is used in several places.

<sup>6</sup> In *Coriolanus*, v. 2. 67, Jack guardant occurs, where the word is probably used as an adj.

<sup>7</sup> This is the reading of *F*. See note 102.

<sup>8</sup> *Venus and Adonis*, 365.

<sup>9</sup> Occurs in *Sonn.* lxxxvi. 3.

<sup>10</sup> Used = a pack of dogs; in other senses it occurs elsewhere.

<sup>11</sup> See note 99.

<sup>12</sup> *Lucrece* Dedie. 1.

<sup>13</sup> In the sense of "plans," "schemes." In its ordinary sense platform occurs *Hamlet*, i. 2. 213, 295; *Oth.* ii. 3. 134.

<sup>14</sup> = the sacking of a town. It is used frequently as the name of a kind of wine.

<sup>15</sup> = working a spell or enchantment.

<sup>16</sup> See note 93.

<sup>17</sup> = tainted.

<sup>18</sup> *Sonn.* cl. 7.



# EMENDATIONS ON KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

30. i. 1. 60: *Gulenne, Champagne, Rheims, ROUEN, Orleans.*  
 43. i. 1. 95: *The Duke Alençon fieth to his side.*  
 44. i. 1. 96: *The Dauphin CROWN'D king! AND all fly to him!*  
 46. i. 1. 128: *Cried out amain, A Talbot! HO! a Talbot!*  
 50. i. 1. 159: *The Earl of Salisbury CRAVES A supply.*  
 52. i. 1. 174: *for me NO THING remains.*  
 58. i. 2. 25: *THAT Salisbury's a desperate homicide.*  
 70. i. 2. 102: *Then come ON, o' God's name; I fear no woman. So Keightley.*  
 77. i. 2. 148: *Drive them from Orleans, be immortaliz'd.*

### Note

94. i. 4. 16-18:  
*And even FOR these three days have I watch'd,  
 If I could see them.  
 Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.*  
 116. ii. 2. 54: *No, truly, NO; 't is more than manners will.*  
 137. ii. 5. 76: *Unto the third King Edward.*  
 138. ii. 5. 82, 83:  
*Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,  
 Succeeding his SIRE Bolingbroke, did reign.*  
 146. iii. 1. 29: *Were I ambitious, covetous, or WORSE.*  
 178. iii. 4. 7: *Twelve cities, seven walled towns of strength.*  
 179. iii. 4. 13: *Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester?*

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

### Note

55. i. 2. 7: *O' the whites.*  
 173. iii. 3. 47: *As looks the mother on her LONELY babe.*  
 188. iv. 1. 175: *RIGHT prettily did play the orator.*  
 230. v. 1. 59: *That NOR in birth, NOR IN authority.*

### Note

264. v. 4. 171, 172:  
*Nor be rebellious TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND,  
 Thou, nor thy nobles.*

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**KING HENRY THE SIXTH.**

**HUMPHREY**, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.

**CARDINAL BEAUFORT**, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.

**RICHARD PLANTAGENET**, Duke of York.

**EDWARD** and **RICHARD**, his sons.

**DUKE OF SOMERSET.**

**DUKE OF SUFFOLK.**

**DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**

**LORD CLIFFORD.**

**YOUNG CLIFFORD**, his son.

**EARL OF SALISBURY.**

**EARL OF WARWICK.**

**LORD SCALES.**

**LORD SAY.**

**SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD**, and **WILLIAM STAFFORD**, his brother.

**SIR JOHN STANLEY**

**VAUX.**

**MATTHEW GOUGH.**

**WALTER WHITMORE.**

**A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.**

**ALEXANDER IDEN**, a Kentish gentleman.

**JOHN HUME** and **JOHN SOUTHWELL**, two priests.

**ROGER BOLINGBROKE**, a conjuror.

**THOMAS HOKNER**, an Armourer. **PETER**, his man.

**CLERK OF CHATHAM.** **MAYOR OF ST. ALBANS.**

**SAUNDER SIMPCOX**, an impostor.

**JACK CADE**, a rebel.

**GEORGE BEVIS**, **JOHN HOLLAND**, **DICK the Butcher**, **SMITH the Weaver**, **MICHAEL, &c.**, his followers.

**Two Murderers.**

**MARGARET**, Queen to King Henry.

**ELEANOR**, Duchess of Gloucester.

**MARGERY JOURDAIN**, a Witch, wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers,  
Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c. A Spirit.

SCENE--In various parts of England.

### TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Daniel, occupies fourteen days, as represented on the stage, "with intervals, suggesting a period in all of say, at the outside, a couple of years."

**Day 1:** Act I. Scene 1.—Interval (?) eighteen months.

**Day 2:** Act I. Scenes 2-4

**Day 3:** Act II. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval a month at least

**Day 4:** Act II. Scene 3.—Interval at least two days.

**Day 5:** Act II. Scene 4.—Interval about twenty-seven days.

**Day 6:** Act III. Scene 1.—Interval a few days.

**Day 7:** Act III. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval three days or more.

**Day 8:** Act IV. Scene 1.

**Day 9:** Act IV. Scenes 2, 3

**Day 10:** Act IV. Scenes 4-7.

**Day 11:** Act IV. Scene 8.

**Day 12:** Act IV. Scene 9.—Interval three or four days.

**Day 13:** Act IV. Scene 10.

**Day 14:** Act V. Scenes 1-3.

### HISTORIC PERIOD.

22nd April, 1445, to 23rd May, 1455.

# KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

## INTRODUCTION—PARTS II. III.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The connection between the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. is so close that we have thought it best, as far as the Introduction is concerned, not to treat them separately. With regard to the sources whence they are derived, the literary history of these plays is very clear. We have more than one edition of the two old plays from which the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., as they were first published in the Folio of 1623, were adapted by Shakespeare. As to the authorship of these two plays, whether they were the work of one, or more than one author, a controversy has been going on ever since the days of Malone; and will go on most probably till the end of time. The theory that they are merely imperfect copies of the two latter Parts of Henry VI., as we have them in the Folio 1623, is quite untenable. It seems beyond dispute that the Second Part of Henry VI. is an adaptation of a play first printed in quarto (Q. 1)<sup>1</sup> in 1594, and called "The | First part of the Con- | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall | of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion | of Iacke Cade: | And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the | Crowne. | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters | Church in Cornwall. | 1594. | ." The Cambridge edd. in their preface (p. vii) to I. Henry VI., say: "The only copy known of this edition is in the Bodleian

Library (Malone, Add. 870), and is probably the same which was once in Malone's possession, and which he collated with the second Quarto printed in 1600."

In his preface to the reprint of *The Contention and The True Tragedy*, edited by him for the Shakespeare Society, and again reprinted by Hazlitt in his *Shakespeare Library* (pt. 2, vols. i. ii.), Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps doubts that the Bodleian copy is the same as the one in Malone's possession. The Cambridge edd. give their reasons at length, reasons which are perfectly satisfactory, for believing that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps was mistaken. At any rate no trace of the existence of any other edition of this play has been found.

The second edition (Q. 2) of the First Part of *The Contention* appeared in quarto, in 1600, with the following title: "The | First part of the Con- | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the | death of the good Duke | Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolke, and the tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of | Iacke Cade: | And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the | Crowne. | LONDON | Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and | are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church | in Cornewall. | 1600. | " The Cambridge edd. say (p. ix) "Copies with this title are in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and in the Bodleian (Malone, 867). An imperfect copy, wanting the last seven leaves, is in the Capell collection. Another impression bearing the same date, 'Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington,' is said to exist, but we have been unable to find it." The only evidence of the existence of this edition is a MS. title, prefixed to a copy of Q. 2 in the Bodleian (Malone 36), which Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Stokes describes it as "A 12mo edition" (p. 6); but it is always described as a small quarto. It was entered on the Register of Stationers' Hall on March 12th, 1593-94.

Halliwell-Phillipps seems to have mistaken for a separate edition. We are indebted to the careful collation by the Cambridge Editors of this copy with that in the Capell collection for the establishment of the fact that it is not a separate edition.

In 1619 a third edition (Q. 3) without date, printed by Isaac Jaggard, and comprising also "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," appeared with the following title: "The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | With the Tragical end of the good Duke | Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, | and King Henrie the | sixt. | Divided into two Parts; And newly corrected and | enlarged. Written by William Shake- | speare, Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T. P. | "

In 1595 The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York (quoted as Q. 1), upon which III. Henry VI. is indisputably based, was published in small 8vo, with the following title: "The | true Tragedie of Richard | Duke of Yorke, and the death of | good King Henrie the Sixt, | with the whole contention betweene | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honour- | able the Earl of Pem- | brooke his seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling- | ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder | Saint Peters Church in | Cornwal, 1595."

In 1600 the second edition (Q. 2) was published with the following title: "The | True Tragedie of | Richard Duke of | Yorke, and the death of good | King Henrie the Sixt: | With the whole contention betweene the two | Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was | sundry times acted by the Right | Honourable the Earle | of Pembroke his | seruantes. | Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint | Peters Church in Corne- wall. | 1600. | " The Cambridge edd. (p. x) say, "Copies of this edition are in the Duke of Devonshire's Library, the Bodleian (Malone, 36), and the British Museum."

The third edition (Q. 3) of The True Tragedy, forming the second part of The Whole Contention, instead of title-page bears the heading, "The Second Part. | Containing the Tragedie

of | Richard Duke of Yorke, and the | good King Henrie the | Sixt. | "

The other sources, from which the dramatist, or dramatists, took their material, were Hall's Chronicle, whether from the original or from Holinshed, and the Mirror for Magistrates. There are very few, if any, original incidents or details introduced either by the authors of the two older plays or by Shakespeare.

The most important points of those in dispute are these two: First, had Shakespeare anything to do with The Contention and The True Tragedy, as they have come down to us in their published form? Secondly, did anyone assist Shakespeare in the adaptation of these plays as they appear in the First Folio under the title of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.? As to the first question, it greatly depends upon whether The Contention and True Tragedy have really come down to us in their original form, or whether they had been touched up by Shakespeare's or any other hand, before they were printed. As to this point we have no direct evidence of any kind, and very little indirect. As to the second question, we have nothing to rely upon but internal evidence; and what there is of that points most strongly to Marlowe, if to anyone, as Shakespeare's coadjutor. There are undoubtedly some of the added passages in these plays which strongly resemble Marlowe's style,<sup>1</sup> and which lead us to believe that either he assisted Shakespeare in the adaptation of the old plays, or, if not, that Shakespeare, consciously or unconsciously, imitated the style of the older dramatist.

The theory held by Johnson and Steevens, and adopted by Knight, Ulrici, Delius, &c., that Shakespeare wrote The Contention and The True Tragedy as well as the revised editions printed in F. 1, may be dismissed as untenable; and so may the singular contention of Mr. Fleay (see Macmillan's Magazine, Nov. 1875) that the whole of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. are by Peele and Marlowe; and that Shakespeare revised these plays, though he did not write them, about 1601 (see Stokes, p. 10). The most generally received

<sup>1</sup> For one instance, see II. Henry VI. note 195.

## INTRODUCTION.

opinion is, that Greene, and Marlowe, and, perhaps, Peele, wrote the two oldest plays, and that Shakespeare altered them into the form in which they have come down to us in F. 1.

By far the best account of the whole of the history of these plays, and of the controversy concerning their authorship, will be found in a most admirable paper by Miss Jane Lee (*New Shak. Soc. Transactions*, 1875-6, part 2, pp. 217-219). Miss Lee comes to the conclusion that *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were by Marlowe and Greene, and that possibly Peele had some share in them; that they are *not* imperfect representations of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.; that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the older plays, and that he was probably helped by Marlowe in altering them into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. She gives several resemblances of verbal expression and of thought, in both *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, to the acknowledged works of Marlowe and of Greene; and several allusions from both dramatists, especially from Marlowe's *Edward II.*, which are either repeated or imitated in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*.

As to the external evidence which tells against Shakespeare having had anything to do with the two older plays, it may be noted that Miss Lee insists very strongly on what Mr. Halliwell-Phillips pointed out in his Introduction to the republication of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* (see Hazlitt, pp. 388, 389), namely, that Millington did not put Shakespeare's name to either of these plays, not even in the edition published as late as 1600; that after the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare, except the early edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, and the first edition of *Hamlet* (Q. 1, 1603), were published without his name on the title-page; that it was not till 1619, or three years after Shakespeare's death, that the Two Parts were published together by Pavier, to whom the copyright had been transferred, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page. This gentleman appears to have done a great business in spurious Shakespearean plays, but not during the poet's lifetime. After his death he published Sir John Oldcastle, The

Yorkshire Tragedy, and *The Puritan*; stating that they were written by William Shakespeare, though we know that he had nothing on earth to do with any of them. The omission by Meres, writing in 1598, of any mention either of any of the Three Parts of Henry VI. or of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* among the list of Shakespeare's plays, although he gives *Titus Andronicus*, is a strong negative argument against the theory that Shakespeare was part author of the older plays.

Of contemporary allusions to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., the most important is the well-known passage from Greene's *Groats-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentaunce*: "for there is an vpstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie" (*Shakespeare Allusion Books*, Series iv. No. 1, p. 30).

This passage seems to prove, first, that Greene had a share in the two earlier plays; secondly, that Shakespeare was the person who afterwards adapted them, and perhaps more or less adopted them as his own, in the shape of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

In the Epilogue to Henry V. (lines 9-14) there is a manifest allusion to all Three Parts of Henry VI.:

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King

Of France and England, did this king succeed;

Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France and made his England bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,

In your fair minds, let this acceptance take.

This passage seems to prove beyond all doubt, that Shakespeare considered all Three Parts of Henry VI. as at least partly his own. Line 11 seems to refer especially to I. Henry VI.; line 12 to II. Henry VI.; while line 13 seems to imply that more than one play was alluded to. Still it is, perhaps, but fair to admit that the reference may be only to the First Part of Henry VI.; and that "their sake" might be nothing but a careless use of

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the plural possessive, or might refer to the characters in the play.

The question as to whether Shakespeare had any hand in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, as they have come down to us, is one very difficult to determine. On the one hand, there are many passages in the two older plays—one may almost say whole scenes—which, as far as we can judge from internal evidence, after making every allowance for the crudity of Shakespeare's style when first writing for the stage, we cannot bring ourselves to believe were written by him. On the other hand, there are speeches and scenes of such merit, many of which we find to have undergone little or no alteration in the revised versions, that we feel tempted to claim them for Shakespeare. But what is more important than the mere language of the plays, the characterization, in two important instances—those of Queen Margaret and Richard, Duke of Gloucester—is nearly as complete in the older plays as it is in the revised versions. If we hold that *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were the works of two or more joint authors, not including Shakespeare, it would be unjust to attribute to these joint authors the demerits of the two older plays, and not to credit them with the merits such as they are. It must, in fairness, be granted that whoever wrote the soliloquy of Gloucester in *The True Tragedy*, to him belongs the credit of the original conception of the Richard who is the hero of Richard III. True it is that Shakespeare, in the latter play, may have very much elaborated the character, but all the main features of the intellectual and unscrupulous egotist, who makes love to Lady Anne over the coffin of her late husband, are to be found in the Gloucester who speaks these remarkable lines (*III. Henry VI. v. 6. 81-83*):

And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me: I am myself alone

(identically the same as in *The True Tragedy*, p. 102); while the fascinating hypocrisy, if one may use such an expression, of the murderer of the young princes is epitomized in that line (*III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 182*):

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,

nearly word for word the same as in *The True Tragedy* (p. 64):

Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile.

Also with regard to Queen Margaret; however much her speeches may be improved in the revised editions, and however easily we may trace the touches of Shakespeare's poetic fancy in many scenes in which she figures—in that, for instance, between her and Suffolk in the Second Part—still we must admit that the resolute and purposeful woman, who struggles so boldly against every difficulty almost with success, even against the greatest difficulty of all, the paralyzing influence of her too gentle and too conscientious husband, exists in the Margaret of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; and that the development of her character in Richard III. is but a development and not a creation. No one can read carefully *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* without perceiving that there are passages where all sense, and rhythm, and metre seem wanting; passages the language of which is of the baldest description. On the other hand, there are also passages evidently written by one who was a master of blank verse, as far as its capacities were then developed; by one who had no little sense of dramatic effect as well as poetic fancy and vigour. It is also clear, when we compare the revised versions as printed in the Folio with the older plays, that the former are something more than a mere correction of transcribers' or printers' errors, an amplification of scenes or of individual speeches; they are, evidently, the result of a careful revision and partial rewriting by one who was at once a poet and a practical dramatist. It is therefore a perfectly fair and reasonable theory to suppose that the two plays were, originally, the work of other authors than Shakespeare; while to him belongs the merit of the additions and the improvements found in the revised edition. But it is scarcely fair or reasonable to say that every passage in the older plays, which is of sufficient merit to have been Shakespeare's, and which we cannot assign to any one of his contemporaries, was therefore written by him; but that for faults in those plays he is in no way responsible. What is

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more just and reasonable, and probably nearer the truth, is that Shakespeare *did* assist the authors of the older plays; but that he was at the time an unknown man, and quite unpractised in his art. He therefore did not carry so much influence with him as did his older and more experienced collaborators, who might fairly expect to receive the far larger share, if not the whole, of the credit attached to the work. But, as Shakespeare advanced in the estimation not only of those connected with the theatres but also of the public, the rumour would get about that he was, at least, part author of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; and perhaps rather more than his due share of the merit of these plays would have been assigned to him. This could not but have irritated Greene and his other coadjutors; and the well-known passage in Greene's *Groats-worth of Wit*, already quoted, was the result. Afterwards, when Shakespeare had established his position in the theatre, he would very naturally take up again *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; and, having conceived the idea of writing a play on the subject of Richard III., would revise them with as much care as his inclination or his other occupations allowed.

### STAGE HISTORY.

There does not appear to be any record of the performance either of *The Contention* or *The True Tragedy*, in their unadapted shapes. We only know from the title-page of the first edition of *The True Tragedy* that it had been acted by the Earl of Pembroke's servants sundry times before 1595. On none of the title-pages of *The Contention* is any mention made of its having been performed. It will be observed that both Q. 1 and Q. 2 of *The True Tragedy* have on them "*The True Tragedy*," &c., "with the whole contention between the Houses of Lancaster and York," although they only contain the Second Part properly speaking; the third edition of 1619 is also called *The Whole Contention*, and does include both parts. We may therefore infer that the First Part, usually called *The Contention*, was acted as well as *The True Tragedy*, which forms its sequel. It is not very probable that the play

mentioned by Henslowe (see Introduction to I. Henry VI.) contained any portion of *The Contention* or of *The True Tragedy*; and there is no mention of the performance of either the Second or Third Parts of Henry VI. As to the two plays, after they had been altered by Shakespeare and their titles changed, there is no mention of them in Henslowe, Downes, or Pepys. The only contemporary reference—and that not an over complimentary one—to the performance of these two plays is to be found in the Prologue to Ben Jonson's *Every Man In His Humour*:

Though need make many poets, and some such  
As art and nature have not better'd much;  
Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,  
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,  
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,  
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:  
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed  
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,  
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,  
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,  
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,  
And in the tying-house bring wounds to scars.

—Works, vol. i. p. 4.

This Prologue will have to be again alluded to with reference to the plays of Henry V. and *Winter's Tale*. Gifford says that it was probably written in 1596, but does not appear to have been given to the press till 1616; and he maintains that the references are not to Shakespeare's plays, but to others; and that the reference to *York and Lancaster's long jars* is to the old chronicle plays, that is to say, I suppose, to *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and not to Shakespeare's adaptations of those plays. It is quite possible that Gifford may be right. At the same time, if Jonson did refer to Shakespeare's plays, there is nothing very malicious in such a reference. It is quite possible that the two poets might still be very good friends, and yet thoroughly appreciate the very distinct qualities of each other. In fact, as Shakespeare himself, in his own Prologue to Henry V. (spoken by the Chorus), ridicules the scantiness of the devices by which battles were represented on the stage, he would, probably, have not regarded it as anything malignant in the other poet, who represented what we might call the ultra



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classical school, if he did venture to chaff his older friend for availing himself of those mechanical devices which, in spite of that inadequacy of which he himself as a dramatist was too sensible, yet pleased the people. Thus much it is as well to say on this subject of the alleged ill feeling between Jonson and Shakespeare, at the first opportunity which occurs; and the subject may now be dismissed with the remark, that a great deal more has been made of this supposed enmity, both by Malone, who first formalized the indictment against Jonson, and by Gifford, who defended his favourite and congenial author with an earnestness almost fanatical.

The first record of any performance of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. to be found in Genest, is of the version produced by Crowne at Dorset Garden, 1681, which was called "Henry VI. Part II. or The Misery of Civil War," and was a continuation of the play already noticed in the Introduction to I. Henry VI. Although this play was acted during the period included in Downes's historic review of the stage, it is not mentioned by him; probably because it was acted only two or three times. In this play, Betterton played the part of the Earl of Warwick; Mrs. Lee that of Queen Margaret, and Mrs. Betterton that of Lady Grey. Genest gives the following account: "In this play a good deal is taken verbatim, or with slight alteration, from Shakespeare, but much less is borrowed than in the former part. Crown in the Prologue says—

The Divine Shakespeare did not lay one stone.

Which is as impudent a lie as ever was broached—Steevens observes, that surely Shakespeare's works could have been but little read at a period when Crown could venture such an assertion.

"Act 1st.—Jack Cade opens the play with the scenes in Shakespeare's 2d. part not very materially altered.—Young Clifford kills him instead of Iden—but not on the stage—the Duke of York claims the Crown—he is supported by Warwick, and opposed by Clifford.

"Act 2d. begins with the battle of St. Albans—not materially altered—Edward Plantagenet says—

I fought with more dispatch,  
'Cause had the battle lasted, 'twould have spoil'd  
An Assignment that I have to night.

"Warwick sees Lady Grey weeping over her husband's dead body, and falls in love with her—Edward enters pulling in Lady Eleanor Butler—he makes violent love to her, but is obliged to leave her just as she is about to capitulate—the King and the Duke of York make the same agreement about the Crown, as they do in the 1st scene of Shakspeare's 3d. part.

"Act the 3d. begins with the scene at Sandal Castle badly altered—Lady Eleanor Butler enters, to Edward, in a riding dress—Edward protests he will not lose a second opportunity—then follow two scenes by Crown—in one of them—'The scene is drawn, and there appears Houses and Towns burning, Men and Women hang'd upon Trees, and Children on the tops of Pikes.'

"Act 4th.—Clifford begins with saying to King Henry

Damn your unlucky planets—

And a little after

Oh! damn all this—come let us to the battle.

After he has received his mortal wound—Edward, Warwick &c. jeer him, (as in Shakespeare) and conclude he must be dead as he does not swear—Crown makes him recover for a moment just to say—'Damnation on you all'—Lady Grey is discovered—Warwick renews his love, and is again rejected—She is married to King Edward, and as soon as the ceremony is over, Lady Eleanor Butler enters, and reproaches the King for deserting her—Warwick takes Edward prisoner.

"Act 5th.—King Henry is restored—Edward makes his escape—then comes the battle at Barnet—Lady Eleanor Butler enters in boy's clothes, and is killed by King Edward, who did not know who she was—he next kills Warwick—Queen Margaret and her Son are brought in prisoners, as in Shakespeare—the scene changes to the Tower—the ghost of Richard the 2d and a good Spirit appear to Henry the 6th—Richard Plantagenet kills—and King Edward concludes the play

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(Genest, vol. i. pp. 305, 306). The Second Part is said to have been published in 1680, a year before the First Part; but it is not likely that it was written before. The latter play is full of bits of claptrap, conceived in that spirit of ultra loyalty which distinguished Crowne, and which the eminent virtues of the Merry Monarch were so calculated to excite. The next production of these plays, or of any version of them, was at Drury Lane Theatre, 1723; when a version by Theophilus Cibber was introduced on July 5th, the title of which was, "An Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster in the reign of King Henry 6th—altered from Shakspeare—containing the marriages of King Edward the 4th and Young Prince Edward with Lady Grey and Lady Anne—the distresses of Queen Margaret—the deposing of King Henry 6th—the battles fought at St. Albans, Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, and Tewksbury—the deaths of Lord Clifford of Cumberland and his Son, the Duke of York, his son young Rutland, the great Earl of Warwick, and young Prince Edward and many other true historical passages (B.M.)" (Genest, vol. iii. p. 110). Theophilus Cibber was a young man, who does not appear to have ventured on the humorous freaks of originality in which Crowne indulged. The principal additions seem to consist of love scenes between Prince Edward and Lady Anne, the second daughter of Warwick, and a few tedious speeches by the adapter himself. He availed himself to a considerable extent of Crowne's version. Genest says, "T. Cibber's alteration is a very bad one; he has, however, retained considerably more of the original than Crown had done" (vol. iii. p. 112). "The name of Savage appears in the cast as the representative of the Duke of York; and it appears that this was Richard Savage, the poet, who was the friend of Theophilus Cibber, and, possibly, may have assisted him in concocting this version of Shakspeare's plays. According to Johnson, Savage was a very bad actor; but, as the Duke of York is killed in act ii. It is quite possible he may have been entrusted with that character. Young Cibber himself played Edward Prince of Wales; and

young Wilks played young Clifford. This version was only represented once.

It appears to have been a long time before any attempt was made to revive these two plays in any shape whatever. In 1818 Edmund Kean appeared at Drury Lane Theatre as Richard Duke of York, in a play with that title. This version was by Mr. Merivale, the grandfather of Mr. Herman Merivale, the dramatist, and seems to have attained greater success on the stage than any previous adaptation of Shakspeare's Henry VI. The first act is chiefly taken from I. Henry VI. The rest of the play is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. with two or three scenes from III. Henry VI. in the last act, which ends with the death of the Duke of York. Of course it was necessary to amplify the principal character to make it worth the while of the great tragedian to undertake it; and this has been done, very tastefully and ingeniously, by the insertion of some well-chosen passages from other Elizabethan dramatists, principally from Chapman; no other play of Shakspeare's being put under contribution. In the preface to the published edition of this play Mr. Merivale, in very temperate language, joins issue with some of his critics whose conflicting opinions were certainly difficult to reconcile; one of these ingenious gentlemen, finding fault with the compiler for modernizing Shakspeare, selected as "his favourite passage in the original" the short scene between York and Rutland, introduced with great propriety, from a dramatic point of view, before the murder of Rutland; that being one of the very few passages written by Mr. Merivale himself! It would appear from this that the knowledge of Shakspeare, possessed by the critics of that day, was neither as wide nor as deep as it is now. Barry Cornwall, in his *Life of Edmund Kean*<sup>1</sup> says (vol. ii. p. 178): "Kean produced some striking effects in the part of Richard, and always spoke of it in terms of high eulogium." The cast of "Richard Duke of York" included, among other well-known names, Wallack as Young Clifford; T. P. Cooke as Buckingham; Munden as Jack Cade; and Mrs. Glover as Margaret

<sup>1</sup> The work was published by Moxon in 1835.

of Anjou. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Herman Merivale for the loan of his copy of this play, which contains numerous MS. alterations and additions in the handwriting of his grandfather; the title-page is dated 1817, and the preface refers to various features in the representation of the play and to the criticisms thereon. Mr. Herman Merivale informs me, in a letter, that the play was first represented in 1816, so that the date 1818 given in the *Life of Kean* above referred to, must, if correct, refer to a revival of the play, not to its first production. The only other occasion on which any version of Henry VI. has been represented, as far as I can discover, was at the Surrey Theatre in 1863, when, under the management of Mr. Anderson, a version of I. Henry VI. was presented, called *The Wars of the Roses*, and was played some thirty or forty nights. Mr. Anderson himself doubled the part of the Duke of York and Jack Cade. In the letter, in which he kindly gives me this information, he adds that "unfortunately the MS. with all books and papers were destroyed when the theatre was burnt down in the year 1864."

Whether any manager will think it worth his while to revive any one of the above-mentioned versions of these plays, or to give a representation of any one of the Three Parts of Henry VI. as Shakespeare revised them, is very doubtful. The number of characters introduced, the violent changes of scene, the confused mass of incidents, and the necessary division of interest among the characters, all tend to make the effective representation of these plays on the stage very difficult.

#### CRITICAL REMARKS.

In speaking of these two plays it is evident, from what has been said above as to their authorship, that one cannot treat them, any more than I. Henry VI., as being Shakespeare's own work. I cannot pretend to follow those who venture to portion out the lines of these plays between their different authors. For the purposes of criticism it is quite sufficient to accept the additional passages in F. 1 as being virtually the work of Shakespeare, whether Marlowe assisted him or not in the re-

vision. For what he chose to leave of the old plays in the revised editions of them he is responsible, as far as his taste as a poet and his judgment as a dramatist are concerned. Most critics do not hesitate to prefer these two plays, II. Henry VI. and III. Henry VI., to I. Henry VI.; and there is no doubt that they contain many more passages of merit both from a poetical and dramatic point of view; but the nature of their subject prevents them being as sympathetic as I. Henry VI. Indeed, had the same amount of talent and of pains been bestowed upon the latter, it would have more than held its own with the Parts founded upon *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*. But we may take it that not only was the original play, from which Shakespeare worked in the case of I. Henry VI., of inferior merit to those from which he adapted the two other Parts, but also that he bestowed less care upon the First Part than on the Second and Third; and, probably, that he had not, at the time he prepared the former for the stage, made much progress in his art. Otherwise, the play, which tells the story of Talbot's glorious victories and heroic death, of Joan of Arc's noble enthusiasm for her country, and of her cruel end, would have taken a much firmer hold upon our sympathies than these two somewhat monotonous records of grasping ambition, mean treachery, and bloodthirsty cruelty. For, after all, when we come, fresh from a careful reading of them, to look back upon these two plays, with what characters, crowded as they are with many and various individualities, can we sympathize? Scarcely with the ambitious and disingenuous York; or with Warwick, brave though he be, yet never setting his heart upon anything else but his own selfish ends, changing his allegiance with as little scruple as he changes his armour, whenever it suits his purpose; hardly with the uncles, wrangling over their royal nephew; or with Edward IV., young, brave, and handsome as he is, but sensual, and only less cruel because more indolent than his scheming, vulpine brother Richard. We can care little for Clarence, who has just enough audacity to be a traitor, without the courage to be loyal; nor do our hearts go out even to Margaret, loyal

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and nobly tenacious of purpose though she be; for the fiendish cruelty with which she triumphs over her enemy, York, almost justifies the abuse which is heaped upon her. Henry alone stands out, among the crowd of grasping, intriguing, and cruel men-slayers which surround him, gentle, merciful, thinking of others rather than of himself, shrinking with horror from severity even to those who had deserved it; with a heart that bleeds for his country's misfortunes, that is not only wrung with grief at the death of some friend of noble birth, but overflows with pity at the sorrows of the poorest of his unhappy subjects. Yet Henry lacks those qualities which rarely, if ever, coexist with such a character; he has neither resolution nor vigour to cope with the crowd of unscrupulous foes around him. Timid by nature, and morbidly averse to everything that wears the slightest appearance of cruelty, he yields when he should resist, entreats when he should command, and laments the crimes that he ought to punish. Among the minor characters, Humphrey of Gloucester stands out, perhaps, as the most prominent; we are intended to admire him, but the finger-post which points to his supposed good qualities is rather too obtrusive; and we feel that, in all the eloquent speeches he makes on behalf of his king, he says one word for his sovereign and three for himself. Nor can we quite get over his conduct to his duchess; having raised her from something worse than, an insignificant position to that of his wife, we feel that he might be a little more indulgent to her ambition, which is not altogether selfish; and that, in the hour of her humiliation, he might sympathize with her more and preach to her less. Indeed, his conduct, after her performance of her painful and degrading penance, almost prepares us for his own fate as an act of poetic justice. Figures that, for the moment, attract our sympathy and touch our hearts, like those of the young Rutland, or of Edward Prince of Wales, or of Lady Grey, flit across the crowded scene, and are gone almost before we have time to admire them. It was inevitable, perhaps, from the nature of the subject, that the interest should be dissipated among so many characters, that neither play seems to have any

hero at all. Margaret might be made the heroine; but the attempts, clever as they are, that have been made to invest one of the male characters with paramount interest, have almost inevitably failed.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but there is nothing more pathetic in these two plays—except, perhaps, the beautiful episode of the father and son, III. Henry VI. ii. 5.—than the absence of one character, whom we should certainly have expected to have seen taking a prominent part in the stirring incidents of those times. I mean Katharine, the young and happy bride of Henry V., so soon left a widow, with nothing but her infant child to comfort her. One remembers the bright scene of her courtship by Henry (Henry V. act v. scene 2); one reads of the enthusiasm and delight with which she was welcomed by the people of England as the beautiful young bride of their genuinely beloved king; one pictures the exultant pride with which, directly she was well enough to travel, she hastened to France to show her husband their infant child, and the joyous days of festivity passed there: then comes the sudden death of King Henry in the pride of life, and the fair promise of happiness is blighted for ever. For the first two years Katharine seems to have held her proper place as mother of the young king; but when the child was only three years old the mother was deposed, and Dame Alice Boteller was appointed as governess of the infant monarch. The history of the young queen-dowager's disgrace is shrouded in mystery; probably her attachment to Owen Tudor, whom she subsequently married, was thus early discovered. But from an historical as well as from a dramatic point of view her complete effacement is to be much regretted. The whole face of English history might have been changed, if Katharine could have taken and held the position which, of right, belonged to her. She had the enormous advantage of her dead husband's name to conjure by, and what an advantage it was we learn from the speech of Clifford to Jack Cade's followers. Only give to this queen-mother half the energy and decision of character which Margaret had, and

what might she not have achieved for her son's cause? Margaret did much; but it must be remembered that she always laboured under the great and insuperable disadvantage of being connected, in the public mind, with the disgraceful cession of English territory to France. Katharine had come as a foreigner indeed, but also as a beautiful messenger of peace to England, and a guarantee of her husband's succession to the fair land of France. If, indeed, her *mésalliance* was the sole reason for her being entirely excluded from taking any part in the care and education of her own child, what more striking anomaly can there be, than this relentless enforcement of the decrees of conventional etiquette, in a society which held human life in less respect than was ever the case in any civilized community; in an age when ferocious cruelty was the rule rather than the exception? But Katharine had her revenge: if, unwilling to mix herself with the intrigues of her proud and unscrupulous brothers-in-law, she sought refuge from the turmoil of the life around her in a simple marriage of affection, she became the direct ancestress of one of the most powerful race of monarchs that ever sat on the English throne.

But to return to our main subject: the merit, literary and dramatic, of these plays is no doubt considerable; and, allowing for the inherent difficulty of dealing with events so varied and characters so numerous, it must be confessed that the authors have exhibited

great variety and power. As acted dramas, the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. could never very much impress a modern audience. But, if we can only get over the horrid atmosphere of bloodshed which pervades these plays, they are capable of affording great pleasure to the reader. There is much study of character in them; and there are detached scenes which are very dramatic. As for the humorous portion, that which treats of Jack Cade's rebellion, many of the critics seem inclined to think that the existence of these scenes in the older plays points to Shakespeare having had a hand in their composition. For my part, except in that very characteristic contempt for the morality of King Mob, which Shakespeare never loses the opportunity of accentuating, I confess that I cannot see anything in the Jack Cade scenes that might not have been written by almost any one of Shakespeare's contemporaries. Let any reader take up either of the Parts of Henry IV., or Henry V., and he will see how distinctly superior Shakespeare's humour is when it is his own; or, if it be fairer to compare the humour, such as it is, of these plays with some of Shakespeare's undoubtedly early works, the Comedy of Errors, or Two Gentlemen of Verona, will suffice. If Shakespeare's claim to have been part author of The Contention and The True Tragedy rests chiefly on the humours of Jack Cade and his company of rebels, we may feel ourselves at perfect liberty to believe that he had no share in them whatever.



*First Petil. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by.—(Act I. 3. 1, 2)*

## KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A room of state in the Palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter on one side KING HENRY, HUMPHRY DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, and others following.*

*Suf.* As from your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator<sup>1</sup> to your excellence,  
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,  
[So, in the famous ancient city Tours,  
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,  
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne,  
Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,  
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,

Deliver up my title in the queen 12  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent;  
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

*King.* Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, Queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love  
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20  
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Queen.* Great King of England and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,

By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,  
In courtly company or at my beads,  
With you, mine alder-lieft<sup>2</sup> sovereign,

<sup>1</sup> Procurator, substitute, proxy.

<sup>2</sup> Alder-lieft, dearest of all (Anglo-Saxon).

Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*King.* Her sight did ravish; but her grace  
in speech,

[Her words yclad<sup>1</sup> with wisdom's majesty,]  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping  
joys;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*Kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret,  
England's happiness!

*Queen.* We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

*Suff.* My lord protector, so it please your  
grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40  
Between our sovereign and the French king  
Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glo.* [*reads*] "*Imprimis*, It is agreed between  
the French king Charles, and William de la Pole,  
Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of  
England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the  
Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reigner King of  
Naples, Sicillia, and Jerusalem, [and crown her  
Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensu-  
ing.] *Item*, that the duchy of Anjou and the county  
of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king  
her father"— [*Lets the paper fall.*]

*King.* Uncle, how now!

*Glo.* Pardon me, gracious lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the  
heart 54  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no  
further.

*King.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car.* [*who has picked up the paper, reads*]

"*Item*, It is further agreed between them, that the  
duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and  
delivered over to the king her father; and she sent  
over of the King of England's own proper cost and  
charges, without having any dowry." 62

*King.* They please us well.—Lord mar-  
quess, kneel thou down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of  
York,

We here discharge your grace from being re-  
gent

I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen  
months •

Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
[Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;] 70

We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

*Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the  
state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his  
grief,—

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

[Did he so often lodge in open field, 80  
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?]

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, [Somerset, Bucking-  
ham,

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious War-  
wick,]

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

[Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house 90  
Early and late, debating to and fro?

How France and Frenchmen might be kept  
in awe?

And was his highness in his infancy  
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?]

And shall these labours and these honours  
die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?

O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,

[Blotting your names from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown, 101

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,]  
Undoing all, as<sup>3</sup> all had never been!

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate  
discourse,

<sup>1</sup> Yclad = clad.

<sup>2</sup> Debating to and fro, i.e. discussing the question in  
all its bearings.

<sup>3</sup> As = as if.

This peroration<sup>1</sup> with such circumstance?<sup>2</sup> 105  
For<sup>3</sup> France, 't is ours; and we will keep it  
still.

• *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should:  
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the  
roast, 109  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large  
style<sup>3</sup>

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of Him that died  
for all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy:—  
[But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant  
son?

*War.* For grief that they are past recovery:  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no  
tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did con-  
quer: 120

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

*Mort Dieu!*]

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very  
heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold and dowries with their  
wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own, 130  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France and starv'd  
in France,•

Before—

*Car.* My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too  
hot:

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glo.* My Lord of Winchester, I know your  
mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike, 140  
But 't is my presence, that doth trouble ye.

[Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face,  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—]  
Lordsings<sup>4</sup> farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

[Consider, lords, he is the next of blood, 151  
And heir apparent to the English crown:

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. ]  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing<sup>5</sup> words  
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circum-  
spect.

What though the common people favour him,  
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of  
Gloster,"

[Clapping their hands, and crying with loud  
voice, 160

"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

With "God preserve the good Duke Hum-  
phrey!"]

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,<sup>6</sup>  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

*Buck.* Why should he, then, protect our  
sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself? — •  
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise<sup>7</sup> Duke Humphrey from  
his seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook  
delay; 170

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-  
phrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:

• His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside:  
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

<sup>1</sup> Circumstance, circumstantial details.

<sup>2</sup> For = as for.

<sup>3</sup> Large style, i.e. long list of titles.

<sup>4</sup> Lordsings = lords.

<sup>5</sup> Smoothing, flattering.

<sup>6</sup> Flattering gloss = "specious appearance given him by  
flattery."

<sup>7</sup> Hoise, overthrow; literally, heave.



*Buck.* Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

*Sal.* Pride<sup>1</sup> went before, ambition<sup>2</sup> follows  
him. 180

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

[*I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.*]

Off have I seen the haughty cardinal—

More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all—

Swear like a ruffian, and demean<sup>3</sup> himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, 190

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeep-  
ing,<sup>4</sup>

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:—

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline;

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the  
people:—]

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress 200

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's  
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the  
land,

And common profit of his country!

*York.* [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath  
greatest cause.

*Sal.* Then let's away, and look unto the  
main.<sup>5</sup>

[*War.* Unto the main! O father, Maine is  
lost;

That Maine which by main force Warwick did  
win, 210

And would have kept so long as breath did last!

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant

Maine, 212

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.]

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the  
French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle<sup>6</sup> point now they are gone:

Suffolk concluded on<sup>7</sup> the articles,

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair  
daughter. 219

I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?

[*'Tis thine<sup>8</sup> they give away, and not their own.*]

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their  
pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,

Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;

While as<sup>9</sup> the silly<sup>10</sup> owner of the goods

Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless  
hands

And shakes his head and trembling stands  
aloof,

While all is shar'd and all is borne away,

Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his  
tongue, 230

While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.]

Methinks the realms of England, France, and  
Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.<sup>11</sup>

[*Anjou and Maine both given unto the  
French!*]

Cold Jews for me, for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his  
own; 239

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,

And make a show of love to proud Duke  
Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,

For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:

<sup>6</sup> Tickle, ticklish

<sup>7</sup> Concluded on, finally arranged, settled.

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis thine; he is addressing himself here.

<sup>9</sup> While as=while.

<sup>10</sup> Silly, poor; used as a term of pity, not of contempt.

<sup>11</sup> The prince's heart of Calydon, i.e. the heart of the  
prince of Calydon.

<sup>1</sup> Pride, i.e. the cardinal. See line 201, below.

<sup>2</sup> Ambition, i.e. Buckingham and Somerset. See line  
202, below.

<sup>3</sup> Demean, behave.

<sup>4</sup> Housekeeping, hospitality.

<sup>5</sup> The main, the chief point (i.e. the safety of the realm).

{ Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
 { Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 245  
 { Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 { Whose church-like humour<sup>1</sup> fits not for a  
 { crown. ]

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
 Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state; 250  
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
 With his new bride and England's dear-bought  
 queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at  
 jars:<sup>2</sup>

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-  
 fum'd;

And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
 And, force perforce,<sup>3</sup> I'll make him yield the  
 crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England  
 down. [Exit.

SCENE II. *London. A room in the Duke of  
 Gloster's house.*

*Enter GLOSTER and his wife ELEANOR.*

{ *Duch.* [Why droops my lord, like over-  
 { ripen'd corn,  
 { Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? ]  
 { Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his  
 { brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?  
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 What seest thou there? King Henry's diallem,  
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
 Until thy head be circled with the same. • 10

[ Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious  
 gold:—

{ What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
 { And, having both together heav'd it up,  
 { We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
 { And never more abase our sight so low  
 { As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground. ]

<sup>1</sup> *Humour*, disposition.

<sup>2</sup> *Fall'n at jars*, fallen into a quarrel.

<sup>3</sup> *Force perforce* = by very force.

*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love  
 thy lord,  
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!  
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world! 21



*Duch.* Why droops my lord?—(Act I. 2. 1.)

My troublous dream this night doth make me  
 sad.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and  
 I'll requite it

• With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glo.* Methought this staff, mine office-  
 badge in court,

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
 But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal;  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of  
Somerset, 29

And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.  
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God  
knows.

*Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argu-  
ment<sup>1</sup>

That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

[But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet  
duke:

Methought I sat in seat of majesty  
In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are  
crown'd;

There Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to  
me,

And on my head did set the diadem. 40

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-  
right:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd<sup>2</sup> Eleanor,  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering<sup>3</sup> treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more! 50

*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so  
choleric

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.<sup>4</sup>

*Glo.* Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.]

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 't is his highness'  
pleasure  
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
Where as<sup>5</sup> the king and queen do mean to  
hawk.

*Glo.* I go.—Come, Nell,—thou'lt ride with  
us, I'm sure?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow pre-  
sently. [*Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.*  
Follow I must; I cannot go before, 61

While Gloster bears this base and humble  
mind. 62

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless  
necks,

Being but a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in Fortune's pageant.<sup>6</sup>—

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear  
not, man,

We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

*Duch.* What say'st thou? majesty! I am  
but grace.<sup>7</sup> 71

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's  
advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as  
yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised,—to show  
your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions 80  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the  
questions:

When from St. Alban's we do make return,  
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,  
man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit.*

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the  
duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. [But, how now, Sir John  
Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:]  
The business asketh silent secrecy. 90

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:—  
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal

<sup>1</sup> Argument—a sign in proof.

<sup>2</sup> Ill-nurtur'd, ill-educated.

<sup>4</sup> Check'd, rebuked.

<sup>3</sup> Hammering, forging.

<sup>5</sup> Where as, where.

<sup>6</sup> Pageant, here a trisyllable.

<sup>7</sup> But grace, i.e. but the duchess.

And from the great and new-made Duke of  
Suffolk;

[Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,  
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring hu-  
mour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,  
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say "A crafty knave does need no  
broker;"

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.]

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,  
And her attainure<sup>1</sup> will be Humphrey's fall:  
Sort<sup>2</sup> how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.

SCENE III. London. A hall in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the  
Armourer's man, being one.

First Petit. My masters, let's stand close:  
my lord protector will come this way by and  
by, and then we may deliver our supplications  
in the quill.<sup>3</sup>

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for  
he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.

First Petit. Here a' comes, methinks, and  
the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool! this is the Duke  
of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing  
with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I  
took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. For my Lord Protector! Are your  
supplications to his lordship? Let me see  
them:—what is thine?

[First Petit. Mine is, an't please your grace,  
against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's  
man, for keeping my house, and lands, and  
wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong,  
indeed. What's yours? What's here? [Reads]

<sup>1</sup> Her attainure, i.e. her being attainted, or impeached  
for treason.

<sup>2</sup> Sort, turn out, befall.

<sup>3</sup> In the quill, i.e. in a body.

"Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the  
commons of Melford." How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor peti-  
tioner of<sup>4</sup> our whole township.]

Peter. [Giving his petition] Against my  
master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the  
Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of  
York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth:  
my master said that he was, and that the king  
was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servant.] Take  
this fellow in, and send for his master with  
a pursuivant<sup>5</sup> presently.<sup>6</sup> We'll hear more of  
your matter before the king.

[Exit Servant with Peter.

Queen. And as for you, that love to be pro-  
tected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications.

Away, base cullions!<sup>7</sup>—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the  
guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

[Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
And this the royalty of Albion's king?]

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

[I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship,<sup>8</sup> and proportion:<sup>9</sup>

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads:

His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

<sup>4</sup> Of=for.

<sup>5</sup> Pursuivant, an officer of state who executes warrants.

<sup>6</sup> Presently, immediately.

<sup>7</sup> Cullions, wretches; a term of contempt.

<sup>8</sup> Courtship, courtliness. <sup>9</sup> Proportion, shape, form.

{ Would choose him pope, and carry him to  
Rome, 65

{ And set the triple crown upon his head:

{ That were a state fit for his holiness. ]

*Suf.* Madam, be patient:<sup>1</sup> as I was cause  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your grace's full content.

*Queen.* Besides the haught protector, have  
we Beaufort 71

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buck-  
ingham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of  
these

But can do more in England than the king.

*Suf.* And he of these that can do most of all  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

*Queen.* Not all these lords do vex me half  
so much

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.  
She sweeps it through the court with troops  
of ladies, 80

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's  
wife:

Strangers in court do take her for the queen.  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

{ Contemptuous base-born callat<sup>2</sup> as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other  
day,

The very train of her worst wearing gown  
{ Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
{ Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daugh-  
ter. ] 90

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd<sup>3</sup> a bush for  
her,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,  
That she will light to listen to their lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.,  
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me,  
For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,  
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in dis-  
grace.

As for the Duke of York,—this late complaint

<sup>1</sup> Patient, here a trisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Callat, strumpet.

<sup>3</sup> Lim'd, smeared with bird-lime.

Will make but little for his benefit. 101

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a sennet. Enter KING HENRY, YORK,  
and SOMERSET, conversing with him; DUKE  
and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAU-  
FORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WAR-  
WICK.*

*King.* For my part, noble lords, I care not  
which;

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

*York.* If York have ill demean'd<sup>4</sup> himself  
in France,

Then let him be deny'd<sup>5</sup> the regentship.

*Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

*War.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea  
or no, 110

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters  
speak.

*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the  
field.

*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters,  
Warwick.

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of all.

*Sal.* Peace, son!—and show some reason,  
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.

*Queen.* Because the king, forsooth, will have  
it so.

*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough him-  
self

To give his censure:<sup>6</sup> these are no women's  
matters. 120

*Queen.* If he be old enough, what needs your  
grace

To be protector of his excellence?

*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;  
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it, then, and leave thine inso-  
lence.

Since thou wert king,—as who is king but  
thou?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

<sup>4</sup> Demean'd, behaved.

<sup>5</sup> Denay'd, denied.

<sup>6</sup> Censure, opinion.

And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd,<sup>1</sup> the  
clergy's bags 131

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings and thy  
wife's attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury.<sup>2</sup>

*Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution  
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

*Queen.* Thy sale of offices and towns in  
France—

If they were known, as the suspect<sup>3</sup> is great—  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy  
head.

[*Exit Gloster.* *The Queen drops her fan.*

[*To the Duchess*] Give me my fan: what,  
minion! can ye not? 141

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

*Duch.* Was't I! yea, I it was, proud French-  
woman:

[*Could I come near your beauty with my  
nails,*

I'd set my ten commandments<sup>4</sup> in your face.]

*King.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against  
her will.

*Duch.* Against her will! good king, look  
to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a  
baby:

[*Though in this place most master<sup>5</sup> wear<sup>6</sup> no  
breeches,*

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unre-  
veng'd. 150

[*Exit.*

*Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after<sup>7</sup> Humphrey, how he pro-  
ceeds:

She's tickled<sup>8</sup> now; her fury needs no  
'spurs,

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Rack'd, oppressed with exactions.

<sup>2</sup> Treasury, treasure.

<sup>3</sup> Suspect, suspicion.

<sup>4</sup> My ten commandments, my ten fingers, a cant phrase.

<sup>5</sup> Most master, one who is most master, i.e. the queen.

<sup>6</sup> Wear, 3rd person singular, subjunctive mood.

<sup>7</sup> Listen after, gain information about.

<sup>8</sup> Tickled, irritated.

*Re-enter Gloster.*

[*Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-  
blown

With walking once about the quadrangle,  
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul, 160

As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand:—

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest<sup>9</sup> man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me  
leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet<sup>10</sup> of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am un-  
meet:

First, for<sup>11</sup> I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the place, 170

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge,<sup>12</sup> money, or furniture,<sup>13</sup>

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:

Last time I dan'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

*War.* That can I witness; and a fouler fact<sup>14</sup>

Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick!

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold  
my peace? ]

*Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in HORNER,  
the Armourer, and his man PETER.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of trea-  
son: 180

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a  
traitor?

*King.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me,  
what are these?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the  
man

• That doth accuse his master of high treason:  
His words were these,—Richard Duke of  
York

<sup>9</sup> Meetest, i.e. the fittest.

<sup>10</sup> Unmeet, unfit.

<sup>11</sup> For, because.

<sup>12</sup> Discharge; the meaning is doubtful. See note 86.

<sup>13</sup> Furniture, equipment.

<sup>14</sup> Fact, deed.

Was rightful heir unto the English crown, 187  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

*King.* Say, man, were these thy words?

*Hor.* An 't shall please your majesty, I  
never said nor thought any such matter: God is  
my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones,<sup>1</sup> my lords, he did  
speak them to me in the garret one night, as  
we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain and mechanical,<sup>2</sup>

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's  
speech.—

I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law. 199

*Hor.* Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I  
spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice;  
and when I did correct him for his fault the  
other day, he did vow upon his knees he  
would be even with me: I have good witness  
of this: therefore I beseech your majesty, do



*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt That I had said and done!—(Act I. 4. 31.)

not cast away an honest man for a villain's  
accusation.

*King.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

*Glo.* This doom,<sup>3</sup> my lord, if I may judge:  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
Because in York this breeds suspicion: 210  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place,  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:  
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's  
doom.<sup>3</sup>

[*The King bows assent to Gloster's judgment, and then turns to Somerset.*]

<sup>1</sup> By these ten bones, i.e. by these ten fingers; an old form of oath.

<sup>2</sup> Mechanical, mechanic.

<sup>3</sup> Doom, judgment.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal ma-  
jesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* [*To Gloster*] Alas, my lord, I cannot  
fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite  
of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have  
mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight  
a blow: O Lord, my heart! 221

*Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be  
hang'd.

*King.* Away with them to prison; and the  
day  
Of combat shall be the last of the next  
month.—

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish, Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The DUKE OF GLOSTER'S garden; part of the house, with balcony, at back.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

*Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient,<sup>1</sup> Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth;—John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our work.

*Enter DUCHESS above, HUME following.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear,<sup>2</sup>—the sooner the better.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent<sup>3</sup> of the night, 19

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs<sup>4</sup> howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up<sup>5</sup> their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

<sup>1</sup> Convenient, fit, proper.

<sup>2</sup> Gear, business.

<sup>3</sup> Silent = silence.

<sup>4</sup> Band-dogs, mastiffs; literally, dogs chained up.

<sup>5</sup> Break up, break open.

*Spir. Adsum.*<sup>6</sup>

*M. Jourd.* Asmath,<sup>7</sup>

By the eternal God, whose name and power Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask; For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence. 30

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt. That<sup>8</sup> I had said and done!

*Boling.* [*Reading out of a paper.*] "First of the king: what shall of him become?"

*Spir.* The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

*[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

*Boling.* "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

*Spir.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Boling.* "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

*Spir.* Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand. 40

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling.* Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid!<sup>9</sup>

*[Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, WILLIAM STAFFORD; and others, with their Guard and break in.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

*[To M. Jourdain.]* Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.<sup>10</sup>

*[To Duchess.]* What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd<sup>11</sup> for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king, 50

Injurious<sup>12</sup> duke, that threatest where's no cause.

*Buck.* [*Examining the written papers.*] True, madam, none at all: what call you this?

*[Holding up a paper.*

<sup>6</sup> Adsum, "I am here."

<sup>7</sup> Asmath, the name of an evil spirit.

<sup>8</sup> That = would that.

<sup>9</sup> Avoid, begone.

<sup>10</sup> At an inch, in the nick of time.

<sup>11</sup> Guerdon'd, rewarded.

<sup>12</sup> Injurious, insulting.



*York.* Away with them! let them be clapp'd  
up close, 54  
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with  
us.

[*To Stafford*] Stafford, take her to thee.

[*Exeunt above, William Stafford with  
Duchess and Hume, guarded.*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.  
All, away!—

[*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*]

[*To Buckingham, who is still examining the  
written papers*] Lord Buckingham, me-  
thinks, you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon! 59  
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

[*Buckingham brings him the papers.*]

What have we here? [*Reads.*]

"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just

"*Aio te, Facida, Romanos vincere posse.*"<sup>1</sup>

Well, to the rest:

"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?"

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles; 70

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lord;

These oracles are hardly<sup>2</sup> attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint  
Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can  
carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my  
Lord of York, 80

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—  
Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Servingman.*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Saint Alban's.

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOS-  
TER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Fal-  
coners halloing.*

*Queen.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the  
brook,<sup>3</sup>

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

[*Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;*

*And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.*<sup>4</sup>]

*King.* But what a point, my lord, your fal-  
con made,

And what a pitch<sup>5</sup> she flew above the rest!—

[*To see how God in all his creatures works!*

*Yea, man and birds are fain of<sup>6</sup> climbing high.*]

<sup>1</sup> "I say that you, descendant of Æacus, the Romans  
can conquer." <sup>2</sup> *Hardly, audaciously.*

<sup>3</sup> *Flying at the brook, i.e. hawking at wild fowl.*

<sup>4</sup> *Had not gone out, "would not have taken flight at  
the game."*

<sup>5</sup> *Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars before attack-  
ing its prey.* <sup>6</sup> *Fain of, i.e. fond of.*

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like<sup>7</sup> your majesty,  
My lord protector's hawks do tower<sup>8</sup> so  
well; 10

They know their master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's  
pitch.<sup>5</sup>

*Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

[*Car.* I thought as much; he would be above  
the clouds.

*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you  
by that?<sup>9</sup>

Were it not good your grace could fly to hea-  
ven?

*King.* The treasury of everlasting joy.]

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and  
thoughts

Beat on<sup>10</sup> a crown, the treasure of thy  
heart; 20

<sup>7</sup> *An it like, if it please.*

<sup>8</sup> *Tower, fly high.*

<sup>9</sup> *By that, about that.* <sup>10</sup> *Beat on, are intent upon.*

[Pernicious<sup>1</sup> protector, dangerous peer, 21  
That smooth'st<sup>2</sup> it so with king and common-  
weal!]

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood  
grown peremptory?

*Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*<sup>3</sup>

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such ma-  
lice;

With so much holiness can you not do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-  
comes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,  
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine  
insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.



Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day —(Act II. 1, 2.)

King. Prithee, peace,  
Good queen, and whet not on these furious  
peers; 33

[For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I  
make,

Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. [Aside to Car.] Faith, holy uncle, would  
't were come to that!

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Marry, when thou  
dar'st.

Glo. [Aside to Car.] Make up no factious,  
numbers<sup>4</sup> for the matter; 40  
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Ay, where thou dar'st  
not peep: an if<sup>5</sup> thou dar'st,  
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so sud-  
denly,  
We had had more sport.—[Aside to Glo.] Come  
with thy two-hand sword.

<sup>1</sup> Pernicious, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Smooth'st, flatterest.

<sup>3</sup> "Can there be such passions in heavenly minds?"  
(Virgil, Æneid, l. 15).

<sup>4</sup> Make up no factious numbers, i.e. "do not get to-  
gether a band of factious retainers."

<sup>5</sup> An if = but if.

*Glo.* True, uncle.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glo.*] Are ye advis'd?<sup>1</sup>—the east side of the grove?

*Glo.* [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

*King.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

*Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.— 50

[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this, Or all my fence<sup>2</sup> shall fail.

*Car.* [*Aside to Glo.*] *Medice, teipsum*<sup>3</sup>—Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

*King.* The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,<sup>4</sup> lords.]

How irksome is this music to my heart! When such strings jar, what hope of harmony? I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

[*Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying, "A miracle!"*]

*Glo.* What means this noise? Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

*Towns.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the king; tell him what miracle.

*Towns.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight; A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*King.* Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair, his Wife and a crowd following.*

*Car.* See where the townsmen, on procession,

Come to present your highness with the man.

*King.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70

Although by sight his sin be multiplied.

*Glo.* Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*King.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance, 80

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

*Simp.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

*Wife.* His wife, an't like your worship. 80

*Glo.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

*King.* Where wert thou born?

*Simp.* At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

*King.* Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Queen.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90 By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come,—

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

*Car.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

*Suf.* How cam'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glo.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O, born so, master.

*Glo.* What, and wouldst climb a tree?

*Simp.* But that<sup>5</sup> in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear. 100

*Glo.* Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life. 110

<sup>1</sup> Are ye advis'd? i.e. do you understand?

<sup>2</sup> Fence, skill in fencing.

<sup>3</sup> Medice, teipsum, "Physician, [cure] thyself" (St. Luke, iv 23).

<sup>4</sup> Stomachs, angry tempers.

<sup>5</sup> But that, i.e. only that (tree).

*Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.— 104  
Let me see thine eyes: wink<sup>1</sup> now: now open them:  
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.  
*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.  
*Glo.* Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

*Simp.* Red, master; red as blood. 110  
*Glo.* Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?  
*Simp.* Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.  
*King.* Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?  
*Suf.* And yet, I think, jet did he never see.  
*Glo.* But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.



"A Miracle!"—Act ii. 1. 153.

*Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.  
*Glo.* Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?  
*Simp.* Alas, master, I know not.  
*Glo.* What's his name? [Pointing to Suffolk.  
*Simp.* I know not. 120  
*Glo.* Nor his? [Pointing to the Cardinal.  
*Simp.* No, indeed, master.  
*Glo.* What's thine own name?  
*Simp.* Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.  
*Glo.* Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of

colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

*Simp.* O master, that you could!  
*Glo.* My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.  
*Glo.* Then send for one presently. 130  
*May.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [Exit an Attendant.

*Glo.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.<sup>2</sup>  
[A stool is brought by one of the Attendants]  
Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself

<sup>1</sup> Wink, shut them.

<sup>2</sup> By and by, immediately.

from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away. 144

*Simp.* Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant with a Beadle who carries a whip.*

*Glo.* Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

*Bead.* I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly. 151

*Simp.* Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

*[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow and cry, "A miracle!"]*

*King.* O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

*Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

*Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

*Glo.* Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. 160

*[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.]*

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;

You made, my lord, in a day whole towns to fly. ]

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*King.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort<sup>1</sup> of naughty<sup>2</sup> persons, lewdly<sup>3</sup> bent,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout, 170  
Have practis'd<sup>4</sup> dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers:  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy-council;  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

*[Aside to Glo.]* This news, I think, hath turn'd  
your weapon's edge; 180

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom.

*King.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

*Queen.* Gloster, see here the tainture<sup>5</sup> of thy nest,

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal, 190

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:  
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;  
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is, but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company,

And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,

That hath dishonoured Gloster's honest name.

*King.* Well, for this night we will repose us here: 200

To-morrow toward London back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

<sup>1</sup> Sort, company.

<sup>2</sup> Naughty, worthless.

<sup>3</sup> Lewdly, wickedly.

<sup>4</sup> Practis'd, plotted.

<sup>5</sup> Tainture, defilement.

[SCENE II. *London. The DUKE OF YORK'S garden.*

• Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

*York.* Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave  
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it told at full.

*War.* Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus:—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,



*War.* Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;  
And, in this private plot, be we the first

That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.—(Act II. 2. 29-32).

Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom 13  
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;  
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;  
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of  
• Gloucester;  
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.  
Edward the Black Prince died before his  
father;  
And left behind him Richard, his only son,  
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd 20  
as king;  
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt, 22  
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,  
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,  
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence  
she came,  
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,  
Was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously.  
*War.* Father, the Duke of York hath told  
the truth;  
Thus got the House of Lancaster the crown.  
*York.* Which now they hold by force and  
not by right; 30

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,  
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without  
an heir. 33

*York.* The third son, Duke of Clarence,—  
from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a  
daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of  
March:

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;

Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-  
broke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40  
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,  
Who kept him in captivity till he died.

But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne,  
My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was  
son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir

To Roger Earl of March, who was the son  
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:

So, if the issue of the elder son 51  
Succed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain  
than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of  
Gaunt,

The fourth son; while York claims it from the  
third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;

And, in this private plot,<sup>1</sup> be we the first 60

That shall salute our rightful sovereign

With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-  
land's king!

*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not  
your king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice<sup>2</sup> and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days:

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the  
flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Hum-  
phrey:

'Tis that they seek, and they, in seeking that,  
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

*Sal.* My lord, break off; we know your mind  
at full.

*War.* My heart assures me that the Earl of  
Warwick 78

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—

Richard shall live to make the Earl of War-  
wick

The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. A hall of justice.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN  
MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SAL-  
ISBURY, and Attendants; the DUCHESS OF  
GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTH-  
WELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under  
guard.*

*King.* Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,  
Gloster's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:

Receive the sentence of the law, for sins

Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.

You four, from hence to prison back again;

From thence unto the place of execution:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to  
ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gal-  
lows.—

You, madam, for<sup>3</sup> you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10

Shall, after three days' open penance done,

Live in your country here, in banishment,

With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

<sup>1</sup> Private plot, i.e. sequestered spot.

<sup>2</sup> Advice, careful consideration. <sup>3</sup> For, because.

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome  
were my death. 14

*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath  
judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners,  
guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the  
ground!—

Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20  
Sorrow would<sup>1</sup> solace, and mine age would<sup>1</sup>  
ease.

*King.* Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster:  
ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself  
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:  
And go in peace, Humphrey,—no less belov'd  
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Queen.* I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be to be<sup>2</sup> protected like a child.— 29  
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff? here, noble Henry, is my  
staff:

As willingly do I the same resign  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and  
gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit.*]

*Queen.* Why, now is Henry king, and Mar-  
garet queen;  
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce him-  
self, 40  
That bears so shrewd<sup>3</sup> a maim; two pull<sup>4</sup> at  
once,—

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.  
This staff of honour raught,<sup>4</sup> there let it stand  
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine<sup>5</sup> and hangs  
his sprays;

<sup>1</sup> Would = would have, desires.

<sup>2</sup> Should be to be, i.e. should need to be.

<sup>3</sup> Shrewd, bad.

<sup>4</sup> Raught, taken away.

<sup>5</sup> This refers to Gloster's fall.

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her<sup>6</sup> youngest days.

*York.* Lords, let him go.<sup>7</sup>—Please it your  
majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Queen.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely  
therefore 52

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

*King.* O God's name, see the lists and all  
things fit:

Here let them end it; God defend the right!

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,<sup>8</sup>  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter on one side, HORNER, the Armourer,  
bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened  
to it, and a drum before him; he is accom-  
panied by his Neighbours, who drink with him,  
till he becomes drunk: enter on the other side  
PETER, his man, with a similar staff, and a  
drum before him; he is accompanied by Pren-  
tices drinking to him.*

*First Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I  
drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not,  
neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

*Sec. Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a  
cup of charneco.<sup>9</sup>

*Third Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double  
beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge  
you all; and a fig for Peter!

*First Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee:  
and be not afraid. 69

*Sec. Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not  
thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for  
me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my  
last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an  
if I die, I give thee my apron:—and, Will,  
thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom,  
take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless

<sup>6</sup> Her = its; refers to pride.

<sup>7</sup> Let him go, i.e. "let him pass from your thoughts,"  
"think no more of him."

<sup>8</sup> Worse bested, in a worse plight.

<sup>9</sup> Charneco, a kind of sweet wine, made at a village near  
Lisbon.



me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already. 79

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* [*Speaking thickly, as if drunk*] Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death,<sup>1</sup> I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow! 93

*York.* Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.<sup>2</sup>—Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum.* They fight, and Peter strikes down Horner.

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

*York.* Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.<sup>3</sup>

*Peter.* O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right! 102

*King.* [*To Attendants*] Go, take ye hence that traitor from our sight;

For by his death we do perceive his guilt:  
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
Which he had thought to have murder'd  
wrongfully.—

[*To Peter*] Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Sound a flourish.* *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. A street.

*Enter GLOSTER and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.*

*Glo.* Thus sometimes hath the brightest day  
a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds.<sup>2</sup>  
Bare winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.  
Sirs, what's o'clock?

*Serv.* 'Tis almost ten, my lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
Uneath<sup>4</sup> may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook<sup>5</sup>  
The abject people gazing on thy face, 11  
With envious looks, still laughing at thy  
shame,

That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the  
streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff, and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her  
from the sheriff.

*Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her  
pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open  
shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they  
gaze! 20

See how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on  
thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,  
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
And 'van<sup>6</sup> thine enemies, both mine and thine!

*Glo.* Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this  
grief.

*Duch.* Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!  
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
Methinks I should not thus be led along,<sup>7</sup> 30  
Mail'd up in shame,<sup>7</sup> with papers on my back,  
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice  
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet<sup>8</sup> groans.

<sup>1</sup> Take my death, i.e. take it on my death.

<sup>2</sup> To double, i.e. to speak thick, as a drunken man.

<sup>3</sup> In thy master's way, i.e. that hindered him from fighting.

<sup>4</sup> Uneath, hardly, with difficulty.

<sup>5</sup> Abrook, endure.

<sup>6</sup> Van, curse.

<sup>7</sup> Mail'd up in shame, alluding to the white sheet of penance which she wore.

<sup>8</sup> Deep-fet, i.e. deep-fetich'd.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet, 34  
And when I start, the envious people laugh  
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful  
yoke?

'Trow'st<sup>1</sup> thou that e'er I'll look upon the  
world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my  
day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. 41  
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's  
wife,

And he a prince and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was

As<sup>2</sup> he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock<sup>3</sup>

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death



Peter. O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!—(Act II. 3. 101, 102.)

Hang over thee, as, surè, it shortly will; 50  
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—  
And York and impious Beaufort, that false  
priest,

Have all lim'd<sup>4</sup> bushes to betray thy wings,  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle  
thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! 'thou aimest all  
awry;

I must offend before I be attained:

And had I twenty times so many foes, 60  
And each of them had twenty times their  
power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,<sup>5</sup>  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this re-  
proach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away  
But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort<sup>6</sup> thy heart to patience;<sup>7</sup>

These few days' wonder will be quickly  
worn.

<sup>1</sup> 'Trow'st, thinkest.

<sup>2</sup> As = that.

<sup>3</sup> Pointing-stock, an object to be pointed at.

<sup>4</sup> Lim'd, smeared with white-lime.

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<sup>5</sup> Scathe, injury.

<sup>6</sup> Sort, adapt, conform.

<sup>7</sup> Patience, to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month. 71

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

*Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

*Glo.* Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace. 80

*Glo.* Entreat<sup>1</sup> her not the worse in that I pray You use her well: the world may laugh again;<sup>2</sup> And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

*Duch.* What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [*Exeunt Gloster and Servingmen.*]

*Duch.* Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is death;

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be us'd according to your state.

*Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

*Stan.* Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be us'd.

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 100

Although thou hast been conduct<sup>3</sup> of my shame.

*Sher.* It is my office; madam, pardon me.

*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes

And show itself, attire me how I can. 109

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

*Sennet.* Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, the Parliament, and others.

*King.* I muse<sup>4</sup> my Lord of Gloster is not come:

'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

<sup>1</sup> Entreat, treat.

<sup>2</sup> The world may laugh again, i.e. "Fortune may smile again on me."

<sup>3</sup> Conduct, conductor.

<sup>4</sup> I muse, I wonder.

*Queen.* Can you not see? or will ye not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself!

We know the time since<sup>5</sup> he was mild and affable,

And, if we did but glance a far-off look, 110

Immediately he was upon his knee,

That<sup>6</sup> all the court admir'd him for submis-

<sup>5</sup> Since, when.

<sup>6</sup> That = so that.

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, 13  
When every one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

[Small curs are not regarded when they grin;  
But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
And Humphrey is no little man in England.]

First note, that he is near you in descent, 21  
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
Me seemeth,<sup>1</sup> then, it is no policy,

Respecting<sup>2</sup> what a rancorous mind<sup>3</sup> he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,—  
That he should come about your royal person,  
Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;  
And when he please to make commotion,  
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30

[Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-  
rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the  
garden,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.]

The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me collect<sup>4</sup> these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond,<sup>5</sup> call it a woman's fear;  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
I will subscribe,<sup>6</sup> and say I wrong'd the  
duke.

My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,  
Reprove<sup>6</sup> my allegation, if you can; 40  
Or else conclude my words effectual.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this  
duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,  
I think I should have told your grace's tale.

The duchess, by his subornation,  
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

Or, if he were not privy to those faults, •  
Yet, by reputing of<sup>7</sup> his high descent,—

As next the king he was successive heir,—  
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50

Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess  
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's  
fall.

<sup>1</sup> *Me seemeth*, i.e. "It seems to me."

<sup>2</sup> *Respecting*, considering.

<sup>3</sup> *Collect*, gather together by observation.

<sup>4</sup> *Fond*, foolish.

<sup>6</sup> *Reprove*, disprove.

<sup>5</sup> *Subscribe*, yield the point.

<sup>7</sup> *Reputing of*, boasting of.

[Smooth runs the water where the brook is  
deep;

And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
The fox barks not when he would steal the  
lamb.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man  
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.] 57

*Cur.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship,  
Levy great sums of money through the realm  
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut, these are petty faults to<sup>8</sup> faults  
unknown,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke  
Humphrey.

*King.* My lords, at once:<sup>9</sup>—the care you  
have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our  
foot,

Is worthy praise: but,—shall I speak my con-  
science?—

Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent 63  
From meaning treason to our royal person

As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:  
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given<sup>10</sup>  
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

*Queen.* Ah, what's more dangerous than  
this fond affiance!<sup>11</sup>

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's dispos'd as the hateful raven:

Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him, •  
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

*King.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What  
news from France?

*Som.* That all your interest in those terri-  
tories

Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

*King.* Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's  
will be done!

<sup>8</sup> *To*, in comparison with.

<sup>9</sup> *At once*, once for all.

<sup>10</sup> *Well given*, well disposed.

<sup>11</sup> *Affiance*, confidence.

*York.* [Aside] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.  
[Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud  
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;] 90  
But I will remedy this gear<sup>1</sup> ere long,  
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!  
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,  
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:  
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glo.* Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:  
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100

[The purest spring is not so free from mud  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:]  
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

*York.* 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;  
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glo.* Is it but thought so? what<sup>2</sup> are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France;  
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—  
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England! 111

[That doit<sup>3</sup> that e'er I wrested from the king,  
Or any groat<sup>4</sup> I hoarded to my use,  
Be brought against me at my trial-day!]

No; many a pound of mine own proper store,  
Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I dispurs'd<sup>5</sup> to the garrisons,  
And never ask'd for restitution. 112

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

*Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

*York.* In your protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,  
That<sup>6</sup> England was defam'd by tyranny. 123

*Glo.* Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,  
Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment: 130  
[Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
Above the felon<sup>7</sup> or what<sup>8</sup> trespass else.]

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy,<sup>9</sup> quickly answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

*King.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope 139

That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 10  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glo.* Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancours hand;

[Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.]

I know their complot<sup>11</sup> is to have my life,  
And if my derth might make this island happy

And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness: 150

But laine is made the prologue to their play;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,

Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

<sup>1</sup> Gear, matter.

<sup>2</sup> What = who.

<sup>3</sup> Doit, a very small coin; properly, the twelfth part of a penny.

<sup>4</sup> Groat, a small coin of the value of fourpence.

<sup>5</sup> Dispurs'd = disbursed, paid away.

<sup>6</sup> That, so that.

<sup>7</sup> The felon, i.e. the felon's (sin).

<sup>8</sup> What, whatever.

<sup>9</sup> Easy, slight, trivial. Some take it as an adverb = easily.

<sup>10</sup> Suspect, suspicious.

<sup>11</sup> Complot, concerted plan.

By false accuse<sup>1</sup> doth level at my life:— 160  
*[Turning to the Queen]* And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,  
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
 My liefest<sup>2</sup> liege to be mine enemy:

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—  
 Myself had note<sup>3</sup> of your conventicles<sup>4</sup>—

And all to make away my guiltless life.

*[I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;*

*The ancient proverb will be well effected,<sup>5</sup>—*

*A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.] 171*

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:

*[If those that care to keep your royal person  
 From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage  
 Be thus upbraided, hid, and rated at,*

*And the offender granted scope of speech,  
 'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.*

*Suf.* Hath he not twit<sup>6</sup> our sovereign lady  
 here

With ignominious words, though clerkly  
 couch'd,<sup>7</sup>

As if she had suborned some to swear 180

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

*Queen.* But I can give the loser leave to  
 chide.

*Glo.* For truer spoke than meant: I lose,  
 indeed;—

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!  
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He'll wrest the sense and hold us  
 here all day:—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Car.]* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard  
 him sure.

*Glo.* Ah! thus King Henry throws away  
 his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body. • 190

*[Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
 And wolves are gnarling<sup>8</sup> who shall gnaw thee*

*• first.]*

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
 For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

*[Exeunt Attendants with Gloster, guarded.]*

*King.* My lords, what to your wisdom seem-  
 eth best, 195

Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

*Queen.* What, will your highness leave the  
 parliament?

*King.* Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd  
 with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,  
*[My body round engirt with misery, 200;*

*For what's more miserable than discontent?]*

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth and loyalty:

And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.

*[What lours<sup>9</sup> star now envies thy estate,  
 That these great lords, and Margaret our*

*queen,*

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man  
 wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210  
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it

strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;

Even so, remorseless, have they borne him  
 hence;

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case

With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good,

So mighty are his vowed enemies. ] 220

His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

Say, "Who's<sup>10</sup> a traitor, Gloster he is none."

*[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort,*

*Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.*

*Queen.* Fair lords, cold snow melts with the  
 sun's hot beams;

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,

Too full of foolish pity; *[and Gloster's show*

*Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile*

*With sorrow snares relenting passengers;*

*Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,*

*With shining checker'd slough,<sup>11</sup> doth sting a*

*child*

That for the beauty thinks it excellent. ] 230

<sup>1</sup> Accuse, accusation.

<sup>2</sup> Liefest, dearest.

<sup>3</sup> Note, information.

<sup>4</sup> Conventicles, secret meetings.

<sup>5</sup> Effected, practically proved.

<sup>6</sup> Twit, twitted.

<sup>7</sup> Clerkly couch'd, put in good (or scholarly) language.

<sup>8</sup> Gnarling, growling, snarling.

<sup>9</sup> Loursing, gloomy-looking.

<sup>10</sup> Who's, whoever is.

<sup>11</sup> Slough, skin.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—  
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—  
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,  
To rid us from the fear we have of him. 234

*Car.* That he should die is worthy policy;  
But yet we want a colour<sup>1</sup> for his death:  
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

*Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:  
The king will labour still to save his life,

The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240  
And yet we have but trivial argument,  
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy  
death.

*York.* So that, by this, you would not have  
him die.

*Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fair as I!

*York.* [*Aside*] 'Tis York that hath more  
reason for his death.—



*Queen.* Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child  
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.—(Act III. 1. 228-230.)

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of  
Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your  
souls,—

[ Were't not all one, an empty<sup>2</sup> eagle set  
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,  
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's pro-  
tector? 250

*Queen.* So the poor chicken should be sure  
of death. ] 251

*Suf.* [ Madam, 'tis true; and were't not  
madness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,  
His guilt should be but idly posted over,<sup>3</sup>  
Because his purpose is not executed.

<sup>1</sup> Colour, pretext.

<sup>2</sup> Empty, famished.

<sup>3</sup> Posted over, slurred over.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
Before his chops be stain'd with crimson blood,  
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.  
And do not stand on quillets<sup>1</sup> how to slay  
him:] 261

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,  
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,  
So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
Which mates<sup>2</sup> him first that first intends  
deceit.

[*Queen*. Thrice noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely  
spoke.

*Suf*. Not resolute, except so much were done;  
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:  
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—  
Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270  
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—  
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.]

*Car*. [But I would have him dead, my Lord  
of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:]  
Say you consent, and censure well<sup>3</sup> the deed,  
And I'll provide his executioner,—  
I tender so<sup>4</sup> the safety of my liege.

*Suf*. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy  
doing.

*Queen*. And so say I.

*York*. And I: and now we three have  
spoken it, 280  
It skills<sup>5</sup> not greatly who impugns our doom.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess*. Great lords, from Ireland am I come  
again,<sup>7</sup>

To signify that rebels there are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
[Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.]

*Car*. A breach that craves a quick ex-  
pedient<sup>8</sup> stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

<sup>1</sup> *Quillets*, petty niceties of law.

<sup>2</sup> *Mates*, disables, renders powerless.

<sup>3</sup> *Censure well* = approve.

<sup>4</sup> *Tender so*, have such regard for.

<sup>5</sup> *Skills*, matters.

<sup>6</sup> *Impugns our doom*, opposes our decision.

<sup>7</sup> *Amain*, at utmost speed.

<sup>8</sup> *Expedient*, expeditious.

*York*. That Somerset be sent as regent  
thither: 290

'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

*Som*. If York, with all his far-fet<sup>9</sup> policy,  
Had been the regent there instead of me,  
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

*York*. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast  
done:

[I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burden of dishonour home  
By staying there so long till all were lost. 299  
Show me one scar charact'rd on thy skin:  
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.<sup>10</sup>]

*Queen*. [Nay, then, this spark will prove a  
raging fire,  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—]  
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be  
still:—

[Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent  
there,

Might happily<sup>11</sup> have prov'd far worse than his.

*York*. What, worse than nought? nay, then,  
a shame take all!

*Som*. And, in the number, thee that wishest  
shame!]

*Car*. My Lord of York, try what your for-  
tune is. 309

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

*York*. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

*Suf*. Why, our authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish he confirms:  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

*York*. I am content: provide me soldiers,  
lords, 319

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

*Suf*. A charge, Lord York, that I will see  
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Hum-  
phrey.

*Car*. No more of him; for I will deal with  
him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

<sup>9</sup> *Far-fet*, far-fetched.

<sup>10</sup> i.e. "Men whose flesh is kept so free from wounds  
are seldom conquerors."

<sup>11</sup> *Happily* = perchance.



[And so break off; the day is almost spent:  
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that  
event.]

*York.* My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen  
days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers;  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

*Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful  
thoughts, 331

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; [it is not worth th' enjoying:

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born  
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought  
on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.]

Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done, 341

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your  
hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them  
me:

[I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.]

Whiles I in Ireland nurse a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or  
hell; 350

[And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.<sup>1</sup>]

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

[Under the title of John Mortimer. 359

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,

And fought<sup>2</sup> so long, till that his thighs with  
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;<sup>3</sup>

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,<sup>4</sup>

Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,

Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And, undiscover'd, come to me again,

And given me notice of their villanies.] 370

This devil here shall be my substitute;

For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,

How they affect the house and claim of York.

Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,

I know no pain they can inflict upon him

Will make him say I mov'd him to those  
arms.

Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,

Why, then from Ireland come I with my  
strength,<sup>5</sup> 380

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;

For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room of  
state; folding doors at back, with Gloucester's  
bed-chamber beyond.*

*Enter certain murderers, hastily.*

*First Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let  
him know

We have dispatch'd the duke, as he com-  
manded.

*Sec. Mur.* O that it were to do! What have  
we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

*First Mur.* Here comes my lord.

*Suf.* Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this  
thing?

*First Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you  
to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

[The king and all the peers are here at  
hand:— 10

<sup>1</sup> Flaw, violent gust of wind.

<sup>2</sup> Fought—he fought.

<sup>3</sup> Porpentine, porcupine.

<sup>4</sup> Morisco, morris-dancer.

<sup>5</sup> Strength, armed force.

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things<sup>1</sup>  
well, 11

According as I gave directions?

*First Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.*

*King.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;

Say we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

*Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord.  
[*Exit.*]

*King.* Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter<sup>2</sup> 'gainst our uncle Gloster  
Than from true evidence of good esteem 21  
He be approv'd<sup>3</sup> in practice<sup>4</sup> culpable.

*Queen.* God forbid any malice should prevail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!<sup>5</sup>

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

*King.* I thank thee, love; these words content me much.

*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

*Queen.* Marry, God forbid! 30

*Car.* God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night

The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.  
[*The King swoons.*]

*Queen.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

[*Som.* Rear<sup>6</sup> up his body; wring him by the nose.

*Queen.* Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, open thine eyes!]

<sup>1</sup> *Is all things* = is everything.

<sup>2</sup> *Stricter*, more strictly.

<sup>3</sup> *Approv'd*, proved.

<sup>4</sup> *That faultless, &c.*, i.e. that may condemn a nobleman who is faultless.

<sup>5</sup> *Practice*, plotting.

<sup>6</sup> *Rear*, raise.

*Suf.* He doth revive again:—madam, be patient.

*King.* O heavenly God!

*Queen.* How fares my gracious lord?

*Suf.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

*King.* What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now<sup>7</sup> to sing a raven's note, 40  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

[*Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;*

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.] 50

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:

Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

*Queen.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:

[*And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—*

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life, 61

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends;

It may be judg'd I made the duke away;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy! 70

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!]

*King.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

*Queen.* Be woe for me,<sup>8</sup> more wretched than he is.

<sup>7</sup> *Right now*, just now.

<sup>8</sup> *Be woe for me*, i.e. "be grieved for me."

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?  
 { [ I am no loathsome leper;—look on me. 75  
 { What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?



Queen. When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm.—(Act III. 2. 102, 103)

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen. ]  
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
 Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.

[ Erect his statua and worship it, 80  
 And make my image but an alehouse sign. ]  
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,  
 And twice by awkward<sup>1</sup> wind from England's  
 bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?  
 [ What boded this but well forewarning wind  
 Did seem to say—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?  
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,  
 And he that loos'd them<sup>2</sup> forth their brazen  
 caves: •

And hid them blow towards England's blessed  
 shore, 90

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?  
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
 But left that hateful office unto thee:  
 The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,  
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd  
 on shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkind-  
 ness: •

The splitting rocks<sup>3</sup> cower'd in the sinkingsands  
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 Might in thy palace perish<sup>4</sup> Margaret. ] 100

As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,  
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,  
 And when the dusky sky began to rob  
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
 And threw it towards thy land: the sea re-  
 ceiv'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:  
 [ And even with this I lost fair England's  
 view, 110

And did mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—  
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy—  
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did

When he to madding<sup>5</sup> Dido would unfold  
 His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy!

<sup>1</sup> Awkward, adverse. <sup>2</sup> He that loos'd them, i.e. Æolus.  
<sup>3</sup> Splitting rocks, i.e. rocks that are used to split the  
 sides of vessels. <sup>4</sup> Perish, used actively=kill.  
<sup>5</sup> Madding, i.e. growing mad with love.

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false  
like him?]

Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! 120  
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.  
The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good Duke Humphrey trait'rously is  
murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.  
The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is  
too true; 130

But how he died God knows, not Henry:<sup>1</sup>  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,



War. Come hither, gracious sovereign — (Act III. 2. 149.)

And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay,  
Salisbury, 134

With the rude multitude till I return. •

[*Warwick goes through folding-doors  
into the bed-chamber. Salisbury retires  
to the Commons at the door.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay  
my thoughts,—

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's  
life!

If my suspect<sup>2</sup> be false, forgive me, God;

For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140

[*Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;  
And to survey his dead and earthly image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?*]

[*The folding-doors are thrown open, and  
the dead body of Gloster is discovered,  
lying on the bed; Warwick and others  
standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view  
this body.

<sup>1</sup> Henry, pronounced as a trisyllable. <sup>2</sup> Suspect, suspicion.

*King.* That is to see how deep my grave is made; 160

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to live  
With that dread King that took our state  
upon him

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

*Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn  
tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his  
vow?

*War.* See how the blood is settled in his face.  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,<sup>1</sup> 161  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and blood-  
less,

[*Being*<sup>2</sup> all descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er  
returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.]

But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with  
struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-  
du'd:

[*Look* on the sheets his hair, you see, is stick-  
ing:

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and  
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.<sup>3</sup>]

It cannot be but he was murder'd here;

The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the  
duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;  
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers. 181

*War.* But both of you were vow'd Duke  
Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;  
And 't is well seen he found an enemy. 185

*Queen.* Then you, belike, suspect these no-  
blemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless<sup>4</sup> death.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead and bleed-  
ing fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaugh-  
ter? 190

[*Who finds the partridge in the puttock's*<sup>5</sup>  
nest,

But may imagine how the bird is dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.]

*Queen.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—  
Where's your knife?

[*Is Beaufort term'd a kite?—Where are his*  
talons?]

*Suf.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping  
men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with  
ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
That slanders me with murder's crimson  
badge.— 200

Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwick-  
shire,

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*

*War.* What dares not Warwick, if false  
Suffolk dare him?

[*Queen.* He dares not calm his contumelious  
spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,<sup>7</sup>

Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand  
times.

*War.* Madam, be still,—with reverence may  
I say it;

For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demean-  
our! 210

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock

<sup>1</sup> *Timely-parted ghost*, i.e. the corpse of one who has  
died a natural death.

<sup>2</sup> *Being*, i.e. (the blood) being.

<sup>3</sup> *Lodg'd*, i.e. beaten down.

<sup>4</sup> *Timeless* = untimely.

<sup>5</sup> *Puttock's*, kite's.

<sup>6</sup> *Faulty in*, i.e. guiltily concerned in.

<sup>7</sup> *Controller*, i.e. one who interferes with, or dictates to  
others.

Was graft<sup>1</sup> with crab-tree slip; whose fruit  
thou art. 214

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers  
thee,

And I should rob the deathsman<sup>2</sup> of his fee,

Quitting<sup>3</sup> thee thereby of ten thousand shames,

And that my sovereign's presence makes me  
mild, 219

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech

And say it was thy mother<sup>4</sup> that thou meant'st,

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;

And after all this fearful homage done,

Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed  
thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War.] Away e'en now, or I will drag thee  
hence:

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with  
thee, 230

And do some service to Duke Humphrey's  
ghost. [*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

King. What stronger breastplate than a  
heart untainted!

Thrice as he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their  
weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful  
weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we  
here?

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick, with the men  
of Bury, 240

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*To the Commons at the door*] Sirs, stand  
apart; the king shall know your mind.

[*He comes forward.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your  
palace,

And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey

died;

They say, in him they fear your highness'  
death;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty,— 250

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,—

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

[*They say, in care of your most royal person,*

That if your highness should intend to sleep,

And charge that no man should disturb your

rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,

Yet, notwithstanding such a strait<sup>4</sup> edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked  
tongue,

That slyly glided towards your majesty, 260

It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

The mortal worm<sup>5</sup> might make the sleep  
eternal:

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, whether you will

or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,

With whose envenomed and fatal sting,

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of life.]

Commons. [*Within*] An answer from the  
king, my Lord of Salisbury! 270

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd  
hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:

But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To show how quaint<sup>6</sup> an orator you are:

But all the honour Salisbury hath won

Is, that he was the lord ambassador

Sent from a sort<sup>7</sup> of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within*] An answer from the  
king, or we'll break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from  
me,

<sup>1</sup> *Graft*, past participle of *to graft*; = grafted.

<sup>5</sup> *Worm* = serpent.

<sup>6</sup> *Quaint*, clever, fine.

<sup>7</sup> *A sort*, a pack, a gang; used contemptuously.

I thank them for their tender loving care; 280  
And had I not been cited<sup>1</sup> so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:  
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—  
He shall not breathe infection in<sup>2</sup> this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle  
Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle  
Suffolk! 290

No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—  
[*To Suffolk*] If, after three days' space, thou  
here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—  
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go  
with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with  
you! 300

Heart's discontent and sour<sup>3</sup> affliction  
Be playfellows to keep you company!  
There's two of you: the devil make a third!  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your  
steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted  
wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should  
I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's  
groan, 310

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst,<sup>4</sup> as harsh and horrible to hear,  
[*Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,*  
[*With full as many signs of deadly hate,*  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:

[*My tongue should stumble in mine earnest  
words;*

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:]  
And even now my burthen'd heart<sup>5</sup> would  
break, 320

Should I not curse them. Poison be their  
drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they  
taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!

[*Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!*  
[*Their softest touch as smart<sup>6</sup> as lizards' stings!*]]

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
And boding screech-owls make the consort<sup>7</sup>  
full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou tor-  
ment'st thyself;

[*And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst  
glass,* 330

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.]

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me  
leave?<sup>8</sup>

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
[*Where biting cold would never let grass  
grow,*]

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give  
me thy hand, 339

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

[*Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woeful monuments.<sup>9</sup>]*

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[*Kisses his hand.*

That thou might'st think upon these<sup>10</sup> by the  
seal,<sup>10</sup>

Through whom<sup>11</sup> a thousand sighs are breath'd  
for thee!

<sup>5</sup> Smart, painful.

<sup>6</sup> Consort, band of musicians=concert.

<sup>7</sup> Leave=leave off.

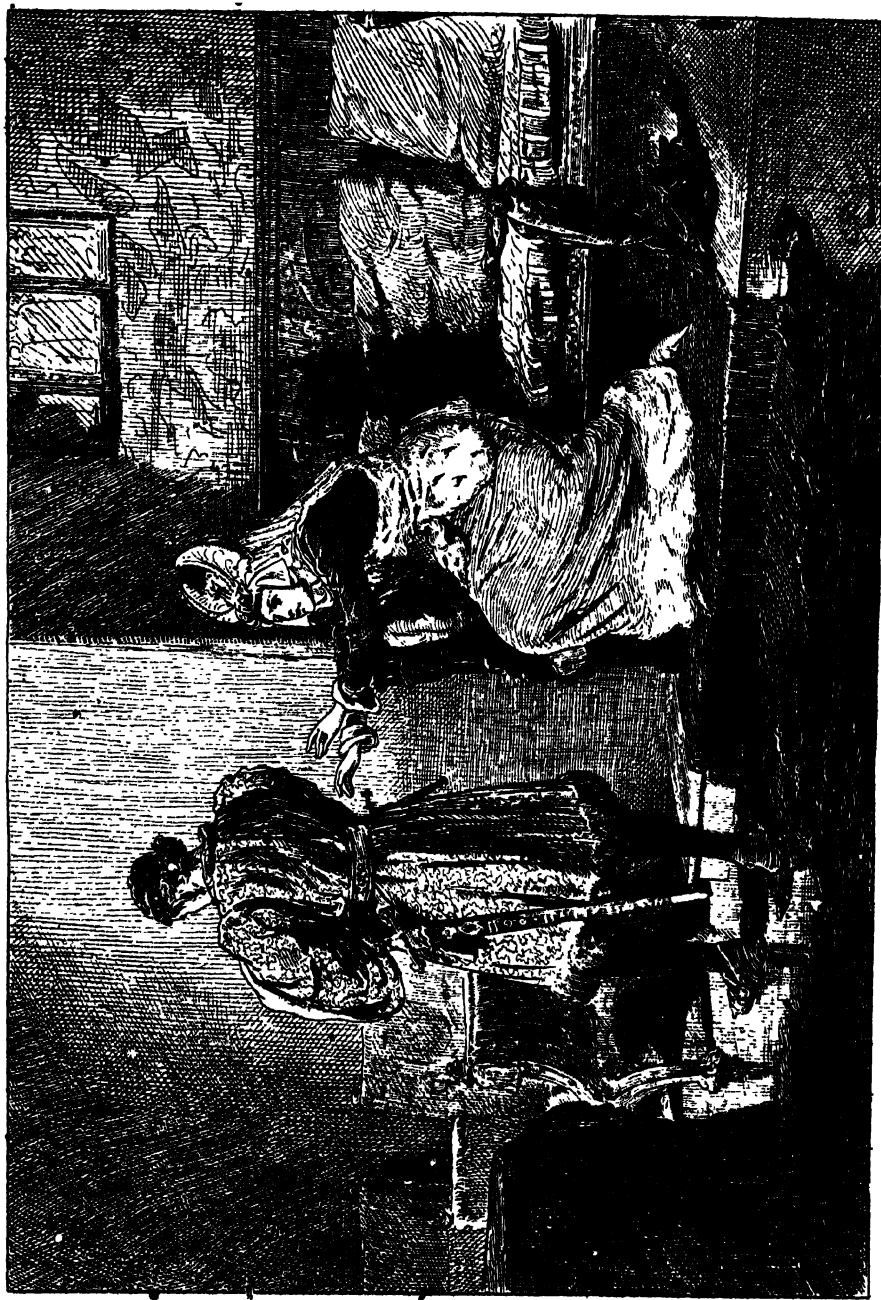
<sup>8</sup> Monuments, mementoes, records.

<sup>9</sup> These, i.e. these lips.

<sup>10</sup> The seal, i.e. the mark she impresses on his hand.

<sup>11</sup> Through whom, i.e. through which lips.

<sup>1</sup> Cited, urged.  
<sup>2</sup> Breathe infection in, i.e. breathe his infectious breath  
into.      <sup>3</sup> Sour, bitter.      <sup>4</sup> Curst, sharp.



HENRY VI PART II  
Act III Scene 2, lines 339-346

Queen      C let me retreat then cease, I see you'll hard  
              That I may sew it with my needle's tears





[So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
 'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,  
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,  
 Adventure to be banished myself: 350

And banished I am, if but from<sup>1</sup> thee.]  
 Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.  
 O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,  
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;<sup>2</sup>  
 A wilderness is populous enough, 360

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

[For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
 With every several pleasure in the world;

And where thou art not, desolation.]

I can no more: live thou to joy<sup>3</sup> thy life;  
 Myself to joy<sup>3</sup> in nought but that thou liv'st.

*Enter VAUX.*

*Queen.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;

[For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the  
 air, 371

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side: sometime he calls the king

And whispers to his pillow, as to him;

The secrets of his overcharged soul:

And I am sent to tell his majesty .

That even now he cries aloud for him.]

*Queen.* Go tell<sup>4</sup> this heavy message to the king. [Exit Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these! 380

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From, i.e. away from.

<sup>2</sup> Thence, i.e. away from that land. <sup>3</sup> To joy = to enjoy.

<sup>4</sup> An hour's poor loss, i.e. a loss which will only be felt for a short time.

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee, 383  
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears,  
 Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?—

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 390

[Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe

Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

Where,<sup>5</sup> from<sup>6</sup> thy sight, I should be raging-mad

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd<sup>7</sup> in sweet Elysium.]

To die by thee were but to die in jest; 400

From<sup>8</sup> thee to die were torture more than death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

*Queen.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
 I'll have an Iris<sup>9</sup> that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Queen.* And take my heart along with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd into the woefullest casket

That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:

This way fall I to death.

*Queen.*

This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[SCENE III. A bedchamber.

*Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL in bed.*

*King.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

<sup>5</sup> Where, whereas.

<sup>6</sup> From = away from.

<sup>7</sup> Liv'd, i.e. would live.

<sup>9</sup> An Iris, i.e. a messenger.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee Eng-  
land's treasure, 2

Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*King.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks,  
to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will  
or no? 10

O, torture me no more! I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands up-  
right,

Like lime-twigs<sup>1</sup> set to catch my winged  
soul.—



*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, . . .  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain. —(Act iii. 3, 2, 4.)

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary  
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*King.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,  
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! 20

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend  
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul  
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

*War.* See, how the pangs of death do make  
him grin!

*Sal.* Disturb him not; let him pass peace-  
ably.

*King.* Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-  
sure be!—

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's  
bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—  
He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive  
him!

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous  
life. 30

*King.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners  
all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;  
And let us all to meditation. \* [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> Lime-twigs, twigs covered with bird-lime.

## ACT IV.

\* SCENE I. *Kent. The sea-shore near Dover.*

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK disguised, and others, prisoners.*

*Cap.* The-gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful<sup>1</sup> day

Is crept into the bosom<sup>2</sup> of the sea;  
[And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades<sup>3</sup>

That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,

Clip<sup>4</sup> dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe the foul contagious darkness in the air.]  
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
For, whilst our pinnace<sup>5</sup> anchors in the Downs,  
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—

*Master,* this prisoner freely give I thee;—  
And thou that art his mate, make boot<sup>6</sup> of this;—

The other, [pointing to Suffolk] *Walter Whitmore,* is thy share.

[*First Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

*Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?

Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall:—

The lives of those we have lost in fight, shall they

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

*First Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

*Sec. Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight. ]

*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[*To Suffolk*] And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;

And so should these, if I might have my will.

*Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

*Suf.* Look on my George;<sup>6</sup> I am a gentleman:

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

*Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth  
And told me that by water I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;  
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

*Whit.* *Gaultier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:

Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

*Whit.* The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:

Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,

<sup>1</sup> Remorseful, pitiful.

<sup>2</sup> The jades, i.e. the dragons of Night's chariot.

<sup>3</sup> Clip, embrace.

<sup>4</sup> Pinnace, a small two-masted ship. <sup>5</sup> Boot, booty.

<sup>6</sup> My George, i.e. my badge of the Garter.  
Walter, pronounced *Water*.

The honourable blood of Lancaster, 51  
Must not be shed by such a jaded<sup>1</sup> groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my  
stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth<sup>2</sup> mule,  
And thought thee happy when I shook my  
head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the  
board;  
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?  
[Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fallen,  
Ay, and allay this thy abortive<sup>3</sup> pride; 60  
How in our voiding lobby<sup>4</sup> hast thou stood,



*Suf.* Poole!

*Cap.* Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where Eng'land drinks.—(Act iv. 1. 70-72.)

And duly waited for my coming forth? 62  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
And therefore shall it charm<sup>5</sup> thy riotous  
tongue.]

*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the for-  
lorn<sup>6</sup> swain?

<sup>1</sup> *Jaded*, i. e. no better than a *jade*; a term of contempt.

<sup>2</sup> *Foot-cloth*, a long cloth, thrown over the saddle and  
nearly covering the animal; only used by persons of rank,  
or wealth.

<sup>3</sup> *Abortive*, monstrous.

<sup>4</sup> *Voiding lobby*, ante-room, or outer hall, through which  
the visitors went out.

<sup>5</sup> *Char'm*, silence (as by magic). <sup>6</sup> *Forlorn*, wretched.

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he  
hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt, and  
so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-  
boat's side

Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Poole.<sup>7</sup>

*Suf.* Poole!<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Poole*; so *Pole* was at that time written and pro-  
nounced.

*Cap.* Ay, kennel,<sup>1</sup> puddle, sink; whose filth  
 . . . and dirt 71  
 Troubles the silver spring where England  
 drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth  
 For swallowing<sup>2</sup> the treasure of the realm:  
 Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep  
 the ground;

And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Hum-  
 phrey's death

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,  
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

[And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affy<sup>3</sup> a mighty lord 80

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious Sylla,<sup>4</sup> overgorg'd

With gobbets of thy mother's<sup>5</sup> bleeding heart.]

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,  
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee

Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy 88  
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

[The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—  
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in

vain,—  
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York,—thrust from the  
 crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king<sup>6</sup>  
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—

Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful  
 colours

Advance<sup>7</sup> our half-fac'd sun,<sup>8</sup> striving to shine,  
 Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.<sup>9</sup>]

The commons here in Kent are up in arms:  
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary 101

Is crept into the palace of our king,  
 And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

*Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth  
 thunder

<sup>1</sup> Kennel, gutter.

<sup>2</sup> For swallowing, i.e. for fear of its swallowing.

<sup>3</sup> Affy, betroth.

<sup>4</sup> Sylla, i.e. Sulla, the dictator, and rival of Marius.

<sup>5</sup> Thy mother's, i.e. thy country's.

<sup>6</sup> Guiltless king, i.e. Richard II.

<sup>7</sup> Advance, raise on high.

<sup>8</sup> Alluding to the device of Edward III.

<sup>9</sup> "In spite of the clouds."

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!

[Small things make base men proud: this  
 villain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.]

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-  
 hives:

It is impossible that I should die 110

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

[Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:  
 I go of message from the queen to France;

I charge thee waft me safely cross the Chan-  
 nel.

*Cap.* Walter,—

*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to  
 thy death.

*Suf.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus*,<sup>10</sup> it is thee  
 I fear.

*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear before  
 I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?]

*First Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him,  
 speak him fair. 120

*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and  
 rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to

any,

Save to the God of heaven and to my king;

[And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to this vulgar groom.

Exempt from fear is true nobility:

More can I bear than you dare execute.] 130

*Cap.* Hale<sup>11</sup> him away, and let him talk no  
 more.

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye  
 can,

That this my death may never be forgot!

[Great men oft die by vile bezonians:<sup>12</sup>

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully;<sup>13</sup> Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar: savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by

pirates.]

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

<sup>10</sup> "Chill fear seizes my limbs" <sup>11</sup> Hale, drag.

<sup>12</sup> Bezonians, beggars. <sup>13</sup> Tully, i.e. Cicero.

*Cap.* And as for these whose ransom we have set,  
It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140  
Therefore come you with us and let him go.  
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

*Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S decapitated body and head.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

*First Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king:  
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear.  
[*Exit with the head and body.*]

## SCENE II. Blackheath.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

*Bevis.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

*Holl.* They have the more need to sleep now, then.

*Bevis.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

*Holl.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.  
[*Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.* 10

*Bevis.* O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

*Holl.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*Bevis.* Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

*Holl.* True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as,<sup>1</sup> let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates. 20

*Bevis.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

*Holl.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

*Bevis.* He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

*Holl.* And Dick the Butcher,—

*Bevis.* Then is sin<sup>2</sup> struck down, like<sup>3</sup> an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

*Holl.* And Smith the weaver,— 30

*Bevis.* Argo,<sup>4</sup> their thread of life is spun.

*Holl.* Come, come, let us fall in with them.

*Drum.* Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher,<sup>5</sup> SMITH the Weaver and others in great number.

*Cade.* We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade<sup>6</sup> of herrings.

*Cade.* [For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—] Command silence.

*Dick.* Silence! 40

*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

*Dick.* [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. 49

[*Smith.* [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack,<sup>4</sup> she washes bucks<sup>5</sup> here at home.]

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

*Dick.* [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.<sup>6</sup>

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much. 60

*Dick.* [*Aside*] No question of that: for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together.

[*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Argo, a vulgar form of ergo = therefore.

<sup>3</sup> Cade = cask.

<sup>4</sup> Furred pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of skin with the hair outward.

<sup>5</sup> Bucks, dirty linen.

<sup>6</sup> Cage, the village lock-up.

<sup>7</sup> Of proof, i.e. well worn, with a play on the other meaning of this phrase, applied to armour of proof.

<sup>1</sup> As much to say as, a vulgar form of "as much as to say."

*Dick.* [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand  
in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for  
stealing of sheep. ] 68

\* *Cade.* Be brave, then; for your captain is  
brave, and vows reformation. There shall be  
in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a  
penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten  
hoops; and I will make it felony to drink  
small beer: all the realm shall be in common;  
and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass:  
and when I am king, as king I will be,—

*All.* God save your majesty!

*Cade.* I thank you, good people:—there  
shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on  
my score; and I will apparel them all in one  
livery, that they may agree like brothers, and  
worship me their lord. 81

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the  
lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this  
a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an in-  
nocent lamb should be made parchment? that



*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account.  
*Cade.* O monstrous!—(Act iv. 2. 92-94.)

parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a  
man? [Some say the bee stings: but I say,  
't is the bee's wax; for I did but seal office to  
a thing, and I was never mine own man since.]  
How now! who's there? 91

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write  
and read and cast account.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' <sup>1</sup>  
copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Smith.* Has a book in his pocket with red  
letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations,<sup>1</sup> and  
write court-hand. 101

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper<sup>2</sup>  
man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty,  
he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must  
examine thee: what is thy name?

*Clerk.* Emmanuel.

*Dick.* They used to write it on the top of  
letters: 't will go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone. Dost thou use to write  
thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself,  
like an honest plain-dealing man? 111

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well  
brought up that I can write my name.

<sup>1</sup> Make obligations, i.e. draw up bonds.

<sup>2</sup> Proper, handsome, well-made.



*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit some with the Clerk.*]

*Enter MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* Where's our general?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow. 119

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM STAFFORD, with drum and forces.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, 130  
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;

[*Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:—The king is merciful, if you revolt.*<sup>1</sup>

*W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:<sup>2</sup>

It is to you, good people, that I speak,  
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;  
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

*Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer; 140  
And thou thyself a sheerman,<sup>3</sup> art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*W. Staf.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

*Staf.* Ay, sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*W. Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but I say, 't is true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse, 150  
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:  
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

*Smith.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what? 160

*All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

*W. Staf.* Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this. ]

*Cade.* [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. ]

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter<sup>4</sup> for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him. 168

*Dick.* And furthermore, we'll leave the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England main'd,<sup>5</sup> and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. [Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more, than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

*All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head. ]

*W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,  
Assail them with the army of the king.

<sup>1</sup> *Revolt*, used in its literal sense, "turn back."

<sup>2</sup> *Pass not*, do not care.

<sup>3</sup> *Sheerman*, cutter of cloth; one who uses the tailor's shears.

<sup>4</sup> *Span-counter*, a game played by boys. (See note 256.)

<sup>5</sup> *Main'd*, a provincialism for *lamed*.

*Staff.* Herald, away; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;  
That those which fly before the battle ends  
May, even in their wives and children's sight,  
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—  
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*]

*Cade.* And you that love the commons,  
follow me. 192

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;<sup>1</sup>  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would, but that they dare not, take our  
parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order, and march  
toward us. 199

*Cade.* But then are we in order when we  
are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath.

*Alarums.* The two parties enter and fight, and  
both the STAFFORDS are slain.

*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ash-  
ford?

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and  
oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou  
hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: there-  
fore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall  
be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have  
a license to kill for a hundred lacking one a  
week.

*Dick.* I desire no more. 10

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st  
no less. This monument of the victory will  
I bear [*putting on part of Sir Humphrey's  
armour*]; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at  
my horse heels till I do come to London,  
where we will have the mayor's sword borne  
before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good,  
break open the gaols and set out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,  
let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*] 20

<sup>1</sup> Clouted shoon, hobnailed shoes.

SCENE IV. London. The palace.

*Enter KING HENRY reading a supplication;*  
*the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and LORD SAY*  
*wish him: at some distance, QUEEN MAR-*  
*GARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.*

[*Queen.* [*Speaking to herself*] Oft have I heard  
that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing  
breast:

But where's the body that I should embrace?]

*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to  
the rebels' supplication?

*King.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid so many simple souls 10  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

[*Queen.* [*As before*] Ah, barbarous villains!]  
hath this lovely face

Ru'd, like a wandering planet, over me,  
And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?]

*King.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to  
have thy head.

*Say.* Ay, but I hope your highness shall  
have his. 20

*King.* [*Turning to Queen*] How now, madam!  
Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death?  
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for  
me.

*Queen.* No, love, I should not mourn, but  
die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* How now! what news? why com'st  
thou in such haste?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my  
lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,  
And calls your grace usurper openly, 30  
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: 33  
Sir Humphrey Stafford<sup>1</sup> and his brother's  
death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:  
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
They call false caterpillars, and intend their  
death.

*King.* O graceless men! they know not  
what they do.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Killing-  
worth,<sup>2</sup>

Until a power<sup>3</sup> be rais'd to put them down.

*Queen.* Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now  
alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

*King.* Lord Say, Jack Cade, the traitor,  
hateth thee;

Therefore away with us to Killingworth.



*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?—(Act iv 4.3.)

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in  
danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
And therefore in this city will I stay  
And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London  
bridge:

The citizens fly and forsake their houses: 50  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Humphrey Stafford, the possessive 's is understood.

<sup>2</sup> Killingworth, the old name of Kenilworth.

<sup>3</sup> Power, armed force.

Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court. 53

*Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take  
horse.

*King.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will  
succour us.

*Queen.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-  
ceas'd.

*King.* [To Lord Say] Farewell, my lord: trust  
not the Kentish rebels.

*Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. 60

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *London. The Tower.*]

*Enter* LORD SCALES, *and others, on the walls.*

*Then enter certain Citizens below.*

*Scales.* How now! is Jack Cade slain?

*First. Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself;

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough;

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so, farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. Cannon Street.*

*Enter* JACK CADE *and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there.

[*They kill him.*]

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *London. Smithfield.*

*Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE and his followers; on the other, Citizens and the King's forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. The Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain. Then enter JACK CADE, with his company.*

*Cade.* So, sirs:—now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

[*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

*Dick.* Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

*John.* [*Aside*] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

*Smith.* [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

*Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

*Holl.* [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; [he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,<sup>1</sup> and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.]

*Enter* GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

*Cade.* [Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say,<sup>2</sup> thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu,<sup>3</sup> the dauphin of France?] Be it known unto thee; by these presence,<sup>4</sup> even the presence of Lord

<sup>1</sup> Fifteens, i.e. fifteenth.

<sup>2</sup> Say, a kind of satin.

<sup>3</sup> Basimecu, the corrupted form of a vulgar term of abuse applied to Frenchmen.

<sup>4</sup> By these presence, i.e. by these presents; the mistake is intended.

Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. [Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live.] Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 52

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

[Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent? 60

Say. Nothing but this; 't is *bona terra, mala gens*.<sup>1</sup>

Cade. [Away with him, away with him! [he speaks Latin.]

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

[Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ, Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle: Sweet<sup>2</sup> is the country, beauteous, full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy; 70

Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.]

Justice with favour<sup>3</sup> have I always done;

Prayers<sup>4</sup> and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands, But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because my book<sup>5</sup> prefer'd me to the king: And seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing<sup>6</sup> wherewith we fly to heaven, 79

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me:

[This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings; For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good. 90

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle,<sup>6</sup> then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.] 95

Cade. [Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no.] Take him away, and behead him. 102

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour,—speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

[These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,<sup>7</sup>

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live! ] 110

Cade. [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life.— Away with him! he has a familiar<sup>8</sup> under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go,

<sup>1</sup> "A good land, a bad people."

<sup>2</sup> Sweet, wholesome. <sup>3</sup> Favour, lenity.

<sup>4</sup> Prayers, to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

<sup>5</sup> Book = learning.

<sup>6</sup> Caudle, a comforting drink.

<sup>7</sup> Guiltless bloodshedding, i.e. the shedding of innocents' blood.

<sup>8</sup> Familiar, i.e. familiar spirit.

take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles higher.

*All.* It shall be done. 120

*Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; [there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite*;



*Cade.* For with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets and at every corner have them kiss.—(Act iv. 7 142-144)

and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-side and take up commodities upon our bills?<sup>1</sup>

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O, brave! 136

*Re-enter Rebels with the heads of LORD SAY, and SIR JAMES CROMER.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns

in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city, until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. — Away! [*Exeunt.*]

#### • SCENE VIII. Southwark.

*Alarm and retreat. Enter CADE and all his rabblement.*

*Cade.* Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

<sup>1</sup> Take up, &c. i.e. get things on credit. There is a play on the word *bills* (halberds), and *bills* (promissory notes).

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD,  
with Forces.*

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will  
disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the  
king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;  
And here pronounce free pardon to them all  
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye  
relent, 11

And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you;  
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king and will embrace his  
pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say "God save his ma-  
jesty!"

Who hateth him and honours not his father,  
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to  
quake,

Shake he his weapon at us and pass by. 18

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Cade.* What, Buckingham and Clifford, are  
ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye  
believe them? will you needs be hang'd with  
your pardons about your necks? [Hath my  
sword therefore broke through London gates,  
that you should leave me at the White Hart  
in Southwark? I thought ye would never  
have given out<sup>1</sup> these arms till you had re-  
covered your ancient freedom: but you are all  
regreants and dastards, and delight to live in  
slavery to the nobility. Let them break your  
backs with burthens, take your houses over  
your heads, ravish your wives and daughters  
before your faces: for me, I will make shift  
for one; and so, God's curse light upon you  
all!] 21

*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry<sup>2</sup> the Fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of  
France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; 40  
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at  
jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish  
you?

[Methinks already in this civil broil  
I see them lording it in London streets,  
Crying *Viliaco*!<sup>3</sup> unto all they meet.]

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry  
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's  
mercy. 50

To France, to France, and get what you have  
lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast:  
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;  
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the  
king and Clifford.

*Cade.* [Aside] Was ever feather so lightly  
blown to and fro as this multitude? The name  
of Henry the Fifth hales<sup>4</sup> them to an hundred  
mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate.  
I see them lay their heads together to surprise  
me: my sword make way for me, for here is  
no staying.—In despite of the devils in hell,  
have through the very midst of you! [and  
heavens and honour be witness that no want  
of resolution in me, but only my followers'  
base and ignominious treasons, makes me be-  
take me to my heels.] [Exit.]

*Buck.* What, is he fled? Go some, and fol-  
low him;

And he that brings his head unto the king  
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[Exit some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean 71  
To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exit.]

#### SCENE IX. Kenilworth Castle.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY,  
QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the  
terrace of the castle.*

*King.* Was ever king that joy'd<sup>5</sup> an earthly  
throne,  
And could command no more content than I?  
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle

<sup>1</sup> Given out = given over.

<sup>2</sup> Henry, here a trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> *Viliaco*, a corruption of Italian *Vigliacco* = rascal.  
*Hales*, draws.

<sup>5</sup> Joy'd, enjoyed.

But I was made a king, at nine months old.  
Was never<sup>1</sup> subject long'd to be a king  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.*

*Buck.* Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

*King.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a number of CADE's followers, with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; 10

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

*King.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives

And show'd how well you love your prince and country:

Continue still in this so good a mind, And Henry, though he be unfortunate, Assure yourselves, will never be unkind: And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland, And with a puissant and a mighty power Of savage gallowglasses<sup>2</sup> and stout kerns<sup>3</sup> Is marching hitherward in proud array, And still proclaimeth, as he comes along, His arms are only to remove from thee The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.

*King.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd; 31

Like to a ship that, having 'scap'd a tempest, Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with<sup>4</sup> a pirate:

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;

And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet him,

And ask him what's the reason of these arms. Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither, Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

*Som.* My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly, Or unto death, to do my country good.

*King.* [To Buckingham] In any case, be not too rough in terms;

For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

*Buck.* I will,<sup>5</sup> my lord; and doubt not so to deal

As all things shall redound unto your good.

*King.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE X. Kent. Iden's garden.]

*Enter CADE.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid<sup>6</sup> for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, off a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet<sup>7</sup> another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word "sallet" was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet,<sup>8</sup> my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill;<sup>9</sup> and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me to feed on.

<sup>5</sup> I will, i.e. "I will not be too rough."

<sup>6</sup> Laid, i.e. set with traps.

<sup>7</sup> Sallet, salad

<sup>8</sup> But for a sallet, a play on the word sallet, which also means a kind of helmet.

<sup>9</sup> Brown bill, a kind of halberd.

<sup>1</sup> Was never = there never was.

<sup>2</sup> Gallowglasses, heavy-armed Irish soldiers.

<sup>3</sup> Kerns, light-armed soldiers.

<sup>4</sup> With = by.



*Enter IDEN with five Servants, who remain at back.*

*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?



*Cade.* Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man.—(Act iv. 10. 77-78.)

This small inheritance my father left me 20  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,<sup>1</sup>  
Or gather wealth, I care not, with what  
envy.

<sup>1</sup> Waning, i.e. loss.

Sufficeth that I have<sup>2</sup> maintains my state,  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray,<sup>3</sup> for entering his fee-simple<sup>4</sup> without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

*Iden.* Why, rude companion,<sup>5</sup> whatsoe'er thou be, 33  
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?

Is't not enough to break into my garden,  
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,  
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

*Cade.* Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. [*Servants come forward*] Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more. 44

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,  
That Alexander Iden, Esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

[*He signs to the five Servants to retire; they return to back of stage.*]

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,  
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, 51  
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;  
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;

And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
But as for words,—whose greatness answers words,<sup>6</sup>

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

<sup>2</sup> Sufficeth that I have, &c., i.e. "It is enough that what I have, &c."  
<sup>3</sup> Stray, vagrant.

<sup>4</sup> Fee-simple, i.e. land held in fee-simple.

<sup>5</sup> Companion, fellow; used contemptuously.

<sup>6</sup> Whose greatness, &c., i.e. "which of us two in deeds best answers to his words."

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard of!—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled. 70

*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:  
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;  
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
To emblaze<sup>1</sup> the honour that thy master got.

*Cade.* Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. 81

[*Dies.*]

*Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;

And as I thrust thy body with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. 90

[*Exeunt Iden and Servants with Cade's body.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*The King's camp on one side. On the other enter YORK, attended with drums and colours; his forces at some distance.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.

[*Ah! sancta majestas!*<sup>2</sup> who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.

I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:<sup>3</sup>

A sceptre shall it have, have I<sup>4</sup> a soul, 10  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.]

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

[*Aside*] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why thou, being a subject as I am, 19  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Should raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:

[*O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.*] 20  
I am far better born than is the king,

<sup>1</sup> Emblaze, emblazon, display.

<sup>2</sup> Sancta majestas! holy majesty!

<sup>3</sup> It, i.e. my hand.

<sup>4</sup> Have I—as I have.

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:  
But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30  
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—  
O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,  
That I have given no answer all this while;  
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
The cause why I have brought this army  
hither

Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy  
part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,  
The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40  
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my  
powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;  
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.  
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, 50  
As pledges of my fealty<sup>1</sup> and love;  
I'll send them all as willing as I live:  
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter KING HENRY, attended.*

*King.* Buckingham, doth York intend no  
harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

*York.* In all submission and humility

York doth present himself unto your highness.

*King.* Then what intends these forces thou  
dost bring? 60

*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from  
hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude and of so mean condition

May pass into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present you: grace a traitor's head, . .  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*King.* The head of Cade!—Great God, how  
just art Thou!—

O, let me view his visage, being dead.

That living wrought me such exceeding  
trouble.— 70

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew  
him?

*Iden.* I was, an't like<sup>2</sup> your majesty.

*King.* How art thou call'd? and what is  
thy degree?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 't were not  
amiss

He were created knight<sup>3</sup> for his good service.

*King.* Iden, kneel down [*He kneels*]. Iden,  
rise up a knight. 78

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,  
And will that thou henceforth attend on  
us.

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises*].

*Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.*

*King.* See, Buckingham, Somerset comes  
with the queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Queen.* For thousand Yorks he shall not  
hide his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned  
thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?— 90  
False king! why hast thou broken faith with  
me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a  
traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's<sup>3</sup> staff,  
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

<sup>1</sup> Fealty, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> An't like, if you please.

<sup>3</sup> Pilgrim's, pilgrim's.

[[*Pointing to the crown*]] That gold must  
round engirt these brows of mine, 99  
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.  
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,  
And with the same to act<sup>1</sup> controlling laws.]  
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,  
York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:  
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

*York.* Wouldst have me kneel? first let me  
ask of these, [*pointing to his Attendants*]  
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. —  
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: 111

[*Exit Attendant.*]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,<sup>2</sup>  
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-  
ment.

*Queen.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come  
amain,

To say if that the bastard boys of York  
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

*York.* O blood-besotted Neapolitan,  
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!  
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
Shall be their father's bail; and hane to those  
That for my surety will refuse the boys! 121  
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll  
make it good.

*Enter, on one side, EDWARD and RICHARD  
PLANTAGENET, with Forces; on the other old  
CLIFFORD and his Son, with Forces also.*

*Queen.* And here comes Clifford to deny  
their bail.

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord  
the King! [*Kneels to King Henry.*]

*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news  
with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;  
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mis-  
take; 129

But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?  
*King.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious  
humour 132  
Makes him oppose himself against his king.



*Men. Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head.—(Act v. 1. 66.)*

*Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Queen.* He is arrested, but will not obey;  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for  
him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will  
serve.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall. 140

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so: I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.— Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,<sup>1</sup> That with the very shaking of their chains They may astonish these fell-lurking curs: Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.*

*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death, 149

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur Run back and bite, because he was withheld; Who, being suffer'd with<sup>2</sup> the bear's fell paw, Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do, If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested<sup>3</sup> lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves. 160

*King.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!

[What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—]

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head, 167 Where shall it find a harbour in<sup>4</sup> the earth?—

[Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war, And stain thine honourable age with blood?]

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

<sup>1</sup> Bears; the Bear and Ragged Staff were the cognizance of the house of Neville.

<sup>2</sup> Being suffer'd with, i.e. being allowed to engage with.

<sup>3</sup> Indigested, shapeless.

<sup>4</sup> In, on.

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me That bows unto the grave with mickle<sup>5</sup> age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have considered with myself The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace<sup>6</sup> The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*King.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have. 180

*King.* Cast thou dispense with<sup>6</sup> heaven for such an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin; But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

[Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To reave<sup>7</sup> the orphan of his patrimony, To wring the widow from her custom'd right; And have no other reason for this wrong 189 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?]

*Queen.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.<sup>8</sup>

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

[*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

*War.* You were best<sup>9</sup> go to bed and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm Than any thou canst conjure up to-day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,<sup>10</sup> 200 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff, This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, As on a mountain top the cedar shows That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm, E'en to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,

<sup>5</sup> Mickle, great.

<sup>6</sup> Dispense with, obtain dispensation from.

<sup>7</sup> To reave, i.e. to bereave.

<sup>8</sup> Sophister, i.e. sophistical arguer.

<sup>9</sup> You were best. It would be best for you.

<sup>10</sup> Burgonet, a kind of helmet.

[And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, to arms, victorious  
father, 211

To quell the rebels and their complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in  
spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic,<sup>1</sup> that's more than  
thou canst tell.

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in  
hell. ] *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II. *Saint Alban's.*

*Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick  
calls:

[And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarum  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—]

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:  
[Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumber-  
land, ]

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my  
steed, 9

But match to match I have encounter'd him  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter old CLIFFORD.*

*War.* Of one, or both of us, the time<sup>2</sup> is come.

*York.* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some  
other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

*War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown  
thou fight'st—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

*[Exit.]*

*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why  
dost thou pause?

*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be  
in love, 20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise  
and esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

*York.* So let it help me now against thy  
sword,

As I in justice and true right express it.

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action<sup>3</sup> both!

*York.* A dreadful lay!<sup>4</sup>—address thee<sup>5</sup> in-  
stantly. *[They fight, and Clifford falls.]*

*Clif.* *La fin couronne les œuvres.*<sup>6</sup> *[Dies.]*

*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for  
thou art still. 29

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

*[Exit.]*

*Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.*

*Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the  
roust;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of  
hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part<sup>6</sup>

Hot coals of vengeance! [Let no soldier fly:  
He that is truly dedicate<sup>7</sup> to war

Hath no self-love; nor he that loves him-  
self

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.— ]

*[Seeing his dead father.]*

O, let the vile work<sup>8</sup> end,

And the premised<sup>9</sup> flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heaven together! 42

[Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities<sup>9</sup> and petty sounds

To cease!<sup>10</sup>—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,  
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised<sup>11</sup> age,  
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days,

thus

To die in russian battle?<sup>2</sup> Even at this sight,

<sup>2</sup> Action, combat

<sup>3</sup> Lay, wager.

<sup>4</sup> Address thee, prepare thee.

<sup>5</sup> "The end crowns the work."

<sup>6</sup> Part, party.

<sup>7</sup> Dedicate = dedicated.

<sup>8</sup> Premised, sent before their time.

<sup>9</sup> Particularities, opposed to general in line above.

<sup>10</sup> To cease, i.e. to cause to cease. <sup>11</sup> Advised, sedate.

<sup>1</sup> Stigmatic, one on whom nature has set the stigma, or mark of deformity.

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis  
mine, 50  
[It shall be stony. [York not our old men  
spares;  
No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,



*F. Cliff.* York not our old men spares  
No more will I their babes.—(Act v. 2. 51, 52.)

[And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.]<sup>a</sup>  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
[Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
Into as many gobbets will I cut it  
As wild Medea young Absyrtus<sup>1</sup> did:]  
In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60  
[Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:  
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then Æneas bare a living load, 64  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.]  
[Exit, bearing off his father.]

[Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET  
fighting; SOMERSET is killed.]

*Rich.* So, lie thou there;  
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.<sup>2</sup>  
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful  
still: 70  
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.]  
[Exit.]

*Alarums; excursions. Enter KING HENRY,  
QUEEN MARGARET, and others retreating.*

*Queen.* Away, my lord! you are slow; for  
shame, away!

*King.* Can we outrun the heavens? good  
Margaret, stay.

*Queen.* What are you made of? you'll nor  
fight nor fly:

[Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,  
To give the enemy way, and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.]  
[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the  
bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,—  
As well we may, if not through<sup>3</sup> your neglect,—  
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd  
And where this breach now in our fortunes  
made 82

May readily be stopp'd.

*Re-enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.*

*F. Cliff.* But that my heart's on future mis-  
chief set,  
I would speak blasphemy ere, bid you fly:  
But fly you must; [uncurable discomfit  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present part.<sup>4</sup>  
Away, for your relief! and we will live  
To see their day and them our fortune give:]  
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the prophecy of the spirit. (See i. 4. 38.)

<sup>3</sup> If not through, i.e. unless prevented by.

<sup>4</sup> Part = party.

<sup>1</sup> Absyrtus, the brother of Medea. (See note 309.)

SCENE III. *Fields, near St. Alban's.*

*Alarums. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK,*  
*RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and*  
*Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

*York.* Old Salisbury, who can report of him,  
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
 Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
 Repairs him with occasion? This happy day  
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
 If Salisbury be lost.

*Rich.* My noble father,  
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
 Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,  
 Persuaded him from any further act: 10  
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him;  
 { And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
 So was his will in his old feeble body. }  
 But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou  
 fought to-day;  
 By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you,  
 Richard:

God knows how long it is I have to live;  
 And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-  
 day

You have defended me from imminent death.--  
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we  
 have:<sup>1</sup>

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.<sup>2</sup>

*York.* I know our safety is to follow them;  
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
 To call a present court of parliament.  
 Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth:--  
 What says Lord Warwick? shall we after  
 them?

*War.* After them! nay, before them, if we  
 can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious  
 day:

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York 30  
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.--  
 Sound drums and trumpets,--and to London  
 all:

And more such days as these to us befall!

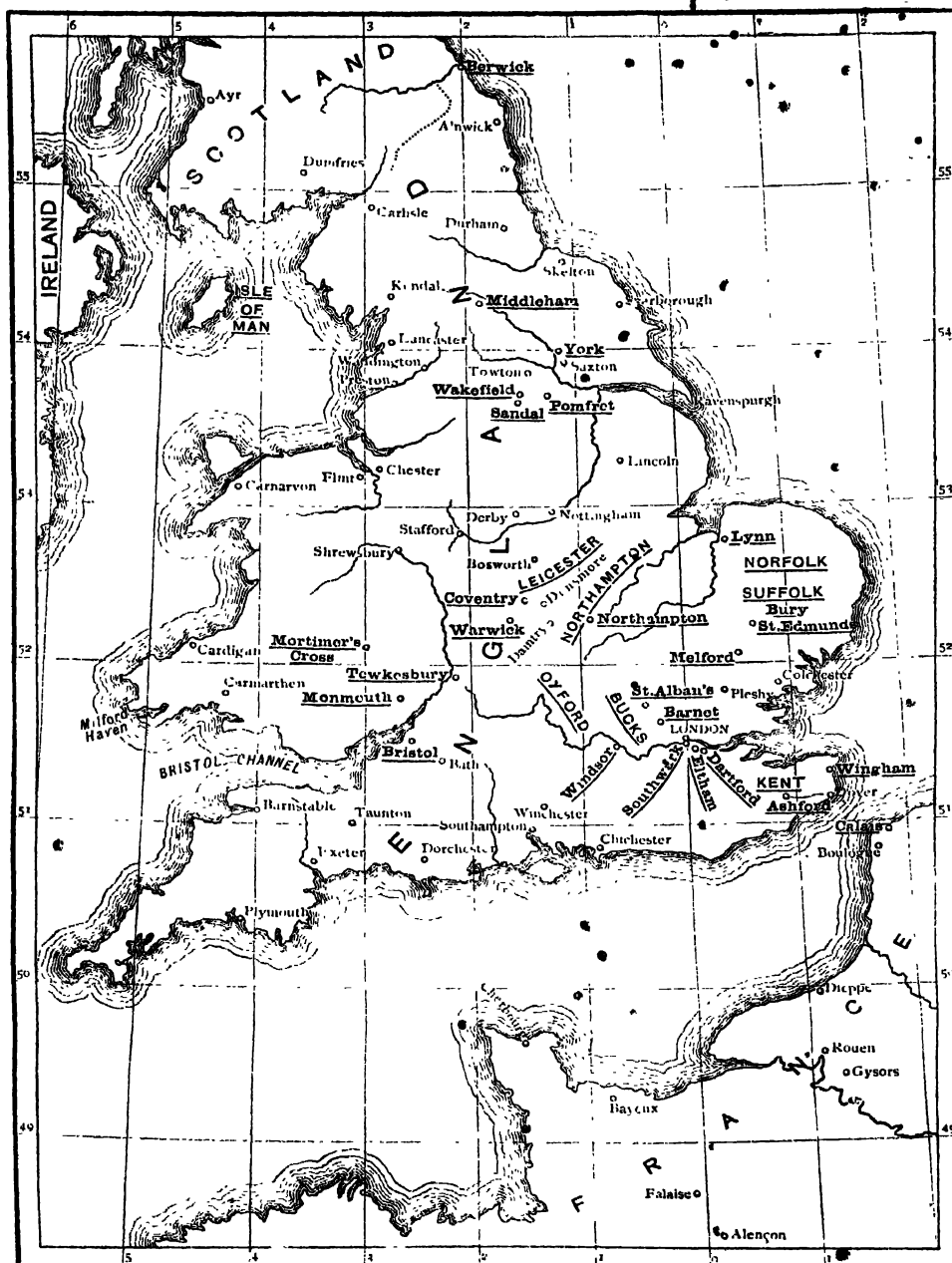
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. 'We have not secured that which we now possess.'

<sup>2</sup> i.e. 'Being enemies so able to recover from defeat.'



# MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY VI.—PART II.



## NOTES TO 'KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. KING HENRY THE SIXTH. See note 1, I. Henry VI.
2. HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, his uncle. See note 3, I. Henry VI.
3. CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the king. See note 5, I. Henry VI.

4. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. See note 7, I. Henry VI. As the children of York figure in this play, it may be well to record the fact that Richard Plantagenet married Cicely Neville, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by his second marriage with Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and widow of Sir Robert Ferrers. By this marriage he obtained the support of the powerful Neville family and their many connections. How many these were may be guessed from the fact that Cicely was the eighteenth of a family of twenty-two, of whom the first nine were by the earl's first wife, Margaret, the daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford. The duke had, altogether, by his wife Cicely, eight sons and four daughters. Four sons died young. Of the other four two are mentioned below, Edward and Richard. The other two were Edmund, Earl of Rutland, and George, Duke of Clarence, of whom memoirs will be given in the next play. Of the four daughters the eldest, Anne, married first, Henry Holland, second and last Duke of Exeter, who figures in the next play; the second, Elizabeth, married John de la Pole, the son of the Duke of Suffolk; the third, Margaret, became the third wife of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; and the fourth died young.

5. EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET. The historic period of this play extends from April, 1445, to May, 1455. At the latter date Edward was only thirteen years old, having been born in 1422; while Richard was barely three years old, having been born in October, 1452. The account of these two characters will be more appropriately given in the notes of the next play.

6. EDMUND BEAUFORT, DUKE OF SOMERSET, succeeded his brother, John Beaufort, in 1444. See I. Henry VI. note 6. Collins says (vol. i. p. 223) he was "Earl of Mortien in Normandy, and created Marquis of Dorset on June 24th, 1443. In 24th Henry VI. (i.e. 1446) he was Regent of Normandy; and in 26th Henry VI. (i.e. 1448) created Duke of Somerset." According to Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 208) it would seem that the Duke of York was originally appointed Regent of France after the decease of the Duke of Bedford, for a period of five years, and that his appointment was to be renewed for another period of five years; but the Duke of Somerset obtained the office, and replaced the Duke of York in 1446. Somerset's appointment, said to be owing mainly to the

influence of Suffolk, very much increased the enmity which existed between him and the Duke of York. (See I. Henry VI. note 198.) Both Collins and French say that he was created Duke of Somerset in 1448, the 26th year of Henry VI.'s reign. By a curious mistake both Hall and Holinshed talk of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, in the year 1440; while Holinshed under the year 1438 (vol. iii. p. 192) says: "After this, Henrie earle of Mortaigne, sonne to Edmund duke of Summerset, arlied at Chierburgh with foure hundred archers, and three hundred speares, and passed through Normandie, till he came into the countie of Maine." Under the years 1430, 1440, Holinshed gives an account of the military exploits of the Duke of Somerset, whom he calls (vol. iii. p. 196) "Edmund duke of Summerset," and speaks of him as accompanying the Duke of York, then Regent of France; but here he only copies Hall (p. 184) "he himself (i.e. York) accompanied with Edmond duke of Somerset, set forward into the Duchie of Anlow." We must therefore suppose that both Hall and Holinshed have made a mistake. What is certain is that this Edmund was the Duke of Somerset on whom devolved the command of the English armies in France after 1445; he seems to have been extremely unfortunate. Lingard (vol. iv. p. 87), speaking of his position in Normandy, in 1449, says: "The Duke of Somerset, surrounded with disaffection and treason, unable to face the enemy in the field, and forbidden to hope for assistance from England, was compelled to shut himself up in the capital, and to behold from the walls of the castle the fall of the fortresses around him." Opposed to him was the celebrated Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, the most able general on the French side. Some attempt to render him assistance seems to have been made, on the part of the home government, in 1450; but the small body of men sent to his assistance under Sir Thomas Kyriel, were defeated April 18, 1450; and by August in that year, the whole of Normandy was reconquered by the French, and in another twelve months all the English possessions in France, except Calais, had submitted to Charles. In October, 1450, the Duke of Somerset returned from France; and, although his ill fortune could not be attributed to any want of valour or good faith on his part, he was looked upon as a traitor, and, together with Suffolk, became the object of popular detestation. In 1452, at the instance of the Duke of York, Somerset was ordered into custody on a charge of treason. This charge he retorted on his accuser; York, in his turn, was arrested, and, had the advice of the Duke of Somerset been followed, would then and there have been executed as a traitor, and the Wars of the Roses would, probably, never have taken place. In November, 1453, York having been recalled into the cabinet, Somerset was committed to the Tower. In the following year the government of Calais was taken away from him and given to his rival. Shortly

afterwards, the king having been restored to health, Somerset was liberated; the king putting an end to all disputes between the two rivals on that point by himself assuming the government of Calais. In that year the flames of civil war that had so long been smouldering burst forth; and in the very first battle, that of St. Albans, Somerset was slain. He married Eleanor, second daughter and co-heir of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He had four sons and four daughters. Of these sons the eldest, Henry, the one mentioned in the passage in Holinshed above, succeeded his father as third duke. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Hexham, 1464, and there beheaded by the Yorkists the day after the battle. He was succeeded by Edmund, the fourth and last duke, who figures among the Dramatis Personæ in the next play. Two younger brothers, John and Thomas, died without issue, and with them terminated the male issue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK. This is the Earl of Suffolk of the last play. (See note 10.) He was created Marquis of Suffolk in 1444, as a return for his supposed good services in arranging the marriage between the king and Margaret of Anjou, and Duke of Suffolk in 1448. He married Alice, widow of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. (See I. Henry VI. note 9.) She was the Earl of Salisbury's second wife, and was granddaughter of Chaucer, the poet. She had by the duke two sons, of whom the elder, John de la Pole, was restored to the title of Duke of Suffolk in the third year of Edward IV. He married Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV., and daughter of the Duke of York of this play. Their son John, Earl of Lincoln, was declared heir to the crown by Richard III., his uncle, in default of issue to his own son, the Prince of Wales. This Lincoln, in 1487, countenanced the imposture of Lambert Simnel, who pretended to be Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick. He was killed, with many other leaders of the insurgents, at the battle of Stoke, on June 16th, 1487.

8. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. This was Humphrey Stafford, the only son of the Stafford mentioned in III. Henry VI. I. 1. 7-9:

Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

His mother was Anne Plantagenet, eldest daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., who was murdered at Calais in the reign of Richard II. He was made Duke of Buckingham, 1444, just after the king's marriage with Margaret of Anjou was decided upon, being one of those upon whom the king, at that time, conferred special honours, as Hall says (p. 204): "both for the honour of his realm, and to assure to himself more special friends." He married Anne Neville, third daughter of Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland. One of his daughters, Catherine, married John Talbot, the third Earl of Shrewsbury, and grandson of the great Lord Talbot. Of his three sons the eldest, Humphrey, was killed at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. He married Margaret Beaufort, daughter of Edmund, Duke of Somerset. (See above, note 8.) By her he left a son, Henry, who succeeded his grandfather as third duke,

and is the Buckingham of Richard III. The third son, John Stafford, was created Earl of Wiltshire by Edward IV. (French says in 1472), and is alluded to in III. Henry VI. I. 1. 14, 15:

And, brother, here's the *Baron of Wiltshire's* blood,  
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

According to Lingard, the Earl of Wiltshire fought on the side of the Lancastrians at the battle of Towton in 1461, was taken prisoner while attempting to escape with the Earl of Devon, and was beheaded. There must have been two persons with this title, for Holinshed mentions "the Earle of Wiltshire, sonne to the Duke of Buckingham" as being among the noblemen who accompanied King Edward on April 14th, 1470, when he entered Exeter in pursuit of Warwick and Clarence. The Duke of Buckingham of this play, however, was a loyal adherent of the house of Lancaster. He was supposed to have been concerned with Suffolk in the conspiracy against Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in 1446 (see Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 210); and was one of the noblemen specially denounced by Jack Cade in 1450. He was killed at the battle of Northampton, July 10th, 1460. In III. Henry VI. he is wrongly represented as having been killed at the battle of St. Albans, where Edward says (I. 1. 10-13):

Lord Stafford's father, *Duke of Buckingham*,  
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;  
I clef his beaver with a downright blow.  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

9. LORD CLIFFORD. This is Thomas, eighth Lord de Clifford, son of John de Clifford, and Elizabeth Percy, the daughter of Hotspur, by his wife Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March. (See I. Henry VI. note 13.) Lord de Clifford was therefore directly descended from Edward III. through his maternal grandmother. He was sheriff of Westmoreland, 1422, and appears to have sat in parliament from the fifteenth to the thirty-first years of Henry VI. He was the only son. After his father's decease, his mother married Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. Lord Clifford was a most ardent Lancastrian. He was killed at the battle of St. Albans, May 22d, 1455, when only forty years old. He married Joan, daughter of Lord Dacre of Glaisdale, by whom he had four sons and five daughters. The eldest son, John de Clifford, is the Young Clifford of this and the Lord Clifford of the following play.

10. EARL OF SALISBURY was Richard Neville, the father of the king-maker. (See I. Henry VI. note 8, second paragraph.) At first attached to Henry VI. he was afterwards induced by family ties to join the party of the Duke of York, who had married his sister. (See above, note 4.) He held the chief command in the army of the Yorkists at the first battle of St. Albans, 1455. After that an earnest attempt was made to reconcile the two factions, an attempt which promised at first to be successful. Two years passed, without any sign of renewed hostilities between them, and in 1457, according to Fabian (p. 631): "the queene suspectynge the ctyle of London, and demyd it to be more fauourable vnto the Duke of Yorkys partye than hyr, causyd the king to remove from London vnto Couentre, and there helde hym a longe season. In whiche tyme the duke of Yorke was sent for

thyther by pryue seale, with also the erle of Salesbury, and the erle of Warwyke, where, by covyne of the queene, they were all in great danger. Howsoeuer it by monysshement of theyr frendys they escapyd; and soone after the sayd duke or erle went into the Northe, and the erle of Warwyke, with a goodly company, sayld vnto Calais." The very next year an affray took place between one of the servants of the king and a servant of the Earl of Warwick, and the hollowness of the peace which the gentle Henry had patched up between the two factions was soon made manifest Warwick having been threatened by some of the king's servants professed to be in fear of his life, and took refuge at Calais. Seeing that Warwick had escaped, the queen with her party resolved to attack the Earl of Salisbury; and Lord Audley, with ten thousand men, was sent to arrest him and bring him prisoner to London (see Fabyan, p. 634). Salisbury, though at the head of a much smaller force, attacked Lord Audley at Bloreheath in Staffordshire. The battle was very fiercely contested. Salisbury's forces did not number more than half of that of his opponent; but he gained a complete victory and Lord Audley was slain. The number of killed amounted to 2400 in this battle, which may be said to have been the renewal, if not the commencement of the civil war. After the battle of St. Albans the Duke of York made a quasi-submission to the king in the parliament held at Coventry in 1460. Salisbury was attainted of high treason as well as the other lords who had joined the Duke of York, and in the same year the battle of Northampton was fought, in which Salisbury took an important part, and the king's forces were defeated; but fortune changed in the next year; for, at the battle of Wakefield, the Duke of York was killed; Salisbury and others being taken prisoners, were beheaded at Pomfret by order of the queen. By his wife Alice he had six sons and six daughters. Of the daughters, Eleanor and Catherine married respectively Lord Stanley and Lord Hastings, who both appear among the Dramatis Personæ of Richard III.; while Margaret became the wife of the Earl of Oxford who figures in the next play. Of the sons the eldest, Richard, is the celebrated king-maker. The second, Sir Thomas Neville, was killed at Wakefield. The third, John Neville, is the Marquis of Montague in III. Henry VI.; and the fourth, George Neville, was made Archbishop of York. The two remaining sons died young. The brother, whose death is alluded to, III. Henry VI. ii. 8. 15, was a bastard. (See note 152 on that play.)

II. EARL OF WARWICK. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, known as the King-maker, really makes his first appearance in this play. (See I. Henry VI. note 8.) He seems not to have come into any prominence until the battle of St. Albans, 1455. From that day he became one of the leaders, if not absolutely the chief leader, of the Yorkist party. Towards the end of the same year, the Duke of York having been appointed protector of the realm during the illness of the king, the Earl of Salisbury was made chancellor, and his son Warwick governor of Calais. "In 1458 the custody of the sea was taken from the Duke of Exeter, and given to Warwick for a term of five years. On May 29th of that same year he attacked a fleet of twenty-eight sail with a very inferior force. Fabyan

(p. 633) says that they were Spanish ships, but they appear really to have been a fleet belonging to the citizens of Lubeck; and complaint having been made against Warwick of this wanton attack upon them, he was summoned to attend at Westminster, on which occasion the affray, mentioned above in note 10, took place. Before taking his departure for Calais he appears to have arranged with his father and with the Duke of York a plan of the future campaign; and on his return to France he immediately set to work to enlist under him the veterans who had served in Normandy and Guienne. In September of next year he joined the Duke of York and his father at Ludlow. The greater part of these veterans seem to have been under the command of Sir Andrew Trollope, who, on finding the real purpose of the Yorkists was treasonable, deserted to the king with all his soldiers. This alarmed the Yorkists, and they broke up their forces, Warwick returning to Calais. In November of the same year a parliament was held at Coventry, in which an attainder was passed against the Duke of York and all his party, including the Earl of Warwick, who was now superseded both in the government of the fleet and in the government of Calais; in that of the former by the Duke of Exeter, and in that of the latter by the Duke of Somerset; but most of the ships as well as the town of Calais remained faithful to Warwick. His popularity was such that he was now recognized by the Duke of York himself as the chief hope of his party. On July 10, 1460, the battle of Northampton took place, in which the Yorkists under Warwick were victorious, and King Henry was taken prisoner. At the end of the same year, on December 30th, the battle of Wakefield was fought, in which York was killed and his army totally defeated by the Lancastrians under Queen Margaret. Warwick took no part in this battle; but on February 17th of the same year he was defeated at St. Albans by the Queen's army, and King Henry, who was under the Earl's charge, was restored to his wife and son. In spite of this victory, York's eldest son, Edward, succeeded in uniting his forces with those of Warwick. He entered London on March 4th, and was proclaimed king, under the title of Edward IV., on March 29th. In the following year, 1461, the battle of Towton was fought. The Lancastrians were completely defeated; and the popularity of Edward IV. was such that Warwick ceased to occupy that paramount position among the Yorkists which he had hitherto enjoyed. Whether his real reason for deserting the Yorkists and joining the Lancastrians was that given by the old chroniclers, and alluded to in III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 188, may be doubted. Perhaps the insult offered by the king to one of his female relatives was a mere excuse, snatched at by one who, having been so long accustomed to play the first rôle, now found himself cast for an inferior part. Be this as it may, either personal pique or disappointed ambition induced the great earl, in 1470, to declare himself in favour of Henry VI. By the end of this year Henry was again King of England, and Warwick had again resumed his offices as Chamberlain of England and Captain of Calais. In March of the following year Edward, having been formally deposed, landed with a few hundred men at Ravenspurge. At first there seemed little chance of his regaining the crown he had lost; but Clarence, who

had already been faithful to the memory of his father and to the cause of his brother, once more played the traitor, and deserted his father-in-law, Warwick, at the most critical moment. Late on Easter eve, 1471, the fatal battle of Barnet was fought; and in the midst of a slaughter, which has perhaps been exaggerated by some of the chroniclers, though it was undoubtedly very great, the king-maker fell. His body was found in a somewhat remote spot, stripped of its armour; it was afterwards exposed, with all indignity, for three days on the pavement of St. Paul's, and then buried in the abbey of Bilsam. Thus died the great earl, the last, it may be said, of those powerful nobles who were subjects only in name, who, by their personal qualities, immense possessions, and well-organized bands of followers, virtually held the fate of England in their own hands. By his wife he had no sons, only two daughters, the elder of whom, Isabel, was married to the Duke of Clarence; the second, Lady Anne, married Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI., and is the "Lady Anne" of Richard III.

12. LORD SCALES. Thomas Scales, seventh Lord Scales, son of Robert Lord Scales and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of William Lord Bardolf. He succeeded his brother Richard, 1418. French says (p. 162): "He was much engaged in the wars of Henry V. in France;" but I find no mention of him at all in *Holinshed* till the very last year of Henry V.'s reign, when he was sent by the Earl of Suffolk with other commanders against Sir Oliver Mannie whom they defeated "at a place called Le parke leues que, in English, The bishop's parke" (vol. iii. p. 130). The next year he assisted at the siege of Port Meulan. He was sent with Sir John Fastolfe in the next year to conquer "the countries of Anlow and Maine" (*Holinshed*, vol. iii. p. 143). In 1427 Lord Scales distinguished himself by remarkable courage in an engagement fought near St. Michael's Mount during the siege of Pontorson. After this he seems to have been associated in the command with Talbot, and was taken prisoner with him at the battle of Patay. During the insurrection of Jack Cade, Lord Scales was placed in command of the Tower of London. He was made a Knight of the Garter by Henry VI., and faithfully adhered to the Lancastrian party. During the civil war, in 1459, he went with the Earl of Wiltshire to Newbury, and took part in the cruel inquisition there, by which all who favoured the party of the Duke of York were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and the inhabitants of the town plundered of all their property. This was one of the acts on the part of the Lancastrians which earned them the hatred of the people. In the very next year Lord Scales met with his death. After the battle of Northampton, the Tower of London was surrendered to Edward, Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.), and, as *Holinshed* narrates (vol. iii. p. 261): "the lord Scales suspecting the sequel of the delivour thereof, took a wherrie priuillie, intending to have fled to the queene; but he was espied by diuerse watermen belonging to the earle of Warwike (which waited for forth coming on the Thames) and suddenly taken, was shortly slaine with manie darts and daggers, and his bodie left naked and all bloude at the gate of the clinke, and after was buried in the church adjoining."

He married Emma, eldest daughter of Sir John Walesborough. By her he had one son, who died before his father; and an only daughter, Elizabeth, who, becoming his heiress, married, first, Sir Henry Bouchier, and, secondly, Sir Anthony Woodville, the Lord Rivers, of Richard III., who became Lord Scales in right of his wife.

13. LORD SAY. This is Sir James Fienes (or Fiennes), second son of Sir William Fienes, who was the only son of Sir William Fienes and Joan de Say, his wife, third sister and co-heir to William de Say. The elder brother, Sir Roger de Fienes, obtained from Henry V., in 1418, the lordship of De la Court, and part of the bailiwick of Caux in Normandy. In 1419 he was made Captain of Arques, and in 1447 he was summoned to parliament as Lord Say and Sele in right of his mother Joan mentioned above. In the same parliament he was made a baron of Great Britain by the same title of Say and Sele; and in February of the same year he was made Constable of Dover and Warden of the Cinque Ports; in August he was made Constable of the Tower of London, during the minority of the son of the Duke of Exeter; and on October 30, 1440, he was made Lord Treasurer. He was one of the most unpopular ministers, and was included in the impeachment by the House of Commons in the following year, 1450, with the Duke of Suffolk and others. The rebellion of the Kentish men breaking out, the king committed Lord Say to the Tower, in order to appease the popular clamour. When the rebels entered London they took him by force out of the Tower; and, in spite of his claiming the privilege to be tried by his peers, brought him before the Lord Mayor and other justices; then, after what could scarcely be called a trial, he was dragged off to the Standard in Cheapside, where the rebels beheaded him; and, after stripping his body naked, caused it to be dragged at a horse's tail into Southwark, and there hanged and quartered. His execution occurred on July 4, 1451. He left one son, Sir William Fienes, who was killed at the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, fighting on the side of King Edward.

14. SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD AND WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother. These brothers were sons of Sir Humphrey Stafford, who died in 1428. French says (p. 165): "They were the sons of Sir Humphrey Stafford, of Grafton (ob. 7 Henry VI.) by his wife Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bardett, of Huncote. The elder of the brothers, Sir Humphrey, was sheriff of the county of Gloucester, 2 and 9 Henry VI." According to Fuller, "he was, by King Henry VI., made governor of Calais" (*Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 253). Hall gives the following account of his death; the king having gone against Jack Cade and the Kentish rebels who were encamped on Blackheath, Cade, "intending to bryng the kyng farther, within the compass of his net, brake vp his campe, and retyrred backwarde to the towne of Seuenocke in Kent, and there exspectynge his pray, encamped him selfe, and made his abode. The Queene, which bare the rule, beyng of his retrayte well aduertised, sent syr Humphrey Stafford knyght, and William his brother with many other gentelmen, to folow the chace of the Kentishmen, thinkynge that they had fledde, but yerely, they were deceayved: for at the fyrst skyrmysh,

both the Staffordes were slayne, and all their company shantfully discomfited." . . . Further on he says: "When the Kentish capitayn, or ye couetous Cade, had thus obteyned victory, and slayne the two valeaunt Staffordes, he appareled hym selfe in their rich armure, and so with pompe and glory returned agayn toward London" (p. 220). Sir Humphrey married Eleanor, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Knight, of Blatherwick. Their son, Sir Humphrey Stafford of Grafton, fought on the side of Richard III. at Bosworth, and was amongst those who fled from the battle-field and took sanctuary in St. John's Church at Gloucester, with his brother Thomas Stafford and Lord Lovel. He appears to have gone afterwards to the sanctuary at Colchester, to have left there in 1486, the first year of Henry VII.'s reign, and to have joined Lord Lovel in his rebellion. After the defeat of that nobleman by the Duke of Bedford, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother Thomas fled to Colnham, a village about two miles from Abingdon. That sanctuary being pronounced not a sufficient defence against traitors, he was taken thence, brought to the Tower, and executed at Tyburn, his brother Thomas being pardoned. From this family of Stafford the great Duke of Wellington was descended by his mother's side.

15. SIR JOHN STANLEY was the third son of Sir Thomas Stanley, first Lord Stanley, and of his wife Joan, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Goushill, her mother being Elizabeth daughter and heir of Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundell, and descended from Edward I. Lord Stanley had four sons, of whom the eldest, Thomas Stanley, is the Lord Stanley in Richard III., afterwards first Earl of Derby. The second, Sir William Stanley, is a character in the next play. Sir John Stanley is generally known as Sir John Stanley of Weever, having married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Weever of Weever, in the county of Chester. From him is descended the present Lord Stanley of Alderley, and the late Dean of Westminster. Little mention of him is made in history. Hall tells us (p. 202) that the Duchess of Gloucester, after her conviction for sorcery and treason, was "adjudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, vnder the keepyng of sir Ihon Staley, knyght."

16. VAUX. He was the son of Sir William Vaux of Harrowden, and Matilda, daughter of Sir Walter Gacy. He was a faithful adherent of Henry VI., and was killed at the battle of Tewksbury, 1471. His son Nicholas, who is a character in Henry VIII., was restored to his estates by Henry VII., and was created first Lord Vaux by Henry VIII.

17. MATTHEW GOUGH, who is only a *persona muta* in this play, was a member of a Welsh family, one of whose descendants in 1794 became Lord Calthorpe. The name of Gough or Goffe occurs frequently in the Chronicles; he having distinguished himself on several occasions in the war with France. He was one of those who escaped after the very disastrous battle of Fourmigny on April 18, 1450. He was killed on London Bridge by the rebels under Cade. Hall, in recording his death, speaks of him (p. 222) as "a man of great wit, much experience in feates of chivalrie, the which in continual warres, had valeauntly

serued the kyng and his father, in the partes beynd the sea (as before ye have hearde)."

18. ALEXANDER IDEN. In his History of Kent, under Ripley, Hasted says: "The Idens were a family of great antiquity and good estate about Iden, in the county of Sussex, and Rolveden in this county, and in them it continued down to Alexander Iden, who resided here in the 28th year of K. Henry VI., the latter half of which year he was sheriff of this county, being appointed to that office on the death of William Crowmer, Esq., who had been put to death by the rebel Cade and his followers." Under Hothfield the same writer says: "Jack Cade, deserted by his followers, concealed himself in the woods near this place, belonging to Ripley Manor, in Westwell, soon after which he was discovered by Alexander Iden, esq., Sheriff of this county, as some say, in a field belonging to that manor in Westwell parish, but by others in a field of this parish, still named from that circumstance Jack Cade's field." Holinshed says it was at Hothfield in Sussex. Iden was subsequently appointed Governor of Rochester Castle, and was again Sheriff of Kent in 1456, 1457. He married the widow of his predecessor, the daughter of the Lord Say mentioned above (note 13).

19. HUMF, SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE. Of these characters there is no more to say than to quote Hall (p. 202): "At the same season, wer arrested as ayders and counsailers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwel, prieste and chaoun of sainte Stephens in Westmynster, Ihon Hum priest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Iourdayne, surnamed the witche of Kye, to whose charge it was laied, yt thel, at the request of the duchesse, had deuised an image of waxe, representyng the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entendyng therby in cōclusion to waist, and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym death, for the which treason, they wer adjudged to dye, & so Margery Iordayne was brent in smithfelde, & Roger Bolyngbroke was drawen and quartered at thorne, takyng vpō his death, that there was neuer no suche thyng by theim ymagined, Ihon Hum had his pardon, & Southwel died in the Toure before execution: the duke of Gloucester, toke all these thynges paciently, and saled litle."

Bolingbroke was one of the Duke of Gloucester's chaplains. He was a man of great learning, and is spoken of by William Wyrcester, a contemporary writer, in the following words (*Annales Rerum Anglicarum*, sub anno 1440): "Clericus famosissimus unus illorum in toto mundo in astronomia et arte nigromantica;" meaning that he was one of the most famous in the world of those famous in astronomy and the necromantic art. The Duke of Gloucester was a great patron of learned men.

20. THOMAS HORNER. This incident of the armourer and his servant is thus narrated by Hall (p. 207): "This yere, an Armerars seruaunt of London, appeled his master of treason, whiche offered to be tried by battail. At the daie assigned, the frendes of the master, brought hym Malmesey and *Aqua vite*, to comforte hym with all, but it was the cause of his and their discomferte: for he poured in so much that when he came into the place in

Smithfelde, where he should fight, bothe his witte and strength failed hym: and so he beyng a tall and a hardye personage, ouerladed with hote drynkes, was vanqueshed of his seruante, beyng but a cowarde and a wretche, whose body was drawn to Tilborne, and there hanged and behedded." According to Douce (p. 317): "The real names of these combatants were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloynes and Robert Horne; and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's chronicle that records the duel, might have suggested the name of *Horne* to Shakespeare. Stow is the only historian who has preserved the servant's name which was David." Stow's account is as follows (edn. 1692): "John Dauld appeached his master William Catur an Armorer dwelling in S. Dunstones Parish in Fleetestreet, of treason, and a day being assigned them to fight in Smithfield, the master being welbeloued, was so cherished by his friends, and piled so with wine, that being therewith overcome, was also vnluckely slaine by his seruant" (Chronicles, p. 649).

21 JACK CADE. Hall says (p. 220): "A certayn yongmã of a goodely stature, and pregaunt wit, was entised to take vpon him the name of Ihon Mortymer, all though his name were Ihon Cade, and not for a small policie, thinking that by that surname, the lyne and lynage of the assistante house of the erle of Marche, which were no small number, should be to hym both adherent, and fauorable." Carte, in his History of England (1750), gives the following account of Cade, taking the facts as to his early life mainly from Rymer: "John Cade, a native of Ireland, who having lived some time with Sir Thomas Dagre in Sussex, and killed a woman with a child, had, after taking sanctuary, been forced to abjure the realm, and had been since in the French service. The man did not want sence, and hoped to enrich himself by disturbances; he was bold, insinuating, artful, and cunning; and finding upon his return from France, that the country people, being uneasy under the present government, had naturally turned their thoughts to the right heir of the crown (which was generally known to belong to the house of Mortimer) and placed in him their hopes of redress, he assumed the name of John Mortimer, pretending (perhaps to be a son of Sir John Mortimer, who had been put to death about twenty-five years before) at least to be a near relation of Richard, duke of York, whose name and popularity might serve to increase the number of his followers." He is said to have been by employment a clothier or dyer.

22. MARGARET. Queen to King Henry VI. See I. Henry VI. note 27.

23. ELEANOR COBHAM. She was the third daughter of Sir Reginald Cobham, eldest son of the Reginald second Lord Cobham who is mentioned in Richard II. ii. 1. 279 "Rainold Lord Cobham" as one of the adherents of Bolingbroke who embarked with the latter from Brittany in his descent upon England. She married the Good Duke Humphrey, 1423, after the pope had pronounced

his marriage with Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault, illegal; she having been at the time of that marriage the lawful wife of the Duke of Brabant. According to Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 145): "when the duke of Gloucester vnderstood the sentence pronounced against him by the pope, he began to wax wearie of his wife the said ladie Jaquet, by whome he neuer had proff, but losse, and tooke in a second marriage Eleanor Cobham; daughter of the lord Cobham of Sterberow, which before (as the fame went) was his souereigne paramour, to his slander and dishonour." It must be confessed that, for a person who was supposed to have merited the title of Good, Duke Humphrey's notions of morality were rather lax. The duchess was indicted in 1441, and was imprisoned first in the castles of Chester and Kenilworth and finally removed to Peel Castle in the Isle of Man under the custody of Sir John Stanley (see above, note 16). She died there in 1454, having endured a very rigorous confinement. By her marriage with the Duke of Gloucester she had no children.

24. MARGARET JOURDAIN. It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of King Henry the Sixth, Margery Jourdemayn, John Virley, clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May 1432, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the Lord Chancellor: The same day it was ordered by the lords of council that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdemayn should be discharged on her husband's finding security. The above is the substance of the Latin original.

# ACT I. SCENE 1.

25. Line 1: *As FROM your high imperial majesty.*—*Fl.* by. We have followed Dyce in adopting Mr. Lettsom's emendation. In The Contention the line stands:

*As by your high imperiall Maicsties command.*

When the superfluous two syllables *command* were struck out, as Mr. Lettsom points out, "the corrector seems to have forgotten to alter the preposition."

26. Line 3: *procurator.*—The author evidently took this expression from Hall (p. 205): "Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as *procurator* to Kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie, in the churche of Sanct Martyns."

27. Lines 7, 8:

*The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons, and TWENTY reverend bishops.*  
F. 1, following Qq., has in line 7 "*Bre<sup>ne</sup> and Alençon.*" F. 2 omits the *and*. Q. 1, Q. 2 read *then* the instead of *twenty*, an evident misprint which was corrected in Q. 3. The passage was evidently taken from the account by Hall of the espousal, of which we have quoted part in the last note: "At whiche marriage were present, the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng hymself, whiche was vncle to the husbunde, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There wer also,

the dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Alanson, and of Britayn. vii.\* Eries, xii. Barons. xx. Bishoppes, beside knights and gentlemen" (p. 205). This obvious misprint may be a guide to one in attempting to amend other corrupt passages.

28. Line 28: *alder-liestest*.—Shakespeare never uses the word *liest* in the sense of "dear," "beloved," except in another passage in this play, iii. 1. 164: "*My liefest liege*." He frequently uses it in the phrase "*I had as lief*" = "*I should like as much*," "*I had as soon*." The old genitive plural *alder* is never used by Shakespeare in any other of his plays. It is common in Chaucer generally in composition, in such words as *alder-first*, *alder-last*; and this very word *alder-liestest* Chaucer uses in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 240: "*Mine alderliest lord*." The more correct form of this genitive is *aller*. It is worth noting that in the beautiful letter of the Duke of Suffolk to his son written on the day of his leaving England (See Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 121), he calls the king "*oure alder* (of us all) most high and dreadde sovereignty Lord." *Allder-liestest* is really the German *aller-liestest* Chapman uses this word, very appropriately, in his grim tragedy, Alphonse, Emperor of Germany, where he makes Hedevech call Prince Edward "*mein allerliestest husband*." (Act iv.) Works, vol. iii. p. 263.

29. Lines 32-34.—Hall (p. 205) thus describes Margaret: "This woman excelled all other, aswell in beaultie and favor, as in wit and pollicie, and was of stomack and courage, more like to a man, then a woman."

30. Line 33: *yclad*.—It is remarkable that Shakespeare does not use the prefix *y*, except in this passage and in two passages in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 242: "*it is ycliped* thy park," and v. 2. 602, of same play, "*Judas I am, yclipes Macabheus*." It is used in the first place by Armado, and in the second by Holofernes. It would seem as if Shakespeare looked upon the use of this prefix as a mark of affectation. It is a curious circumstance, and worth noting as a proof that his work on this play belongs to his early period, that both these words, *yclad* and *allder-liestest*, are not to be found in The Contention, but were added in the parts rewritten by Shakespeare.

31. Line 40: *Here are the articles of contracted peace*.—These articles are not given in full by any of the old chroniclers; but Hall gives the substance of them (p. 204): "that the Duchie of Anjou, and the countie of Mayne, should be released and delivred, to the kyng her father, demaundyng for her mariage, neither peny nor farthyng;" and further on he says that certain ambassadors were sent to England by the French king, who, "after instrumentes on bothe parties, sealed and delivred, (not vnderwarded) returned into their country."

32. Lines 50, 51: Item, that the DUCHY of Anjou and the COUNTY of Maine, &c.—When the Cardinal reads the paper below (lines 57, 58) he reads: "Item, it is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine," &c. This is an obvious discrepancy, owing to the carelessness in petty details which is very characteristic of Shakespeare. It is useless to attempt to defend it upon any dramatic grounds as Clarke does. In the Old Play what Gloucester and the Cardinal both read is word

for word the same. The simple explanation is that Shakespeare corrected the Old Play from the Chronicles, in the passage, quoted above, Hall calls it the county of Maine, and so, just before, he speaks of it under the same name, and again below, never calling it the duchy, for it was not a duchy. Fabian (p. 618) speaks of "ye duchy of Anjou, and ye erielome of Mayne;" so that, so far from Shakespeare's object being, as Clarke says (vol. ii. p. 356), "to heighten the effect, according to his own characteristic style, by making Gloucester utter the substance of the item while giving its form with verbal inaccuracy," Gloucester is the more accurate of the two Shakespeare simply forgot to make the correction the second time in the item as read by the Cardinal.

33. Line 63: *They please us well*.—Lord marquess, kneel THOU down.—The whole of this speech in The Contention as far as line 70 is in prose. It is a pity it was not left so. The next line 64 is only made a verse by the insertion of the word *the*, which coming after *thee* is very cacophonous. Were it not that *marquess* is invariably accented by Shakespeare on the first syllable, I should propose to read "*my lord marquess kneel down*." Pope would read "*kneel you*;" Collier, "*kneel thee*." The objection to the former is that, as Henry is speaking as a king to a subject, he would more probably use the second person singular, as he does in the rest of the sentence. The objection to Collier's reading is that *thee* occurs in both the next lines. It is not a matter of much importance; but it is just as well to make this line complete, as it is evidently an oversight of Shakespeare's not to have done so: the word we have supplied seems to us, for the reasons given above, preferable to other emendations.

34. Lines 71, 72:

*We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.*

However unpopular the marriage of Henry with Margaret of Anjou may have been with a great many of the lords about the king, she had no reason to complain of the coldness of her reception. Fabian, whom Holinshed copies, gives the following account of her conveyance from Southwick to Blackheath (p. 617): "And from thens she was honourably conveyed by the lordes and estates of this launde, which mette with her in sondry places, with great retynewe of men in sondry luyeries, with theyr sleyns browderyd, and some betyn with goldsmithes workes in moste costly maner; and specially of the duke of Gloucester, mette with her with. v.c. men in one luyerey." Hall makes no mention of this circumstance.

35. Lines 75-103. As a specimen of the way in which Shakespeare has improved the language of the Old Play we give the speech of Gloucester as it is in The Contention: 1

*Hum. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,  
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grieffe,  
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conqure France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time  
To keep in awe that stout vnruly Realme?*

1 As the references to the Contention are very numerous, we only give the page, the edition referred to being the Reprint in Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library, pt. ii. vol. i.



And haue not I and mine vncle Bewford here,  
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,  
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,  
Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,  
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.  
Ah Lords, fatal! is this marriage cancelling our states,  
Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,  
Vndoiing all, as none had nere bene done.—p. 410

36. Line 83: *And did my brother Bedford TOIL his wife!*—Shakespeare uses this verb, in the transitive sense, in two other passages; namely, in *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, v. 1. 74:

And now haue *toil'd* their unbreatht'd memories,

and in *Hamlet*, i. 1. 71, 72:

Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So mightily *toils* the subject of the land.

It may be noted that the same somewhat unusual use of the word does not occur in the corresponding speech in *The Contention*.

37. Lines 93, 94:

*And WAS his highness in his infancy  
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?*

*Ff.* have *hath*; the emendation is Rowe's. Grant White reads *had*, which seems very little if at all preferable to the reading in *Ff.*

38. Line 102: *Defacing monuments of conquer'd France.*

None of the commentators seem to have explained what these "*monuments of conquer'd France*" were. It certainly seems to be a very obscure expression. It cannot refer to any *monuments* erected to celebrate victories on the part of the English. Probably the meaning is that the cities and fortresses, which were given up by the treaty of marriage with Margaret of Anjou, were, so long as they remained occupied by the English, *monuments* of their conquest.

39. Line 105: *This PERORATION with such CIRCUMSTANCE.*

The explanation of this sentence given by Johnson, viz., "*This speech crowded with so many instances of exaggeration,*" seems to be rather far-fetched. Surely the meaning given to *circumstance* in our foot-note, namely "*circumstantial details,*" fully meets the requirements of the sense. The Cardinal means to say that Gloucester's speech is a mixture of passion and deliberation; and that the *peroration*, which is generally a rhetorical flourish, is in this case full of detail.

40. Line 100: *Suffolk, the new-made duke that RULES THE ROAST.* The origin of this phrase is more or less obscure. The fact is that the phrase has become so familiar to us, and the sense of it is so clear, that we do not trouble ourselves much about the origin of it. Whether it was originally used of the person who sat at the head of the dinner table, and therefore might be called the ruler or director of the feast; or whether it is a corruption of "*rule the roost,*" as plausibly suggested by Richardson, —the phrase having been originally applied to a cock who "*rules the roost*" in the sense of being the master of the hens which *roost* with him —or whether we are to look elsewhere for the origin, is uncertain. In support of the second explanation Richardson quotes from Jewell's

Defence of the Apologie, p. 35: "*Geate you fowe, yf into your pulpites like bragginge cockes on the roost, flappe your whinges, and crow but aloude.*" Clarke quotes from Fox's *Acts*, Edward II.: "*The old queene, Sir Roger Mortimer, and the Bishop of Elie, in such sorte ruled the roost.*" In all the *Ff.* the word is spelt *roost*. There is another word which possibly may guide us to the origin of this phrase, and that is the word *roust* (sometimes written *roost*, *roost*, from the Icelandic *rostr*), explained to mean "*the turbulent part of a channel or firth occasioned by the meeting of rapid tides*" (*Imperial Dict. sub Roust*). Another conjecture is that *roast* or *roost* may be a corruption or misapplication of the word *roul*, in the sense of a *rabble*.

41. Lines 111, 112:

*Unto the poor king Reigner, whose LARGE STYLE  
Agrees not with the LEANNESS OF HIS PURSE.*

This expression was evidently suggested by the following sentence in Hall (p. 205): "*For kyng Reyner her father, for al his long stile, had to short a purse, to sende his daughter honorably, to the kyng her spouse.*"

42. Lines 119-122.—This passage evidently shows that Shakespeare had confused Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, with Richard Beauchamp, the King-maker. (See I. Henry VI. note 8.) The latter Earl of Warwick had nothing to do with the conquest of Anjou and Maine; at the time of the marriage of Henry and Margaret, 1445, he was only in his seventeenth year. It may be observed that in *The Contention* the language of Warwick is more vague. He never uses the personal pronoun *I*; the expression being: "*Warwick, &c.*" Some editors have proposed to substitute in the text of this play *swords* for *wounds* (line 121). Certainly the antithesis between *swords* and *words* is better than that between *wounds* and *words*; and the verbal jingle, which is intentional, is more complete.

43. Line 133: *That Suffolk should demand a whole FIFTEENTH.*—Here the author follows the Chronicles; but in I. Henry VI. v. 5. 93, Suffolk is authorized by the king to gather up a *tenth* for his expenses.

44. Line 144: *bickerings.*—This word originally means *skirmishing*, in which sense it is not uncommon in the early English writers.

45. Line 169: *hoise.*—This form of the verb *to hoist* occurs in three other passages in Shakespeare, in *Tempest*, i. 2. 148; *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 207; *Richard III.* iv. 4. 529.

46. Line 178: *Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector.*—*Ff.* read "*Or thou or I.*" We have followed Capell's emendation in omitting the first *or*.

47. Line 194: *And, BROTHER York.*—In *The Contention* Salisbury calls York *cousin*. He was really his brother-in-law (see above, notes 4 and 10).

48. Line 208: *Then let's away, and look unto THE MAIN.*—The following passage from *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 54-57:

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.  
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;  
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage;

is generally quoted as a similar instance of the expression *the main*; but an examination of the text shows us that

the *main*, there is an elliptical expression = *the main source*; while here it seems to be used in the abstract = "the chief point, the safety of the realm" (see foot-note). In the next speech Warwick says (line 212): "*Main chance, father, you mean!*" But for this explanation given by Wagwick one might think that *main* here meant "the ocean," a sense in which Shakespeare frequently uses the word. Compare John II. 1. 26:

Even till that England, held in with the *main*;

the meaning being "let us look to the command of the sea," a most important point, to the possession of which the Yorkists, in a great degree, owed their subsequent success. At a later period, after the battle of St. Albans, the king took "the custody of the sea" from the Duke of Exeter, and gave it "to the Earl of Warwick for a term of five years" (Lingard, vol. iv. p. 119).

49. Lines 209-213.—This silly jingle is taken almost verbatim from *The Contention*, with the exception of line 212, which is inserted. It is not a bit worse than some of the passages we have pointed out in *Richard II.*, e.g. ii. 1. 72-93.

50. Line 216: *on a TICKLE point*.—Shakespeare uses this word as an adjective only in one other passage, in *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 176-178: "thy head stands so *tickle* on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off." There it seems to mean "unsteady," "insecure." Spenser uses it in the same sense.

In Kyd's *Jeronimo* or *The Spanish Tragedy* (act iii.) we have exactly the same expression as in the text:

Now stands our fortune on a *tickle point*

—*1* to Jodely, vol. v. p. 82.

Compare also Chapman's *Widow's Tears*, ii. 1: "I haue sether hart vpon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a Diall" (*Dramatic Works*, vol. iii. p. 29).

51. Line 221: "*'Tis THINE they give away, and not their own*."—York is addressing himself. Gratt White changed *thine* to *mine*, but quite unnecessarily. Compare lines 248, 249 below, where the speaker again addresses himself. We find instances in Shakespeare of a similar license in soliloquy, where the speaker is supposed to address some other person. Compare *Richard II.* v. 5. 55, and *I. Henry IV.* ii. 3. 32.

52. Lines 234, 235:

*As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd  
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.*

The allusion is to the story of Meleager, or rather to the later and post-Homeric form of that story. He was the son of Oeneus, king of Calydon, and Althæa. When he was seven days old, the fates declared he would die as soon as the piece of wood, which was burning on the hearth, should be consumed. His mother extinguished the firebrand, and concealed it in a chest. Meleager, having slain the wild boar of Calydon, presented the hide to Alalanta. The two brothers of Althæa took it from her, whereupon Meleager in a rage killed them. Althæa, frantic with grief at the death of her brothers, took the firebrand from the place where she had so long kept it, and burned it till it was all consumed; whereupon, as the fates had predicted, Meleager died, and his mother,

in remorse, killed herself. The story has been beautifully treated by Mr. Swinburne in his well-known tragedy of *Alalanta* in Calydon. Shakespeare also refers to this story in *I. Henry IV.* ii. 2. 98-98, where the page is made to blunder as to the real tradition, and to confuse it with that relating to Hecuba.

53. Lines 237, 238:

*Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,  
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.*

The meaning is that York hoped to be king of France as well as of England, as Henry V. had been, and his son before the possessions and conquests of the English had been lost.

54. Line 247: *Whose church-like HUMOUR fits not for a crown*.—*FF.* have *humours*. We have adopted Rowe's alteration. Some editors alter *fits* to *fit*; but the singular *humour* = "disposition," "temperament," seems more appropriate here than the plural *humours*, which generally means "eccentricities," "mad pranks."

55. Line 250: *Whose BOOKISH rule*; i.e. the rule of one more acquainted with books than with men.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

56. Line 22: *My troublous DREAM this night doth make me sad*.—*FF.* have *dreams*; corrected by Capell.

57. Line 38: *And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd*.—*F. 1, F. 2* have *wer*, *F. 3, F. 4* *were*. *Qq.* read *are*, which Hamner rightly adopted in the text.

58. Line 42: *ill-motur'd*. Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 134:

*Ill-motur'd*, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice.

There it seems to mean "rude" or "churlish;" but here the sense is probably that given in our foot-note, "ill-educated."

59. Line 47: *hammering*.—For a similar use of this word see *Two Gent. of Verona*, note 28.

60. Line 59: *I go*.—*Come, Nell, thou'lt ride with us, I'M SURE*.—We have followed Dyce in adding *I'm sure* from *Qq*.

61. Line 66: *Being but a woman, I will not be slack*.—*FF.* read "*And, being a woman*" I have ventured to make the alteration in the text in order to avoid the repetition of *And*, as the previous line also commences with *And*. In *Q 1, Q 2* there is no parallel to this line, but in *Q 3* the line reads,

And being but a woman, I'll not be slack.

The number of weak *ands* in this play is very remarkable, and is very unlike Shakespeare's style.

62. Lines 88, 89:

*But, how now, Sir John Hume!  
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum.*

See above, note 19

63. Line 100: *They say "A CRAFTY KNAVE DOES NEED NO BROKER"*.—This proverb occurs in Ray in the form "Two cunning knaves need no broker" (see *Bohn's Dictionary*

of Proverbs, p. 548). The proverb is quoted, in the same form as in the text, in *A Merry Knack to Know a Knave*:

some will say,  
A crafty knave needs no broker,  
But here is a crafty knave and a broker too.  
—Dodsley, vol. vi. p. 599.

64. Line 107: *Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.*—Mr. M. Mull suggests that we should read "*from all*," a very plausible suggestion, as Hume undoubtedly means to say that he shall have gold *from* all the parties concerned, Suffolk, the Cardinal, and the Duchess.

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

65. Line 4: *in the quill.*—There has been much dispute as to the exact meaning of this phrase. The explanation we have given in the foot-note, viz. *in a body*, seems, on the whole, the most probable, and the most satisfactory as regards the context. Hammer printed *in quill*, and explained it as meaning "no more than our written or penned supplications." Tollet suggests that it meant "with great exactness and observance of form," or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is *in the quill*, i.e. in the reigning mode of taste" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii pp. 184, 185). This explanation is adopted by Nares. Steevens says: "Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penned* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk* for a drawing executed by the use of chalk." And in a later note he compares the expression *in print* as analogous. Hawkins would derive it from the French *en quille*, "which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place" (ut supra, p. 185). One of the meanings of *quille* is explained by Cotgrave: "The keele of a ship; also, a keyle; a big peg, or pin of wood, used at Ninepins, or Keyles, &c." Singer says, "It appears to me to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of 'in the coil,' i.e. in the bustle. This word is spelt in the old dictionaries *quoil*, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons *quile*, or *quill*" (vol. vi. p. 137). Swynfen Jervis reads *in the quile*, which Halliwell in his Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words explains: "A pile . . . a heap of anything;" and in his large folio edition of Shakespeare says: "*In the quill*," that is, all together. The First Petit. tells his companions to keep together, so that when the lord protector comes, their supplications may all be delivered at once." Hunter says (vol. ii. p. 66): "'*Quill*' means *here* the narrow passage through which the protector was to pass," and quotes Silvester's translation of Du Bartas:

And th' endless, thin ayre, which by secret quills  
Hath lost itself within the windes-but his.

Dyce objects to this that Silvester is simply translating the French word *tuyaux*, which is explained by Cotgrave: "A pipe, *quill*, cane, reed, canell;" but there is no doubt the word *quill* was used in English as meaning a narrow pipe or passage. We find in Chapman's Widow's Tears (ii. 1) the following: "who by unknown *quills* or conduits vnder ground, drawes his Pedegree from Lyncurgus his

great Toe, to the Vicerole's little finger" (*Dramatic Works*, vol. iii. p. 38). If we look at the context, I think we shall have no difficulty in deciding that Halliwell's explanation is the right one; and that it was from the last-mentioned meaning of the word that the phrase had its origin. The petitioners were naturally nervous, and each was anxious to be the first in presenting his petition; by standing close together they would gain courage, and no one of the party would have any special advantage over the others. In Ainsworth's Latin Dict. 1761, *in the quill* is explained to mean "acting in concert" (*ex compacto agunt*). It is possible that there might be some reference to the practice of folding up a document inside a *quill* or reed for security. The only instance of the use of this phrase which I have been able to find seems to confirm the meaning given by Mr. Halliwell and in our footnote. It occurs in the Devonshire Damsel's Frolic, one of the "Songs and Sonnets" in the collection called "Quoyce Drollery, &c." (1656), where, speaking of some girls swimming close together, the author says:

Thus those females were all *in a quill*  
And following on their pastimes still.

This passage goes to decide the question.

66. Line 7: First Petit. *Here a' comes*, &c.—This speech is assigned by F. 1, F. 2 to Peter; F. 2 has *one Peter*; and F. 4 has *First Pet.* It is evident that this speech must be given by the same speaker as that of lines 13, 14. We have adopted, therefore, the correction of F. 4.

67. Line 15: *For my Lord Protector.*—*Fi* have *tu*; a manifest error, which is not improved by the stage-direction, *Reading*. It is quite clear that the queen could not read even the superscription before she had seen the petitions. She is evidently echoing the words of the speaker. In *The Contention* the passage stands as follows:—

Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?  
Pet. If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protector's grace.  
Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,  
Look on them my Lord of Suffolke. —P. 426

68. Line 33: *That my MASTER was.*—*Fi* have *mistress*, a mistake which probably arose from the word being indicated in the MS. only by the initial letter *M*. There does not seem to be any meaning in the speaker making a pointless blunder like this. He understands, or pretends to understand, the queen to ask if the Duke of York said that *his master* was rightful heir to the crown. In *The Contention* Peter makes a probable and rather amusing blunder, of which Shakespeare does not seem to have approved:

Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said,  
that the Duke of Yorke was true heire unto the Crowne, and that the  
King was an vsurer.  
Queene. An vsurper thou wouldest say.  
Peter. I forsooth an vsurer  
Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?  
Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so. —Pp. 426, 427.

It is to be observed throughout this scene that none of the Petitioners seem in any way to recognize Margaret as queen. The First Petitioner (line 18 above) addresses his answer to the queen's demand not to her, but to the Duke of Suffolk; and in this speech Peter does not give

her any title at all. We can hardly suppose that this want of respect for Queen Margaret is to be taken as merely the result of ignorance. It was probably the author's intention to show how unpopular she was with the people.

69. Line 51: *Am I a queen in TITLE and in STYLE?*—This expression certainly seems to be tautological; but "style and title" is a common phrase in official documents. *Title* would mean here her right to be called *queen*, in virtue of her marriage with the king; and *style* the right to the dignity of *queen*, in official documents and ceremonies in foreign courts, as well as in that of England.

70. Line 57: *proportion*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, v. 2. 106, 107:

Well mayst thou know her by thy own *proportion*,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee.

Shakespeare rarely uses this word absolutely in the sense of "form," "shape," but generally with some epithet. It seems more or less to imply *shapeliness*. Compare Patient Grisail, i. 1:

Which of us three you hold the properest man?  
Oh! I have no skill to judge *proportions*.

—Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 22.

71. Line 71: *Besides the HAUGHT protector*.—F. 1 has *haughtie*. The reading in the text is that of F. 2, and is necessary for the sake of the metre. Shakespeare uses *haught* in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 169; and in Richard III. ii. 3. 28.

72. Line 73: *GRUMBLING York*.—Note the epithet here. It shows that York's discontent at his treatment by the court was no longer concealed.

73. Lines 78-90.—This speech of the queen's could have no historic foundation, for the Duchess of Gloucester's disgrace took place three years before Margaret's arrival in England in 1441.

74. Line 83: *She bears a duke's revengers on her back*.—See King John, note 72. Compare Marlowe's Edward II. p. 193:

He wears a *lord's revenue* on his back.

This, be it noted, is one of the added lines, not in The Contention.

75. Line 91: *Madam, myself have LIM'D a bush for her*.—Compare III. Henry VI. v. 6. 13:

The bird that hath been *limed* in a bush;

and Lucrece, 88:

Birds never *lim'd* no secret lusher fear

Shakespeare employs, most beautifully, the image of a bird caught with bird-lime in the king's remorseful speech (Hamlet, iii. 3. 68, 69):

O *limed* soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more *engag'd*.

76. Line 93: *to THEIR lays*.—Ff. read *the*; the correction is *there's*.

77. Lines 100, 101:

*As for the Duke of York,—this LATE COMPLAINT  
Will snake but little for his benefit.*

This evidently refers to the *complaint* just made by Peter against his master.

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78. Line 105: *SOMERSET or YORK*.—All that Hall says on the appointment of the Duke of Somerset as regent is (p. 208): "For whiche consideration (i.e. the defence of Normandy) money was graunted, men wer appoynted and a great army gathered together and the duke of Somerset, was appoynted Regent of Normandy, and the Duke of Yorke thereof discharged." But Holinshed adds (vol. iii. pp. 208, 209): "I haue seene in a register booke belonging sometime to the abbey of saint Albons that the duke of Yorke was established regent of France, after the deceasse of the duke of Bedford, to continue in that office for the tearme of fve yeares; which being expired, he returned home, and was loifullie receiued of the king with thanks for his good service, as he had full well deserved in time of that his gouernement: and further, that now when a new regent was to be chosen and sent ouer, to abide vpon safeguard of the countries beyond the seas as yet subject to the English dominion, the said duke of Yorke was eftsoones (as a man most meet to supplie that room) appointed to go ouer againe, as regent of France with all his former allowances.

"But the duke of Somerset still maligning the duke of Yorkes aduancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent ouer to be regent, as before you haue heard: he likewise now wrought so, that the king reuoked his grant made to the duke of Yorke for enioieng of that office the terme of other fve yeeres, and with helpe of William marquisse of Suffolke obtained that grant for himselfe. Which malicious deling the duke of Yorke might so euill beare, that in the end the heate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others, though in diuers times and seasons, as in places hereafter (as occasion serueth) it shall more euidentlie appeare."

79. Lines 121-130.—The attack of the queen and her party on Gloucester is evidently founded on the following passage in Hall (pp. 208, 209): "This woman (i.e. Queen Margaret) perceiuyng that her husbande did not frankly rule as he would, but did all thyng by thadvise and counsaill of Hufrey duke of Gloucester, and that he passed not muche on the auctoritie and gouernaunce of the realme, determined with her self, to take vpon her the rule and regiment, bothe of the kyng and his kyngdome, and to deprive and euict out of al rule and auctoritie, thesaid duke, then called the lord protector of the realme: leasat men should saie & report, yt she had neither wit nor stomacke, whiche would permit & suffice her husband, beyng of perfect age & mans estate, like a yong scholer or innocent pupille to be gouerned by the disposicion of another man. This manly woman, this coragious quene, ceased not to prosecute furthwith, her inuented imagination and prepesed purpose, but practised dailly the furtheraunce of thesame. And although this inuicid came first of her awne high mind, and ambitious corage, yet it was furthered and set forward by suche, as of long tyme had borne mallice to the duke, for declaryng their vnt ruth as you before haue heard. Whiche venomous serpentcs, and malicious Tygers, perawaded, incensed and exhorted the quene, to loke

well vpon the expenses and reuenues of the realme, and thereof to call an accompt: affirming plainly that she should euidently perceiue, that the Duke of Gloucester, had not so muche aduanced & preferred the commo-wealth and publique vtilitie, as his awne priuate thinges and peculier estate."

80. Lines 135-137. — Compare Hall (p. 209): "Diuerse articles, bothe heynous and odious, were laied to his charge in open counsaill, and in especiall one, that he had caused men adiudged to dye, to be put to other execution, then the law of the land had ordered or assigned."

81. Lines 142, 143. — Queen Margaret here seems to have anticipated Good Queen Bess in her mode of dealing with her courtiers. The ladies-in-waiting of the virgin queen had often the honour of receiving a box on the ears from their royal mistress.

82. Line 145. *ten commandments*. — Compare John Heywood's Interlude The Four P.P. [1540 (?)]:

Thy wife's *ten commandments* may search thy five wits.  
—Doddley, vol. i. p. 38r.

In using this kind of expression for her ten fingers, or as some more precisely explain it "her ten nails," the duchess seems to be justifying her husband's epithet "ill-nurtured." (See above, i. 2. 42.)

83. Line 152: *listen after*. — This expression is only used in one other passage in Shakespeare, in II. Henry IV. i. 1. 29. Compare Chapman's Widow's Tears, ii. 1: "Yes, and talkes of you againe in the fairest manner, *listens after* your speede."

84. Line 153: *her FURY needs no spurs*. — *Ff. have fume*. We have followed Dyce, who was the first to suggest the obvious emendation *fury*; which would be spelt in the MS., from which the transcriber copied, *furie*, and would therefore be very easily mistaken by the printer for *fume*.

85. Line 154: *She'll gallop FAST enough to her destruction*. — F. 1, F. 2 have *farre*; F. 3, F. 4 *far*. We have adopted Pope's emendation.

86. Line 172: *Without DISCHARGE, money, or furniture*. — The meaning of the word *discharge* here is very doubtful. If it means payment, then *money* seems merely tautological. The word, whether used as a verb or adjective, in Shakespeare seems, generally, to have the meaning of *discharging* either a duty or liability. Some take it to mean "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command." It may mean "official orders to sail;" or possibly it may be an elliptical expression = "the means to discharge my office," or "the means to embark my troops." If we take it to mean payment, then the distinction between *discharge* and *money* is, that *discharge* means "the payment of arrears," and *money*, "the funds necessary to pay the soldiers during the campaign."

87. Lines 203-214. — This speech of Gloucester appears to be the result of an attempt on the part of Shakespeare to condense two of Gloucester's speeches into one, and to give to his part in this scene greater prominence. In

the old play, after the speech of the armourer (in this play Horner), the king continues:

*Kin.* Uncle Gloucester, what do you thinke of this?  
*Hum.* The Lord is this by cage, it rests  
suspicious,

That a day of combat be appointed,  
And there to trie each others right or wrong,  
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month  
With Eiben stauces, and Standbags combatting  
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie!

[*Exit Humphrey.*]

*Arm.* And I accept the Combat willingly.

*Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

*Sig.* You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:  
Go take them hence againe to prison. —Pp. 43r, 43v.

Then comes the episode of the queen letting drop her glove; and after her exit Gloucester enters. The king addresses him:

Uncle Gloucester, what answer makes your grace  
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,  
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

*Hum.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,  
For that these words the Armourer should speake,  
Doth breed suspicion on the part of Yorke,  
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,  
Till trials made, and Yorke may clea: himselfe.

*Kin.* Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.  
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
And to defend our rights gainst forraigne foes,  
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.  
Make hast my Lord, tis time that we were gone,  
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

*Som.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,  
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

—Pp. 43r, 43v.

While expanding the speech of Peter, the adapter seeks to throw these two speeches of Gloucester into one; and there are two separate appeals of the king to him in one, line 207:

Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Gloucester's answer embraces both the question as to giving the regency to Somerset or York, and also the question as to the dispute between the Armourer (Horner) and his servant; but, in Shakespeare's text, the king has asked Gloucester nothing about the question of the regency at all; and Somerset is made (line 215) to thank the king for the decision as to the regency given by Gloucester. Theobald, therefore, inserted between lines 214, 215 two lines from the king's speech in The Contention:

Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.

We make your grace Regent ouer the French.

—P. 43r.

Many editors adopt this insertion of Theobald's; but, as it is clear that the alterations and cuts were made somewhat carelessly, we have inserted a stage-direction which sufficiently explains the sense of the passage, and accounts for Somerset addressing the king and not Gloucester. Horner, it will be noted (line 216), as well as Peter, the servant, addresses Gloucester, not the king. In The Contention Somerset exits after thanking the king; but in this play the scene concludes with the king (line 225) saying to Somerset: "Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away," which shows that he had accepted Gloucester's decision.



*Buc.* My Lord, I pray you let me go post unto the King,  
 Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.  
*York.* Content. Away then, about straight.  
*Buc.* Farewell my Lord. [*Exit Buckingham.*]  
*York.* Whose within there?

*Enter One.*

*One.* My Lord,  
*York.* Sirha, go will the Earles  
 Of Salisbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night.

*One.* I will my Lord

[*Exit York.*]

[*Exit.*]

—Ff. 436, 437.

It will be seen that York certainly takes the lead, and gives all the orders in the original; but in Buckingham's speech in the present play (lines 52-57), he is made to take no less a commanding tone than York. Therefore we have ventured to assign the greater part of his speech to York; and we have introduced among the characters who enter, one of the Staffords, whose presence would seem to be clearly indicated by line 55:

Stafford, take her to thee.

This is given in all the editions to Buckingham; but surely he would hardly address himself by his own surname. We have given this speech to York, who is careful to address Buckingham by his title (line 58):

Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

we are justified, therefore, in concluding that he would not address him simply by his family name. Again, it is clear that Buckingham does not go away with the duchess, but remains on the scene: he plays the same part in this scene as he does in that of *The Contention*; he occupies himself with the examination of the papers while York is giving his orders; and he requests permission, as he does in lines 80, 81 of this play:

Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,  
 To be the post, in hope of his reward,

to be allowed to carry the news of the arrest to the king. Though all the commentators, as far as we can find, pass over altogether this distinct mention of Stafford, we cannot but think we are justified in introducing him among the Dramatis Personæ of this scene. It will be noted that in *The Contention* we have:

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham, and others.*

We know that Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother William were afterwards despatched against the rebels under Jack Cade. It is probable, therefore, that they were both about the court, and that one of them might have accompanied the Dukes of York and Buckingham upon this occasion. We have supposed that it is William Stafford, and not Sir Humphrey, who was present on this occasion, because we should have expected the latter to have been addressed as *Sir Humphrey*, and not as *Stafford*. The scene, as it is usually printed, is scarcely intelligible; but by aid of the slight alteration we have made, and of the stage-directions we have added, we venture to think that the obscurity has been removed.

97. Lines 73-82.—It seems as if in this part of the scene Shakespeare had hardly made up his mind whether to write in verse or prose. Line 73, for instance, can hardly be called verse, nor line 82.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

98. Line 4: *old Joan had not gone out*.—Johnson explains this, off the authority of a gentleman well acquainted with falconry: "that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite awty; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 203). Percy explains it: "The wind was so high it was ten to one old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 203). No commentator seems to have succeeded in discovering any authority on falconry that could decide which explanation is the right one.

99. Line 20: *BEAT ON A CROWN*.—This expression is not taken from falconry as Johnson supposed. A hawk is said to *beat*, or *bate*, when he flutters violently with his wings. But, as Steevens points out, to *beat on* is the same as "to hammer on," "to keep on working at the same idea." Compare above (i. 2. 47), where Gloucester says to his wife:

And wilt thou still be *hammering* treachery?

The very same phrase occurs in more than one old play; e.g. in *The Maid's Metamorphosis* (attributed to Lilly):

With him whose restless thoughts do *beat on* thee

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 134;

and is used by Shakespeare in the *Tempest*, v. 1. 246, 247:

Do not infest your mind with *beating on*  
 The strangeness of this business.

Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 182. These passages are quite sufficient to prove that Johnson was wrong in his conjecture; and that Pope's emendation *bent* is utterly needless.

100. Line 24: *With so MUCH holiness can you NOT do it?*  
 —Ff. read:

With *such* holiness can you do it?

Many attempts have been made to amend this line. Those who adhere to the reading of the old copies generally explain the line as bearing an ironical sense, i.e. "With such holiness (as you possess) can you do it, i.e. hide your malice?" The emendation that we have ventured to make is based on the supposition that the transcriber's eye caught *such* in the line above, and wrote it in mistake for *so much*; and that he accidentally omitted *not*. Certainly the line, as given in Ff., is very unrhymical and obscure. Our emendation seems to restore the rhythm, and to do away with the obscurity.

101. Lines 32, 33:

Queen. And *thy* ambition, Gloucester.

King

„ *Prithee, peace,*  
*Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers.*

These lines are arranged in F. 1 thus:

Queen. And thy Ambition, Gloucester.

King. I prythee, peace good Queene,  
 And whet not on these furious Peeres.

The last line, it will be observed, is defective in two syllables, which F. 2 supplied by the addition of *too-too* before *furious*. But by simply omitting the *I* before *prithee*, and ending the first line with *peace*, we get two complete lines. This is the same arrangement as Malone's with the exception that he does not omit the word *I*.

102. Lines 47, 48:

Car. [Aside to Glo.] *As ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?*

Glo. [Aside to Car.] *Cardinal, I am with you.*

*Ff.* arrange these lines thus, giving the whole speech to Gloucester:

*Glost.* True Vncke, are ye advis'd?

The East side of the Grove:

Cardinal, I am with you.

We have followed Theobald's arrangement, which is manifestly the right one; as he points out, the cardinal's impetuosity becomes more pronounced by his repeating the place of the assignation; whereas, if the whole speech is given to Gloucester, it is very tame.

103. Line 55: *The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.*—Malone objects to this line on the ground that the dispute between the cardinal and Gloucester is intended to pass *aside*; but that Shakespeare adopted this line, with slight alteration, from the Old Play, where the dispute would seem not to be concealed from Henry. This remark is decidedly hypercritical. It is evident that the cardinal at least, if not Gloucester, is intended to be labouring under great excitement; and, from line 49 above, it is clear that the king already noticed that the dispute was going on between them. It would not be necessary for him to *hear* what they said, but simply to note their hostile gestures. In the Old Play *asides* are never marked.

104. Line 62: *Come to the king; tell him what miracle.*—*Ff.* have "*and tell him.*" We have preferred to omit and rather than follow Seymour in omitting *him*.

105. Lines 68-100.—This incident of the pretended miracle at St. Albans is given neither by Holliushed nor Hall. Grafton thus narrates it as: "written and set forth by Sir Thomas Moore knight, in a booke of hys, entituled, a Dialogue concerning heresies and matters of religion, and in the .xliij. chapter of the same booke, in this wise followyng. In the time of King Henry the sixt (sayeth he) as he roade in Progresse, ther came to the towne of Saint Albons a certayne begger with hys wyfe, and there was walking about the towne begging fure or sixe dayes before the kinges comming thether, sayeng that he was borne blinde and neuer sawe in all his life, and was warned in his dreame, that he should come out of Berwicke, where he sayd that he had euer dwellig, to seke Saint Albons, and that he had bene at his Shrine, and was not holpen, and therefore he would go seeke him at some other place: For he had heard some saye sence he came, that Saint Albons body should be at Colyn, and in dede such a contention hath there bene. But of truth as I am certainly informed (sayth Sir Thomas Moore) he lyeth here at Saint Albones, sauing some reliques of him, which they there shewe shryned. But to tell you sooth, when the King was come, and the towne full of people, sodainely this blind man at Saint Albones shryne had his sight, the same was solemnly rong for a miracle, and *Te deum* songen, so that nothing was talked of in all the towne, but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke Humfrey of Gloucester, a man no lesse wise, then also well learned, having great ioy to see suche a miracle,

called the poore man vnto him, and first shewyng himselfe ioyous of Gods glorie, so shewed in the getting of his sight, and exhorting him to mekenesse, and to no ascribyng of any part of the worship to himselfe nor to be proude of the peoples praise, which would call him a good and a godly man therby, at the last he looked well upon his elen, and asked whether he could euer see any thing at al in all his life before. And when as well his wife as himselfe affirmed fastly, no, then he looked aduisedly vpon his eyen agayne, and sayde, I beleue you very well, for me thinketh that ye can not see well yet. Yes Sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy Martir, I can see now as well as any man: Yea can, quod the Duke. what colour is my Gowne? Then anone the begger tolde him. What colour quod he is this mans Gowne? he tolde him also without anye stayeng or stombling, and tolde the names of all the colours that coulede be shewed him. And when the Duke sawe that, he bade him walke Faytoure, and made him to be set openly in the stockes: For though he could haue sene sodainely by miracle the difference betwene dyuers coloures, yet could he not by sight, so sodainely tell the names of all these coloures, except he had knowne them before, no more then he coulede name all the men whome he should sodainely see, thus farre mayster Moore" (vol. ii. pp. 597, 598, edn. 1568). In his notes on *The Contention* (pp. 441, 442), Halliwell gives the extract from Sir Thomas More's Works, and then gives the extract from Grafton, but in the latter all reference to the source whence the story was taken is omitted. He adds at the end "So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century." I suppose he must have taken his extract from some edition of Grafton in which no mention of his authority was made, as we have transcribed our extract above from the original work.

106. Lines 68, 69:

*SEE WHERE the townsmen, on procession,  
Come to present your highness with the man.*

*Ff.* read

*Here comer the townsmen on procession,  
To present your highness with the man.*

If this passage is to be in prose, the reading of *Ff.* needs no emendation; but if it is meant to be in verse, line 69 is simply intolerable. Various attempts have been made to complete the metre in that line. Capell reads, *Come to present*, which we have partly adopted, but have substituted *See where for Here come*. This is just such an emendation as one might make in an acting edition of the play, with the object of giving a little more time for the procession to enter. The cardinal has naturally gone apart from Gloucester after the king's remonstrance in lines 55-58, and he first catches sight of the procession on its way to the king.

107. Line 71: *Although by sight his sin be multiplied.*—*Ff.* read "*Although by his sight.*" We have omitted the first *his*, an omission which was proposed by Lloyd. Pope reads *though* instead of *although*. But the *his* which is necessary before *sin* is not necessary before *sight*, which means here the sense of seeing.

108. Line 85: *Let never day nor night UNHALLOWED pass.*—The final *ed* is not elided in *F*. 1. Probably it was



retained purposely, thus giving a greater impressiveness to the line.

100. Line 91: "SIMPCOX, come."—*Ff.* print by mistake *Symon*. The correction is Pope's, and is justified by line 124 below.

110. Lines 125-133. —This passage is printed as prose in *Qq* and in *Ff.* is divided into a kind of metre. We have thought it better to keep it in prose, as it cannot be made into rhythmical verse without some alteration and addition to the text. Any one acquainted with the original editions of plays in the 16th and 17th centuries must often have come across passages which are partly in prose and partly in blank verse, as if the author intended to have made them into verse, but had not taken the trouble to make the verses perfect. When Shakespeare was revising and partly rewriting *The Contention*, he intended probably to put this passage into verse, but did not make the necessary alteration of the language. In fact, it is evident that the work he did on this play was done, for the most part, very carelessly, and that he never took the trouble to revise it. As this speech stands, it makes very good prose; while, even with such alterations as Hamner introduced, it makes very indifferent verse. We think it better to retain the prose form rather than, as Hamner, and those who have followed him, have done, sacrifice some of the more idiomatic expressions for the sake of the rhythm.

111. Line 137: *things called whips*.—Halliwell in his notes to *The Contention* (p. 445) quotes from Robert Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608: "There are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in store." Hamlet speaks of "the whips and scorns of time;" but the phrase *things called whips* does not occur in Hamlet; and unless Armin was referring to a version or edition of Hamlet unknown, he probably had this passage in his mind.

112. Line 164: *You made, my lord, in a day* WHOLE TOWNS TO FLY.—*Ff.* have

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly;  
which Capell alters to

You, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly

The alteration we have made renders the line more rhythmical than the reading of *Ff.*, and does not involve the omission of any word. The allusion, of course, is to Suffolk's giving up Anjou and Maine when he signed the marriage treaty between Henry and Margaret.

113. Line 181: *'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour*—See above lines 42, 47, 48.

114. Lines 186, 187:

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

The latter is a very awkward line; perhaps the two lines should be arranged thus:

O God!  
What mischiefs work the wicked ones, thereby  
Heaping on their own heads confusion!

*Confusion*, of course, being pronounced as a quadrisyllable. The juxtaposition of *on* with the last syllable of *confusion* is very inelegant; keeping the lines as arranged in the text we might omit *own* in line 187.

115. Lines 194, 195:

NOBLE SHE IS, *but if she have forgot  
Honour and virtue, &c.*

These lines are not in *The Contention*. They are Shakespeare's own; and he must have intended Duke Humphrey either to have been ignorant of, or to have conveniently forgotten, his wife's antecedents. It is to be feared that with *honour and virtue* the Lady Eleanor Cobham had, for a long time, enjoyed only a bowing acquaintance.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

116.—This scene, with its dreary genealogical discussion, is utterly unworthy of Shakespeare. It is not necessary to the play, and does not advance the action in any way whatever. The attempt to put York's tedious account of his descent into verse is a mistake. It would have been better if Shakespeare had kept the greater part of it in prose. In *The Contention* the whole scene is in prose. The speeches of York remind one of the clever parody on Crabbe in the *Rejected Addresses*.

117. Lines 4, 5:

In craving your opinion of my title,  
WHICH IS INFALLIBLE, to England's crown.

This sentence is a very clever touch, introduced by Shakespeare. Of course *infallible* refers to *title*; but it might refer to *opinion*. If York's title were *infallible*, why did he ask their *opinion* about it at all? But that *opinion* he would, no doubt, admit to be *infallible*—if it agreed with his own.

118. Line 6: *My lord, I long to hear it* TOLD at full.—

*Ff.* read:

My lord, I long to hear it at full.

Dyce queries if *hear* is to be considered a disyllable. Pope prints "thus at full." Capell "at the full." For the emendation in the text we are responsible.

119. Lines 10-17.—Shakespeare has corrected two important mistakes in *The Contention*, the author of which makes Edmund of Langley the second son, and gives as the fifth son Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; but he has followed Holinshed in making William of Windsor the seventh son instead of the sixth. See Richard II. note 61.

120. Line 26: *where, as ALL you know*.—The speaker is addressing only Salisbury and Warwick. *Qq.* have "you both." Compare II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 35, where King Henry addressing only Warwick and Surrey says:

Why, then, good morrow to you *all*, my lords.

121. Line 27: *Was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously*.—*Ff.* have:

Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

The transposition was suggested by Dyce, and we have adopted his suggestion. The line is quite inausferable as it stands in *Ff.*

122. Line 28: *Father, the Duke OF YORK hath told the truth*.—*Ff.* read:

Father, the duke hath told the truth.

To complete the line Hamner reads "the very truth;" Capell "surely told the truth." No one appears to have

suggested the emendation we have printed. It seems the simplest, and there is every reason for not omitting the duke's title here.

123. Lines 30-42.—As to the mistake about Edmund Mortimer see I. Henry VI. note 13. As Malone points out, it was his son-in-law Lord Grey of Ruthyn, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died.

124. Line 78: *What plain PROCEEDING is more plain than this!*—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; F. 1 has *proceedings*, an evident mistake.

125. Line 55: *WHILE York claims it from the third.*—Ff. omit *while*, which was added by Dyce. Capell inserted *but*.

126. Line 77: *My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.*—Ff. have: "My lord, break we off," &c. We have followed Capell in omitting the first *we*.

127. Lines 78, 79.—These two lines are substituted for a speech of ten lines in *The Contention* (p. 450), the only one throughout this scene, which is written in blank verse in the Old Play, with the exception of the first two, and they only occupy six lines. Shakespeare's object in reducing this speech of Warwick's to two lines, and expanding the previous one of York's, seems to have been to give to the latter character greater dramatic prominence.

### ACT II. SCENE 3.

128.—The trial of the Duchess of Gloucester and her accomplices really took place in the year 1441, or more than three years before King Henry was married. It appears from the account of the affair given in Lingard, that Bolingbroke was first accused of necromancy, and "exhibited with the instruments of his art to the admiring populace on a platform before St. Paul's, arrayed in marvellous attire," bearing in his right hand a sword, and in his left a sceptre, and sitting in a chair, on the four corners of which were fixed four swords, and on the points of the swords four images of copper. The second night afterwards Dame Eleanor secretly withdrew into the sanctuary of Westminster, a step which naturally excited suspicion. She was confronted with Bolingbroke, who declared that it was at her instigation that he had first applied to the study of magic. From the inquiry which followed, it appeared that Eleanor was a firm believer in the mysteries of the art; that, to secure the affection of the duke, she had employed love-potions, furnished by Marjory Jourdain, the celebrated witch of Eye; and that, to learn what would be her subsequent lot (her husband was presumptive heir to the throne), she had charged Bolingbroke to discover the duration of the king's life" (vol. iv. p. 75). Jourdain or Jourdain had been previously convicted of sorcery (see above, note 24), and was, therefore, burnt as "a relapsed witch." She and the duchess were arraigned before the ecclesiastical court; and Southwell and Bolingbroke were indicted for treason. The former died in the Tower before his trial; and Bolingbroke was convicted and executed (see Lingard, *et supra*, p. 76).

129. Lines 3, 4:

*Receive the sentences of the law, for SINS  
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death*

F. 1, F. 2 have *sime*; F. 3, F. 4 *sin*; the correction is Theobald's. The reference to *God's book* is to Exodus xxii. 18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and to Leviticus xx. 6: "the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards . . . I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people."

130. Lines 12, 13.—See above, note 23.

131. Line 20: *Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go.*—Ff. have "I beseech;" we have followed Hammer in omitting the unnecessary syllable *I*.

132. Line 30: *God and King Henry govern England's HELM!*—Ff. have *realm*, which is obviously a mistake, as we have *realm* ending the next line. *Helm* is Johnson's very admirable correction. Compare above, l. 3. 103:

*And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.*

133. Line 43: *This staff of honour RAUGHT.*—*Raught* is generally used by Shakespeare as the imperfect or past participle of *to reach*; and some commentators explain the word here as = *attained*. But the sense we have given it in the foot-note, viz. "taken away" is much more suited to the context. Ritson says that it is equivalent to "raft" or "reft," the preterite of "to reave." Be that as it may, there is little doubt that the word has here the same sense that it has in the passage quoted by him from Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*: Prologue, line 7:

*Raught from the golden tree of Proserpine*

134. Line 46: *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in HER YOUNGEST days.*—This line has given rise to a great deal of discussion. Several emendations have been proposed for the word *youngest*. If we suppose *her* to bear the sense given it in the foot-note, and to refer to *pride* (i. e. *its*), there is no difficulty. Certainly Eleanor herself could not be said to be in her *youngest days*; but her pride, or ambition, might be said to be so. The object of her connection with the witch and with Bolingbroke was to attain the great aim of her ambition by securing the succession to the crown for her husband. The position of queen-consort would have been a far higher one than she occupied as wife of the Protector, especially as there was no queen-dowager at court; Katharine, the widow of Henry V., as it may be remembered, having formed a mésalliance with Owen Tudor.

135. Lines 56-108.—For an historic account of this combat see above, note 20. By the law of duels persons of an inferior rank to knights fought with a staff, to one end of which was fixed a bag stuffed with sand. Compare *Hudibras* (P. III. c. II. l. 80):

*Engag'd with money-bags as bold  
As men with sand-bags did of old.*

136. Line 63: *charneco.*—This wine is frequently mentioned by the writers of Shakespeare's period; e.g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, II. 3: "Where no old *charneco* is, nor no *auchovies*" (Works, vol. I. p. 100):

137. Lines 73, 74: *I think I have taken my last draught in this world.*—Stevens points out that Gay has imitated this passage in his *What D'ye Call It*, where Peasod says:

Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.

Gay has also, perhaps unconsciously, imitated the rest of this speech in the same piece:<sup>1</sup>

*Voc. Distributing his things among his friends.*

Take you my 'bacco-box—my neckcloth you;

To our kind vicar send this bottle-screw.

But wear these breeches, Tom; they're quite bran-new.

—The What D'ye Call It, A Tragi-Com-Pastoral.

138. Line 90: *I will take my death.* See King John, note 39:

139. Line 93. Some editors here insert from The Contention: "as Beuys of South-hampton fell upon Askapark." Shakespeare alludes to the story of Bevis of Southampton in Henry VIII 1 1 38. Whether he omitted the reference to this popular legend purposely, or whether it was a subsequent omission of the actors, we cannot tell. But were we once to commence restoring to the text passages omitted by Shakespeare from the Old Play, when they are not absolutely necessary to the sense, we should scarcely know where to stop.

140. Line 99: *the good wine in thy master's way.*—This is usually explained as we have explained it in the footnote; but may it not mean the good wine that had been put in his way, i.e. that had been offered him? Hall says in his account of this episode, "his neighbours came to him and gave him wine and strong drink."

141. Line 103: *Go, take ye hence that traitor from our sight*—Ff have:

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

a very halting line, which has been amended by Hamner, who reads: "Go, and take hence," and by Capell: "Go take away." The insertion of the word *ye* seems to us preferable to either of these emendations.

142. Line 104.—However ridiculous the prescribed weapons in this combat may appear to us, it is evident they were capable of dealing fatal blows. All the chroniclers agree that the armourer was killed by his servant; and that fact appears to be confirmed by the discovery of the original exchequer record of expenses relating to this combat. One of the items charged for is for officers "watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte attyr yt ye bataill was doon" (Var Ed vol. xviii. p. 220). Stevens deduces from this that the armourer "was not killed in the combat, but only worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged." But it was his dead body that was hanged; it being then the custom with persons convicted of murder or of treason to hang and decapitate their dead bodies as a mark of disgrace. It is perfectly clear that the item we have quoted refers to the charge for watching the dead body before it was removed to Tyburn to be decapitated. It was always presumed, in the trial by combat, that the one who was defeated or killed was guilty. The last case in which

appeal of battle was claimed was in 1818. Abraham Thornton, accused of the violation and murder of Mary Ashford, claimed his right to trial by wager of battle, which the court was obliged to allow, as the law, by an oversight, had been allowed to remain on the statute-book; but the brother of the murdered girl refused the challenge, and the accused escaped. The law was struck off the statute-book by the 59 George III. (1819).

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

143. Line 3: *BARK winter.*—Ff. read *barren*; the emendation is Capell's.

144. Line 5: *Sirs, what's o'clock?*

\*Serv.

TIS ALMOST TEN, my lord.

Ff. read: "Ten, my lord." The Contention has "Almost ten my Lord." The reading in our text is that of Lettson, founded on the reading of Qq.

145. Line 8: *Unrath*.—The word is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare. It is common in old writers, being used by Chaucer and Spenser; and in Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 5, "I shall *unneth* hold them" (Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 117).

146. Line 12: *With envious looks, STILL laughing at thy shame.*—F. 1 omits *still*, added in F. 2.

147. Lines 19-25.—This speech in The Contention occupies exactly the same number of lines, and it may be worth while for the reader to compare it with the speech in the text as revised by Shakespeare:

Come you my Lord to see my open shame?

Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,

See how the giddy people looke at thee,

Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee hee, c.

Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sight,

And in thy pent vp studie rue thy shame,

And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine. p. 457.

The alterations are comparatively slight, but the gain in rhythm and dramatic force is very considerable.

148. Line 27.—This speech of the duchess has been very much amplified by Shakespeare. Lines 38-41 have no parallel in the original. In the Old Play the speech ends with line 47. Shakespeare has adapted the next speech of the duchess, and tacked it on to this one; while he has expanded Gloucester's speech from four lines to twelve. In fact, a study of this scene and of the corresponding one in The Contention, line by line, will give a very good idea of the way in which Shakespeare dealt with the language of the plays that he adapted.

149. Line 45: *his FORLORN duchess*—See I. Henry VI. note 57.

150. Line 46: *pointing-stock*.—This word seems to have been coined by Shakespeare as a substitute for *laughing-stock* in the original. There is no hyphen in Ff. *pointing* Qq.

151. Lines 69-71.—Printed as verse in Ff.; but surely by mistake.

152. Line 79: *Must you, Sir John, protect my lady HERE?*—Some editors, following Heath, alter *here* to *o*

<sup>1</sup> We quote from vol. v. of A Collection of the most esteemed and Entertainments performed on the British Stage. Pub. at Edinburgh in 1781

*hence*. Walker proposes *there*. But surely there is no need for alteration, nor is it necessary to suppose that the meaning is "from this point." *Here* is simply used, as it often is, as an expletive.

153. Lines 81, 82:

*Entreat her not the worse in that I pray  
You use her well.*

In The Contention this passage runs:

*I pray you Sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse,  
In that I intreat you vse her well.*

Neither of which lines has any pretension to rhythm.

154. Line 102: *It is my office; madam, pardon me.*—

FF. have:

*It is my office; and, madam, pardoe me.*

We have omitted the unnecessary *and*. As has been before remarked, this play is remarkable for the number of weak *ands*.

### ACT III. SCENE 1.

155 —None of the chroniclers throw any light upon the circumstances which ensued between the petition of the Commons asking the king to approve the conduct of Suffolk, and the sudden arrest of the Duke of Gloucester. All that we know is that the latter had "publicly testified his approbation of the king's marriage" (Lingard, vol. iv p. 80). The chroniclers do not mention anything unusual with regard to the parliament summoned at Bury. Lingard's account is as follows: "It may be that Gloucester, harassed by the accusations of his enemies, had formed a plan to make himself master of the royal person; or that Suffolk, to screen himself from the resentment of the duke, refused into the mind of Henry suspicious of the loyalty of his uncle. However it were, Henry summoned a parliament to meet, not as usual at Westminster, but at Bury St. Edmund's. The precautions which were taken excited surmise, and gave birth to numerous conjectures. The knights of the shire received orders to come in arms; the men of Suffolk were arrayed; numerous guards were placed round the king's residence; and patrols during the night watched all the roads leading to the town. The Duke of Gloucester left his castle of Devises, and was present at the opening of parliament; the next day he was arrested in his lodgings on a charge of high treason, by the lord Beaumont, constable of England" (vol. iv pp. 80, 81).

156. Line 8: *How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself*—FF. read:

*How proud I, how peremptory, and unlike himself*

We have followed Stevens in omitting the second *how*.

157. Line 22: *And should you fall, he is the next will mount*.—Dyce says in note 74 on this play: "he is the next will mount" was, by an oversight, printed in my former edition "he as the next," &c., an error which the Cambridge Editors have copied." The Globe has the same mistake. FF. undoubtedly read *is*, not *as*.

158. Line 51: *the BEDLAM brain-sick duchess*.—See King John, note 85.

159. Lines 58–63.—With regard to the first charge made by the cardinal against Gloucester, see above, note 80. The second charge of misappropriating money is not mentioned by Hall or Holinshed; but Lingard says in a foot-note (vol. iv. p. 80): "We are told that he was accused in the council of illegal executions, and of having unjustly enriched himself at the expense of the crown;" but he does not give his authority for this statement.

160. Lines 69–73.—As we are undoubtedly intended, in this play, to sympathize with the character of King Henry, Shakespeare was quite right, from a dramatic point of view, to emphasize the king's belief in the innocence of Gloucester; but we learn from Whethamstede, abbot of St. Albans, who was a strong partisan of Gloucester, that nothing could persuade the king that his uncle was innocent. (See Lingard, vol. iv. foot-note 3, p. 80.)

161. Lines 87, 88. York here repeats himself almost word for word. Compare i. 1. 237, 238.

162. Line 98: *Well, Suffolk's DUKE, thou shalt not see me blush*.—F. 1 has:

*Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush.*

F. 2, F. 3, F. 1: "Well, Suffolk, yet thou," &c. *Suffolk's duke* is from the Qq. We agree with Malone in preferring this emendation to any of the others. There probably was intended to be something contemptuous in the tone in which Gloucester alludes to Suffolk's new-fledged honour of duke.

163. Line 129: *Or foul FELONIOUS thief that flee'd poor PASSENGERS*.—We have here, apparently, a line that is very unusual in any of Shakespeare's earlier plays, i.e. a trisyllable ending a line. In the Contention we have *felonious*, the older form of *felonious*:

*A murderer or fomic felonious theefe,  
That robs and murders silly passengers*

This line, however, can be made an Alexandrine by accenting *passengers* on the last syllable.

164. Line 133: *My lord, these faults are EASY, quickly answer'd*.—We have preferred taking this word as an adjective, and not as an adverb. The adverb *easily* occurs in the next line but one below. It may be that the sense here is elliptical; the meaning of the sentence being "these faults are easy to commit." But that it is used in the adjective sense seems to be indicated by the fact that it is followed by a comma in F. 1. If we take it as an adverb it seems almost pleonastic.

165. Line 140: *That you will clear yourself from all SUSPECT*.—FF. read *suspense*; the correction is Capell's. Malone prefers *suspects*; but surely the plural is unnecessary. *Suspect* is used frequently for suspicion in Shakespeare. It is used in that sense twice in this play, in i. 3. 139 and iii. 2. 139.

166. Line 151: *But mine is made the prologue to their play*.—Lettsom would read with Qq.

*But I am made, &c.,*

on the ground that in the next line more "must refer to persons not to deaths;" but the punctuation of F. 1, which has a colon at the end of the line, seems to indicate that mine (= "my death") is the right reading.

167. Line 166: *Myself had* NOTE of your CONVENTICLES.—*Ff.* read *notice*. I had marked in the margin *note* as an emendation, before I saw in the Cambridge edn. that it was an anonymous conjecture. There can be little doubt that *note* is the right reading. As the line stands in *Ff.* it is insufferable; unless we read *conventicles* with the accent on the penultimate. For *note* used as = "information" compare Henry V. ii. 2. 6; Henry VIII. i. 2. 48; Titus Andronicus, ii. 3. 85.

168. Line 179: *clerkly*—This adverb occurs only twice in Shakespeare; in this passage, and in the Two Gent. ii. 1. 215, where it seems to refer more to penmanship than to scholarship. Here it seems to mean "in scholarlike language," as opposed to coarse, abusive language. It is curious how the word *clerk*, which nowadays is chiefly identified with the notion of a person in an inferior position, was in Shakespeare's time a type of all that was scholarly and educated; a sense of the word which was of course, a relic of the times when education was almost limited to the clergy.

169. Line 203: *The MAP of honour*.—Compare Richard II. note 281, where *map*, however, seems used in a different sense.

170. Line 211: *And BINDS the wretch, and beats it when it STRAYS*.—Theobald would read *strives*, adopting the conjecture of Thirlby. He asks how can it *stray* when it is *bound*? (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 241). Johnson thought that there was a confusion of ideas here and that "the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path" (*Ut supra*, p. 242). *Bearing* seems to imply that the animal was *carried*; but below, line 213, we have:

Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;

i. e. Gloucester; and certainly Gloucester was not carried

171. Line 222: *Say, "Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none"*.—*Ff.* place a note of exclamation after *traitor*. The punctuation adopted in the text is preferable to that of *Ff.*; the sense being that given in the foot-note.

172. Line 223: *FAIR lords*.—*Ff.* read *FREE lords*; the Cambridge editors suggest *MY lords*. The reading adopted in the text is that of Collier's MS. Corrector, which Dyce follows, giving several instances of the phrase "*Fair lords*," e.g. III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 95; iv. 3. 23.

173. Line 229: *doth STING a child*.—This shows that Shakespeare, like many persons nowadays who ought to know better, believed that the common snake, *Natrix torquata*, was venomous. Compare Richard II. note 203.

174. Line 248: *Were't not all one, an empty eagle set*.—*Ff.* read:

Were't not all one an empty eagle were set.

We have omitted *were*, which is not necessary to the sense, and spoils the metre.

175. Lines 257–260.—The meaning here is, at first sight, rather obscure; but what Suffolk evidently intends to say is, that as the fox is condemned to death when caught, as being a destructive animal to flocks, though he may not be caught red-handed, so Duke Humphrey ought to be put to death, as being an enemy to the king.

176. Line 265: *Which MATES him first that first intends deceit*.—Commentators differ as to whether this word here = *checkmates*, or whether it has the same sense as in the Comedy of Errors, note 82, and means "bewildered." The truth seems to be that the word, though perhaps it is an anglicized form of the French *mater*, is originally derived, in common with that word, from the old French *mat* (Italian *matto*); and that both these latter words were derived from *mdt*, originally of Arabic origin, as used in the Persian phrase, *Shdh mdt*, the king is dead, which became corrupted into *checkmate* as used at chess; and was afterwards used as a verb to *checkmate*, abbreviated simply to *mate*, i. e. to betray, to confound. The Latin word *mattus*, from which some would derive the word *mate*, is not used in any author before Petronius Arbitrator (died A.D. 67); and it seems to be used by him as = drunk, tipsy.

177. Line 280: *And I: and now we three have SPOKEN it*.—*Ff.* have *spoke*; the correction is Hamner's.

178. Line 301: *Men's flesh preserv'd so whole DO seldom win*.—Hamner alters *do* to *doth*, but unnecessarily, the construction being not unusual in our early writers. *Men's flesh* = the flesh of men, and *men* becomes the implied subject. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 139, where a similar construction is noticed (v. 1. 344, 345):

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

179. Line 348: *Whiles I in Ireland NURSE a mighty band*.—*Ff.* read *nourish*; Collier's MS. substituted *march*, which seems to me a silly emendation. Walker would read *nourish* as a monosyllable; but surely it is preferable to substitute, as we have ventured to do, the word *nurse*, of which *nourish* is but another form. See I. Henry VI. note 34, i. 1. 50:

Our isle be made a *nourish* of salt tears.

180. Line 352: *Until the golden circuit on my head*.—Compare Macbeth, f. 5. 29, where the *golden round* is used with the same meaning as in our text.

181. Lines 365, 366:

*caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.*

Perhaps the *wild Morisco* here plucked at may have been Will Kemp, who calls himself in his Nine Daies Wonder "head-Master of Morrice-dauncers, high Head-borough of heighs, and only trickier of your Trill-lilies, and best bel-shanglem betwene Slon and mount Surrey" (see Ashbee's Reprint A. 3). The cut on the title-page of that tract shows how the bells were worn by morris-dancers.

182. Line 378: *Will make him say I mov'd him to those ARMS*.—We might suspect here that *arms* was a misprint for *aims*; but compare below, iv. 9. 29; v. 1. 18, 29. All these passages conclusively prove that *arms* is used here for "armed bands."

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

183. Lines 11–13:

*Is all things well,  
According as I gave directions?  
First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.*

We have followed here the reading of F. 1; F. 2, F. 3 have *are*; F. 4 *and are*. As the Cambridge editors observe (note viii.), the answer of the ~~first~~ murderer seems to imply that the reading of F. 1 is right. All things here = everything; and the use of a singular verb is quite as justifiable in this passage, as in many others where it occurs after a plural noun. Rowe would substitute *Yes* for *'Tis*.

184. Line 28: *I thank thee, LOVE*.—Ff. have "*I thank thee, Nell*," for which Capell substituted *Meg*. It is evident that the author was thinking of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, and wrote *Nell* by mistake; as below, in lines 79, 100, 120, he has written *Eleanor* instead of *Margaret*, a mistake not at all unlikely to occur to a playwright much more careful as to minor points than Shakespeare was. The Cambridge editors religiously retain *Nell* and *Eleanor* in the three passages referred to above; but surely this is carrying respect for the original edition a little too far. One might as well retain a letter which was printed topsy-turvy. Shakespeare cannot have deliberately intended *Margaret* to forget her own name, or the king to forget his wife's name. Capell's emendation seems open to the objection that Henry never calls *Margaret* by the familiar term *Meg*; and one's sense of fitness rebels against that energetic, domineering lady being called *Meg* under any circumstances; we have accordingly substituted *love*, the form of address used by the king to *Margaret* below, iv. 4. 23.

185 Lines 52, 53:

*come, BASILISK,*

*And KILL the innocent gazer with thy EIGHT.*

The following account of this fabulous monster is from Holland's *Pliny* (vol. ii. book 29, pp. 356, 357):

"To come now unto the Basiliske, whom all other serpents doe flee from and are afraid of: albeit he killeth them with his very breath and smell that passeth from him; yea, and (by report) if he do but set his eye on a man, it is enough to take away his life." Shakespeare alludes to this superstition in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 47, and again in *Henry V.* v. 2. 17.

186. Line 63: BLOOD-DRINKING sighs. — Compare III. Henry VI. iv. 4. 22: "*blood-sucking sighs*;" also just above, iii. 2. 61: "*blood-consuming sighs*." Compare also *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 59: "*Dry sorrow drinks our blood*." It was an old idea that sorrow dried up the blood, and caused death.

187. Line 73: *Be woe for me*; i.e. "be grieved for me." Compare the common expression *Woe is me*, i.e. *Woe is mine*, in the previous line. In *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 2, we have the expression *Woe is my heart* = "grieved is my heart."

188. Line 76: *What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?* — Compare *Psalm* lviii. 4, 5, "they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely." The explanation of the process by which the adder stops her ears is given by Gower in his *De Confessione Amantis*, bk. i. fol. x. (quoted by Steevens):

Anone as he perceiveth that,  
He leyeth downe his eare all plat  
Unto the ground, and halt it fast:

And eke that other eare als faste  
He stoppeth with his taile so sore  
That he the wordes, lasse nor more,  
Of his enchantment ne hereth.

He is speaking of the device employed by the serpent, which bears a carbuncle in its head, to frustrate the would-be despoiler of the jewel. This is evidently the same tradition as that alluded to by the psalmist.

189 Line 80: *Erect his STATUA and worship it*.—This form is generally adopted by editors in those passages in which *statue* is a tri syllable; but it does not appear that this spelling of the word occurs in Ff. or in any of the Qq. of Shakespeare. The only other author who seems to use *statua* is Lord Bacon, who has it more than once in his 45th essay, as also in other places, e.g.: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus," &c. (*Advancement of Learning*). Nares suggests that as *statue* was very often used for a picture, the form *statua* came to be used to distinguish it as a *statue* properly so called from a picture.

190. Line 83: *And twice by AWKWARD wind from England's bank*.—Pope reads *adverse winds*; but *awkward* seems to have been used in connection with winds in the sense of *adverse*. Compare Marlowe's *Edward II*:

With *awkward* winds and with sore tempests driven.

—Works, p. 211.

191. Line 88: *What did I then, but CURS'D the GENTLE gusts*.—Hammer altered *curd* to *curse*, which destroys the characteristic idiom. *Gentle* was changed by Singer to *ungentle*, an instance of singular poetic blindness. It is evident that *Margaret* uses the epithet *gentle* here, as she uses *well forewarning* in line 85 above. Her meaning is that the wind and gusts, which appeared to be cruel in keeping her from England, were really kind in their endeavour to prevent her coming to the arms of a husband, who was to prove so unkind as Henry now appears to her. Compare below, line 94:

The *pretty-vaulting* sea refus'd to drown me.

The whole passage, which is not in the *Contention*, is quite in Shakespeare's style. It is a pretty piece of feminine exaggeration.

192. Line 101: *As far as I could ken THE chalky cliffs*.—F. 1 has *thy*. We have followed F. 2 in its sensible correction of an obvious error. It is curious that the editors, who obstinately adhere to the reading of F. 1, cannot see that "*thy chalky cliffs*" would quite destroy the force of "*thy shore*" in the following line.

193. Line 116: *To sit and WITCH me, as Ascanius did*.—W. have "*watch me*." We have adopted Theobald's admirable emendation, which is completely justified by line 119 below: "*Am I not witch'd like her?*" In fact *watch* has no meaning here. As Theobald has pointed out, Shakespeare has got into a sad mess here with regard to his *Virgil*. It was *Cupid*, in the shape of *Ascanius*, that sat in Dido's lap, and bewitched her, inspiring in her a passion for *Aeneas*; and it was *Aeneas* who narrated to Dido all the incidents of burning Troy.

194. Line 141: *his PALY lips*.—Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1. 100, and *Henry V.* chorus, iv. 8, the only

other passages in which Shakespeare uses this form of *pale*.

195. Lines 142, 143:

and to RAIN

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.

*Ff. have drain;* the emendation is Capell's.

196. Line 152: *AND seeing him, I see my life in death.*—*Ff. read For.* Some editors, following Johnson, would alter *life in death to death in life*, as if the meaning were that he lived to see his own death, that is to say, the death of all his hopes and happiness with that of Gloucester, who was his most faithful and loyal adviser. But the text, as it stands, makes sufficiently good sense; and, as Malone points out, the expression is quite in Shakespeare's manner. He compares Macbeth, ii. 2. 38: "the death of each day's life." The meaning is clear: "I see my life in death," that is, "in a state of death;" Henry being sensible that with Gloucester died all his hopes of defeating the attempts against his crown and life.

197. Lines 160-178.—This speech is one of the most powerful in this play. It is interesting to compare it with the corresponding speech in *The Contention* (pp. 472, 473):

Oh have I seen a *timely* part'd ghost,  
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,  
But loe the blood is settled in his face,  
More better coloured then when he liu'd,  
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,  
His fingers spread abroad as one that grasp for life,  
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,  
It cannot chuse but he was murdered.

Anyone who reads carefully these two speeches must admit that, whosoever was the hand that transformed *The Contention* into the present play, it must have been the hand of one who was a far greater poet than anyone concerned in the authorship of the older drama. When we come to examine the relationship between the first Quarto of *Hamlet*, 1603, and the later one, 1604, we shall find that the speech of Warwick's in the older play bears much the same resemblance to the more developed speech in *II. Henry VI.* as some of *Hamlet*'s soliloquies, in the Quarto 1603, bear to the more amplified version of 1604. In both cases we have, in the older form, the main ideas in a rough and unrhythmical shape; in both cases the same question arises, Was the earlier form of the play correctly transcribed from the author's MS., or was it a copy based on the various "parts" of the actors, or imperfectly taken down in shorthand by some one in the audience?

198. Line 161: *timely-parted ghost.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 139:

And happy were I in my *timely* death,  
where *timely* is used as an adjective=early; and, as an adverb, in many other passages, e.g. in *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 51:

He did command me to call *timely* on him.

But taking the epithet *timely-parted* in connection with "timeless death," in line 187 below, we must agree with those who give the word the meaning assigned to it in our foot-note. Halliwell, in his note on the corresponding passage in the *Contention* (p. 472), quotes from the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1590:

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Oh have I heard a *timely* married girl  
That newly left to call her mother nam;

and says these two lines "appear almost a parody" of the speech in the text; but *timely* certainly seems to have there the sense of early.

*Ghost* is here used=corpse, the body from which the spirit has departed, not the spirit after it has departed from the body. For a similar use of the word we may compare *Hamlet*, i. 4. 85: "I'll make a *ghost* of him that lets me;" though in that case there may be a double idea of the spirit which has left the dead body, and the dead body which is left by the spirit. *Ghost* is undoubtedly used in *The Contention* as=corpse, where young Clifford, finding his father's dead body, says (p. 518):

Sweete father, to thy murthred ghost I sweare.

199. Line 176: *Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.*—Halliwell gives this word as used "of grass or corn beaten down by wind and rain," in the West of England dialect. Rolfe says that the word is still in common use in New England.

200. Line 187: *timeless.*—Compare *Richard II.* note 334.

201. Line 205: *Nor cease to be an arrogant CONTROLLER.*—Surely the sense that Schmidt gives to this word, "censurer, detractor," is a strained one. He compares *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 3. 60:

Saucy controller of our private steps.

But, even in that passage, it seems unnecessary to look for the real meaning further than the natural development of the original sense of the word, which was "one whose duty it was to keep a check on accounts," from the French *contrôle*. Such an office implies the exercise of command, the power of restraint, and, by implication, of censure.

202. Line 207: *Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say IT.*—*Ff. have say*, omitting *it*: we follow Capell in adopting the reading of the Qq. in the corresponding line.

203. Line 244: *Unless FALSE Suffolk straight be done to death.*—*Ff. read Lord*; we follow Malone in adopting *false* from Qq. *Lord* seems to have been caught by the transcriber from the line above.

204. Line 265: *That they will guard you, WHETHER you will or no.*—*Ff. have where*, the old form of *whether*.

205. Line 273: *An answer from the king, or we'll break in!*—*Ff. have "we will all."* The *all* seems quite redundant, and was probably caught from the line below. We have adopted the emendation which Dyce suggested, but did not adopt.

206. Line 308: *Hast thou not spirit to curse thine ENEMIES?*—*Ff. have enemy*; we have followed Capell in preferring the reading of Qq.

207. Line 310: *Would curses KILL, as doth the MANDRAKE'S OROAN.*—Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3. 47:

And shrieks like *mandrakes'* torn out of the earth.

The curious superstitious, that gathered round this plant, appear to rest on no other foundation than that the forked root bears some rude resemblance to the body of a man or woman. *Mandrake* roots were often sold to supersti-

tious people, being sometimes replaced by "those of the white bryony" (*bryonia dioica*) cut to the shape of men and women, and "dried in a hot sand bath" (Prior's Popular Names of British Plants, p. 133). In Italy these roots of *mandrakes* were supposed to remove barrenness, a belief which dated from the very earliest times. See Genesis xxx. 14-16. The passage in the text alludes particularly to the silly belief that, if any man pulled up a *mandrake* by the root, the plant shrieked, and the man subsequently died. "Dr. Daubeney has published in his Roman Husbandry a most curious drawing from the Vienna MS. of Dioscorides in the fifth century, 'representing the Goddess of Discovery presenting to Dioscorides the root of this *Mandrake*' (of thoroughly human shape) 'which she had just pulled up, while the unfortunate dog which had been employed for that purpose is depicted in the agonies of death'" (Ellacombe, p. 118). There are two sorts of *mandrakes*: *Mandragora vernalis*, which has a very insignificant flower and bears an apple-like fruit; and *Mandragora autumnalis* or *microcarpa*, which has flowers of a pale-blue colour resembling the *Anemone Pulsatilla*. Originally a native of the south of Europe on the borders of the Mediterranean, the *mandragora* was introduced into Europe at a very early period. It is mentioned as early as the tenth century.

308. Line 325: *Their softest touch as smart as LIZARDS' STINGS*.—It is not wonderful that this perfectly harmless animal should be accused of being poisonous in Shakespeare's time, as even now many people, who ought to know better, look upon lizards and newts with almost the same horror as on scorpions or vipers. There is no excuse for taking away the character of this pretty and gentle little creature. The notion that it is poisonous arose probably from the forked tongue which it darts out so rapidly, while pursuing the insects which form its food. It may be noted that the only really venomous lizard is excessively rare; there has, I believe, been only one specimen ever brought to this country, and that is now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. But the lizard also appears to have been credited in times past with good qualities, to which it could lay no little claim as to the evil quality of being venomous. In Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr* we have:

The Lizard is a kind of loving creature,  
Especially to man he is a friend:  
This property is giuen him by nature,  
From dangerous beasts poore Man he doth defend:  
For being sleepey he all sence forsaketh,  
The Lizard bites him till the man awaketh.

—New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 114.

309. Line 339: *O, let me entreat thee celise. Give me thy hand*.—This is an instance of an extra syllable being put at the beginning of a line; perhaps the *O* should stand alone in a separate line.

310. Line 359: *'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou THENCE*.—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have hence, which some editors follow; the correction seems unnecessary.

311. Line 368: *Myself to joy in nought but that thou lov'st*.—Ff. read "no joy;" the correction is one of those very few happy ones made, originally, by Collier's MS. No certainly seems to be a mistake for to; the transcriber's

eye having caught the *no* in the line above. To the double negative there is no objection; but the sentence, as an antithesis to the sentence in the line above, "to joy thy life," seems to require the infinitive.

312. Lines 368, 369.—Beaufort's death followed Gloucester's within six weeks; that is to say the latter died on February 28th, 1447, and the former on April 11th of the same year. Suffolk's banishment did not take place till three years later, namely in 1450.

313. Line 381: *But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss?*—Different interpretations have been given to this phrase; but the one we have adopted in the foot-note seems the most sensible. There has been no previous intimation of Beaufort's illness, so that the queen can be hardly held to mean, as some commentators would explain the phrase, that the cardinal had died an hour or so before his time.

314. Line 408: *And take my heart ALONG with thee*—*Along* is not in Ff.; added by Hammer. Steevens compares Hamlet, iii. 3-4:

And he to England shall *along* with thee.

#### ACT III. SCENE 3.

315. Lines 2-4.—All the details given by Shakespeare as to the cardinal's death are probably founded on the account in Hall (pp. 210, 211): "His countenour insaciable, and hope of long life, made hym bothe to forget God, hys Prynce and hym selfe, in his latter daies: for doctor Ihon Baker his prynte counsailler, and his chappelleyne, wrote, that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes. 'Why should I dye haug so muche ryches, if the whole Realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothing? when my nephew of Beilford died, I thought my selfe halfe vp the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester diseased, then I thought my selfe able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoopes to haue worne a tryple Crowne. But I se now the worlde faileth me, and so I am deceyved: praiyng you all to pray for me.' It is doubtful whether there is really any historical foundation for this scene. Lingard thus speaks of his death (p. 83): "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction, which we owe to the imagination of Shakespeare; from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations; no less a sum than four thousand pounds was set aside for the relief of the indigent prisoners in the capital and the hospital of St. Cross, in the vicinity of Winchester, still exists a durable monument of his munificence."

316. Line 10: *Can I make men live, WHETHER they will or no?*—Here again the Folio has the contracted form *where*.

317. Line 22: *That lays strong siege unto THIS WRETCH's soul*.—Capell conjectured *his wratched* to avoid the repetition of *this wretch*, which occurs in line 20 above.



218. Line 28: *Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope*.—In the Var. Ed. there is a note, signed C, which says this passage probably alludes to the practice of Roman Catholic priests, who before administering the last sacraments to a dying person, try to obtain, at least, some sign from him if he is unable to speak. This is probably the true explanation; for even if a dying person be too weak to make the sign of the cross, a pointing of the hand upward is a natural gesture as indicating a hope and belief in God.

We have shown above (note 101) that the best authorities in history do not sanction the view taken of Cardinal Beaufort's character in this play. Hall and Hollinshed both write with great bitterness of all priests and dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church: and if we are astonished, or pained at the want of judicial fairness and impartiality in the old chroniclers, we must remember that, at that time, the bitterest political animosity permeated all theological and religious opinions. Even in our own time, when, for the most part, people agree to differ without hating one another, impartiality in the historian is a very rare quality. Moreover, the authors of *The Contention*, and Shakespeare in revising their play, wished to make Gloucester a hero; and when a poet or dramatist wants to make a hero of some historic personage, whose claims to such honour are doubtful, he has to blacken the character of some one or other of his rivals. The dramatist who selects as his hero Charles I. must, for the sake of contrast, blacken Cromwell's character, and *vice versa*. Nothing is so fatal to dramatic effect as a hero with whom we cannot sympathize, or a villain whom we cannot detest.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

219. Lines 3-7. This passage refers to the *dragons* which were supposed to draw Night's chariot. See *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 205. The whole of this passage is so strongly redolent of Marlowe's style, that it furnishes one of the strongest arguments to those who hold that Marlowe assisted Shakespeare in the revision of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*. Note that there are no less than three epithets applied to *day* and *wings*, and two to *night* and *darkness*. But we cannot produce any passage from Marlowe containing similar lines or expressions; yet it is impossible, if one reads a play of Marlowe's—such as *Tamburlaine*, or the *Jew of Malta*—not to be struck with the strong resemblance of style in this speech. It is only fair, however, to those who hold that Shakespeare is solely responsible for the modified and altered form of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, as presented in the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*, to note that, possibly, he was deliberately imitating Marlowe here. It should also be noted that Shakespeare has quoted, or copied lines from Marlowe, in others of his plays; one instance of which we have already given in *Romeo and Juliet*, note 116. Other instances will be found in pages 273-275 of Miss Lee's paper on *Henry VI.* (*New Shak. Soc. Transactions*, 1875-1876). On the other hand, some of the peculiar expressions may be exactly paralleled in Shakespeare, such as *gaudy* applied to *day*; compare *King John* (referring to *day*), iii. 3. 36:

Is all too wanton and too full of gauds.

*Remorseful*=pitiful, is also applied to *day* in *Two Gent.* iv. 3. 13, where the word is used in the same sense (= "pitiful") as in this passage. It also occurs in *Richard III.* i. 2. 156, and Shakespeare uses "pitiful eye of day" in *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 57. Milton has copied the epithet *blabbing* in *Comus*, line 138: "the blabbing eastern scout." It was after having noted the resemblance of this passage to Marlowe that I turned to Miss Lee's paper on *Henry VI.* (*ut supra*, p. 271). She says: "It is hard to believe that any hand but Marlowe's wrote the following lines:

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night,  
Who with their drowy, slow, and tragic wings  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their musty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air."

The resemblance, therefore, must be strong, as it strikes one independently of any preconceived opinion.

220. Line 11: *Or with their blood stain this DISCOLOURED shore*.—*Discoloured* is not elided in Folio; in this case the non-elision would seem to be an oversight.

221. Lines 21, 22:

*The lives of those we have lost in fight, SHALE THEY  
Be counterpoys'd with such a petty sum?*

Ff. read:

The lives of those which we have lost in fight  
Be counter-poys'd with such a pettie summe.

The emendations proposed for this line are various. The Cambridge and Globe edns. print it as in Ff., except that they put a note of exclamation (!) at the end of line 22. Dyce puts a note of interrogation (?). In neither case does it make much sense. In order to render the lines intelligible, some such words as I have ventured to introduce must be supplied. It will be noticed that line 19 is elliptical, and *bear*= "and yet you bear." It would have been easy for the transcriber to have overlooked *Shall they* at the end of line 21, especially as line 20 ends with *shall*, and line 21 begins with *The*, which is written in MS. much the same as *They*. The captain is evidently trying to frighten the two gentlemen into giving the ransom. I venture to think that, with the emendation I have made, the lines read more in accordance with the bullying tone of his speech.

222. Line 31: *my name is WALTER Whitmore*.—It is intended here that the speaker should pronounce *Walter* as *Water*; and in *Richard III.* v. 5. 13, the first five Qq. have *Water* for *Walter*. Compare *Richard II.* iv. 1 (*passim*), where *Fitz Walter* is written *Fitzwater* invariably, and undoubtedly was so pronounced.

223. Lines 34, 35:

*A cunning man did calculate my birth  
And told me that by water I should die.*

For this prophecy compare i. 4. 35, 36, where the spirit, in answer to Margery Jourdain, referring to the Duke of Suffolk, says:

By water shall he die and take his end.

But it does not appear from what source the author of *The Contention* obtained this tradition. The Paston

Letter, quoted below (note 247), alludes to quite a different prophecy?

224. Line 48: *Joze sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?*—This line is omitted in F; but is absolutely necessary to the sense. Following most of the editors, we have restored it from Qq.

225. Line 50: *Obscure and LOWLY swain, King Henry's blood*.—In F, this line, by mistake, is made part of the preceding speech, and *lowly* is misprinted *lousy*. Pope was the first to make the correction, and he took *lowly* from Qq, where the speech runs thus:

Base Jadie groome, King Henries blood  
The honourable blood of Lancaster  
Cannot be shed by such a *lowly* swaine.

226. Line 52: *JADED groome*.—Shakespeare uses this word in two other passages, in Henry VIII. iii. 2. 280: "*jaded* by a piece of scarlet," and in Antony and Cleopatra, iii.

1. 33, 34: The ne'er yet beaten horse of Parthia  
We have *jaded* out o' the field

Qq. have *jady*, a reading which some editors prefer. *Jaded* never seems to be used by Shakespeare in the modern sense of "tired." The sense we have given in the foot-note is that generally given to the word in this passage, though it may mean "treated like a jade."

227. Line 54: *Bare-headed plodded by my FOOT-CLOTH mule*.—Compare Richard III. iii. 4. 86:

Three times to-day my *foot-cloth* horse did stumble;  
and Middleton's A Mad World My Masters, iii. 2: "newly alighted from his *foot-cloth*" (Works, vol. ii p. 389). In a note on which passage allusion is made to the mistaken idea that a horse was sometimes denominated a *foot-cloth*, the expression being equal to our "alighted from his saddle." To have a *foot-cloth* for your horse was considered a sign of rank. We have in Middleton's Phoenix, v. 1.:

Think all thy seed young lords, and by this act  
Make a *foot-cloth'd* posterity. —Works, vol. i p. 396.  
i.e. "make your posterity of sufficient consequence to have *foot-cloths* for their horses."

228. Line 61: *How in our VOIDING LOBBY hast thou stood*.—I have not been able to find any other instance of the use of this phrase. We have in Rowe's Jane Shore:

Some poor remain, the *voiding* of thy table  
There *voiding* evidently means "what is thrown away," the "refuse." Fabian uses *voided* in the sense of "quitted" in the following passage: "In this, xiii. yere of kynge Héry, vpon Trynlyte sodaye, . . . whyle the bysahop of Lodon was at hyghe masse in seynt Paulys Church of London, fell aqdeynlye suche thycknesse & derkenesse of clowdys, and therewith suche stenche, & tēpest of thunder and lyghtenynge, that the people there assemblyd, *voidyd* the churche" (p. 327).

229. Lines 70, 71:

Cap. YES, POOLE.

Suf.

POOLE!

Cap. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt

The two speeches of the Captain and Suffolk we have, in common with nearly all modern editors, supplied from Qq. In F. 1 the passage stands thus:

*Lieu*. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,  
Strike off his head. *Suf*. Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

*Lieu*. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,  
I kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirth, &c.

The arrangement in the text is that suggested by Mr. P. Z. Round, who says: "The two lines may have been written as one long line, the speakers being denoted merely by the initials S. and L., which the printers mistakenly expanded into the words *Sir* and *Lord*, for which the letters sometimes stand. The word *Yes* in The Contention perhaps slipped out of the Folio text accidentally." But, as line 69 is still deficient, I would suggest that the passage might be arranged thus, making one complete line:

Cap. Yes, Poole!

Suf.

Poole? Poole! Sir--

Cap.

Aye, Lord Poole!

Of course when the Captain uses the first insulting expression Suffolk is indignant at his familiarity, and repeats *Poole* with angry astonishment. The Captain continues his next speech in a more insulting tone still, with an emphasis on the *Poole* to bring out the double significance it bears. It seems to me that, for stage purposes, this arrangement would be by far the most effective.

230. Line 71: *kennel*. Shakespeare only uses this word in the sense of "gutter" in one other passage, in Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 98:

Go, hop me over every *kennel* home.

231. Line 74: *FOR swallowing the treasure of the realm*.—The sense that we have given *For* in our foot-note is the one generally accepted. Compare Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2. 136:

Yet here they shall not lie, *for* catching cold.

Also Pericles, i. 1. 39, 40:

advise thee to desist  
*For* going on death's net

232. Lines 70, et seq.: *And thou that smil'st at good Duke Humphrey's death, &c.*—Malone quotes from The Mirror of Magistrates, 1575:

And led me back again to Dover road,  
Where unto me recounting all my faults,  
*As murdering of duke Humphrey in his bed,*  
And how I had brought all the realm to nought,  
Causing the king unlawfully to wed,  
There was no grace but I must lose my head."

—Var. Ed. vol. xviii p. 287.

It seems pretty clear that the passage quoted suggested to Shakespeare this speech of the Captain, which is much longer and more elaborate than the corresponding one in The Contention.

233. Lines 77, 78:

*Against the senseless WINDS shall grin in vain,  
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.*

Compare Rom. and Jul. i. 1. 118, 119.

and cut the *winds*,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

234. Lines 84, 85:

*And, like ambitious Sylla, overgor'd  
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.*

The reference is, of course, to the rival of Marius, Sulla, the great prototype of those bloodthirsty tyrants, the memory of whose wholesale murders during the French revolution still make one shudder. Sulla was the first to introduce the proscription. In B.C. 82, after his decisive victory before the Colline Gate of Rome, and the surrender of Preneste on the death of the son of his rival, the younger Marius, Sulla drew up a list of all those persons against whom he had any grudge or enmity; they were declared outlaws, and might be killed by any one, even by slaves, with impunity. Many thousands of persons perished under this infamous edict. It is to this that the somewhat bombastic phrase in the text refers. *Sulla* was one of the few great criminals of history who escaped a violent death. He died, four years after this orgy of murder, in his villa at Puteoli. We have followed the spelling of *Fl.* though there is no justification for writing *Sylla* instead of *Sulla*.

It is remarkable that *gobbets* occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, except in this passage, and again below, v. 2. 59.

235 Line 85: *mother's bleeding heart*.—*Fl.* read *mother-bleeding*; the correction is Rowe's.

236. Lines 98, 99:

*Advance our HALF-PA'D SUN, striving to shine,  
Under the which is writ Invitis nubibus.*

Malone quotes Camden's Remaines: "Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 288).

237. Line 107: *pinnace*.—This word, which seems to have meant a small vessel propelled by oars and sails, does not seem to be used very properly here; for the ship, of which the captain who took Suffolk prisoner was in command, was a ship of war. Steevens quotes a passage from Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 118, in which a *pinnace* of 250 tons burden is mentioned; but it generally seems to have been used of a much smaller vessel. *Pinnace* is derived from the Latin *pinus*. Compare French *pinace*, Italian *pinaccio*. The word was formerly written *spynner*, or *spynner*. See quotation from Paston Letters (vol. i. p. 124), gl. c. below in note 247.

238. Line 108: *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*.—In *The Contention* the corresponding passage is (pp. 485, 486):

*Threatens more plagues than mightie Abradas,  
The great Macedonian Pyrate.*

It is curious that Greene in *Penelope's Web*, 1601, mentions *Abradas* "the great Macedonian pirat" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 289). This is worth noticing, as it may perhaps confirm the theory of those who maintain that Greene had a hand in *The Contention*. *Bargulus* is mentioned by Cicero in his *De Officiis*. Dr. Farmer quotes two translations in which Shakespeare might possibly have got the name. It seems that the proper form of the name is *Bardylis* or *Bardyllis* (Greek *Βαρδύλις*). *Bardylis* was originally a collier, then he became a leader of a band of freebooters, and afterwards king of Illyria. In this last capacity he seems to have carried on constant war against Macedonia, and then to have been defeated and killed in

battle by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. (See Dyce, note, vol. v. p. 219.)

239. Line 117: *Gelidus timor occupat artus*.—*F. 1* has: "FINE gelidus timor occupat artus." Theobald proposed to read: "FINE gelidus timor occupat artus." Malone: "FINE gelidus timor occupat artus." *F. 2* omits *Fine*. This quotation has not been traced to its source, though there is a very similar passage in Virgil's *Æneid*, vii. 446: "SUBITUS tremor occupat artus;" and again we have in *Æneid*, xi. 424, the same expression without *subitus*. Verplanck suggests that it may be a quotation from Mantuanus (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 97).

240. Line 128: *Than stand uncover'd to THIS vulgar groom*.—*Fl.* have *the*; we have adopted Walker's conjecture.

241. Line 120: *Exempt from fear is true nobility*.—This line stands in *F. 1* thus:

True nobility, is exempt from fear.

We have adopted Lloyd's conjecture as to the arrangement of the words; the comma after *nobility* in *F. 1* seems to show that the two portions of the sentence had been accidentally transposed.

242. Line 132: *Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can*.—This line is given to the Captain (Lieutenant) in *Fl.* It evidently belongs to Suffolk, to whom Hammer first assigned it.

243. Line 134: *bezoniens*.—This word is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage, viz. II. Henry IV. v. 3. 119.

244. Lines 135, 136:

*A Roman swagler and banditto slave  
Murder'd sweet Tully.*

Plutarch gives a very detailed account of Cicero's death. According to him "Hereinius, a centurion, and Popilius Læna, Tribune of the Soldiers" were sent to kill him (p. 729).

245. Line 136: *Brutus' BASTARD hand*.—Brutus could not be called a *bastard*, for his mother Servilia was married to Marcus Junius Brutus, and by him became the mother of Caesar's murderer. Her husband was put to death by order of Pompey, after which she became the favourite mistress of Julius Caesar, and Brutus was said, absurdly enough, by some to have been the result of this connection. But Caesar was only fifteen years older than Brutus, and it seems clear that Servilia did not become his mistress till some time after the birth of her son. She was married, a second time, to Junius Silanus, consul, B.C. 62.

246 Lines 137, 138:

*savage islanders*

*Pompey the Great.*

This curious piece of mistaken history about Pompey is Shakespeare's own invention. The manner of Pompey's death is related at great length in Plutarch (p. 527). As we know that Shakespeare was acquainted with North's Plutarch, and made great use of it in some of his plays, it seems strange he should have made such a misstatement as to Pompey's death. When Ptolemy and his

councillors resolved to kill Pompey, who had come to take refuge at his court, the task of carrying out their resolve was committed to Achilles, an Egyptian, who took with him Septimius, who had been under Pompey's command at a former time. Achilles induced Pompey to leave the galley in which he was with his wife, Cornelia, and come into his boat, as the water was not deep enough for the galley to land. Pompey had with him one of his slaves called Philip, whose hand he had taken to help him to land, when "Septimius came first behind him and thrust him through with his sword. Next unto him also, Salvius and Achilles drew out their swords in like manner. Pompey then did no more but took up his gown with his hands and hid his face, and manly abid the wounds they gave him, onely fighting a little. Thus being nine and fifty years old, he ended his life the next day after the day of his birth" (North's Plutarch, pp. 556, 556). This took place at Pelusium, which stood on the east side of the easternmost mouth of the Nile in the midst of morasses, so that it might be almost said to be on an island, and in that sense, by a considerable license, the murderers of Pompey might be called "islanders."

247. Line 133.—The best account we have of Suffolk's death is in the Paston Letters, viz. that from William Lomner to John Paston, 5th May, 1460: "As on Monday next after May day there come tydings to London, that on Thursday before the Duke of Suffolk come unto the costes of Kent full nere Dover with his ij. shepes and a litel spyner; the qweche spyner he sente with certeyn letters to certeyn of his trustid men unto Calys ward, to knowe howe he shuld be receyvyd; and with hym mette a shippe callyd Nicolas of the Towre, with other shipps waytyng on hym, and by hem that were in the spyner, the maister of the Nicolas hadde knowlich of the dukes coming. And whanne he espied the dukes shippes, he sent forth his bote to wete what they were, and the duke hym selfe spakke to hem, and seyde, he was be the kyngs comaundement sent to Calys ward, &c.

"And they seyde he most speke with here master. And soo he, with ij. or iij. of his men, wente forth with hem yn here bote to the Nicolas; and whanne he come, the master badde hym, 'Welcom, Traitor,' as men sey; and forther the maister desyryd to wete yf the shepmen woldd holde with the duke, and they sent word they wold not yn noo wyse: and soo he was yn the Nicolas tyl Saturday next folwyng

"Soom sey he wrotte moche thanke [*thing*] to be delivered to the kyng, but that is not verily knowe. He hadde hes confessor with hym, &c.

"And some sey he was arreynd yn the sheppe on here maner upon the appechementes and fohide gylty, &c.

"Also he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne he knew it, he remembred Stacy that seid, if he myght eschape the daunger of the Towr, he should be saffe; and thanne his Rerte fayld hym, for he thoughte he was deseyvyd, and yn the syght of all his men he was drawyn onght of the grete shippe yn to the bote; and there was an exe, and a stoke, and on of the lewdeste of the shippe badde hym ley down his hedde, and he should be fair ferd wyth, and dye on a swerd; and toke a rusty swerd, and smotte of his hedde withy; halfe a dosen strokes, and VOL. II.

toke away his gown of russet, and his dobelette of velvet mayled, and leyde his body on the sonde of Dover; and some sey his heide was sette on a pole by it, and hea men setto on the londe be grette circumstaunce and preye. And the shreve of Kent doth weche the body, and sent his under shreve to the juges to wete what to doo, and also to the kenge whatte shalbe doo" (vol. i. p. 124).

248. Line 145: *His body will I bear unto the king.*—It is clear that the head and body of Suffolk were both supposed to be brought on the stage. In scene 4 we find the queen mourning over Suffolk's head as she asks, lines 5, 6:

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

249. Line 18: *as much to say as.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 62, 63: "that's *as much to say as* I wear not motley in my brain."

250. Line 30: *And SMITH the weaver.*—So Fl. In The Contention the speeches here allotted to Smith have the prefix Will, who is described as "Will that came a wooing to our Nau last Sunday" (pp. 487, 488). It looks very much as if Smith were the actor's name, which had crept into the Folio from the margin of the play-house copy. Malone expresses the same opinion (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 296).

251. Line 35: *a CADE of herrings.*—In Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum [(vol. i. pars. 1. p. 81) (1656)] is given "the charthe longynge to the office of the Celereasse of the monastery of Barking," in which under the head of "Providence for Advent and Lenten" we find "also sche (i.e. the celereasse) must purvy for two *cadys* of heryngs that be rede for the covent in Advent; and for vii *cados* of red heryng for the covent in Lenton; and also for three herell of white heringes for the covent in Lentyn." From this it would appear that *cade* was not the same as a barrel. Indeed we find from a memorandum (quoted by Malone) "that a *barrel* of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundred" (*Ut supra*, p. 83). Stevens says: "Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, 'That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *cados*, and from him they have their name.' Praise of the Red Herring, 1500" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 295). *Cade*, however, is undoubtedly derived from *cadus*, a cask.

252. Line 37: *For our enemies shall FALL before us.*—This is the reading of F. 4 F. 1, F. 2 have *faile*; F. 3 *fail*. Probably the correction of F. 4 is right in this case; a pun would seem to be intended on the name of *Cade* and *cado* (Latin), to fall; though the joke, such as it is, implies more learning than Jack Cade was likely to possess.

253. Line 72: *three-hoop'd pot.*—The common drinking mugs were constructed in Shakespeare's time mostly like barrels, of wooden staves bound together by hoops; the quart pot had three of these hoops; one third part being supposed to be each drinker's portion. See Dekker's Gull's Hornbook, "The Englishman's healths, his *hoops*, cans,

half cans," &c. (Reprint, 1812, p. 28). Nash also in his Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil, 1592, has, "I believe *hoops* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoop*, and no more."

254. Line 95: *We took him setting of boys' copies*.—We must presume that the unhappy clerk had been arrested by Smith some time previously, and left under the guard of those of the rebels who now brought him before Cade.

255. Lines 106, 107:

Clerk. *Emmanuel*.

Dick. *They used to write it on the top of letters*.

It appears that *Emmanuel* used to be written, probably out of pety (much as we say "God be with you," or "God bless you") at the head of letters patent and royal warrants. See the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, where the Archbishop of Burges (Bruges) after delivering the impertinent message from the Dauphin to Henry V. says:

I beseech your grace, to deliuer me your safe  
Conduct vnder your broad seale *Emmanuel*.

And the king says a little further on:

My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,  
Vnder our broad seale *Emmanuel*.

—Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. i. pt. 2, p. 353.

256. Lines 106, 167: *in whose time boys went to SPAN-COUNTER for French crocus*.—The game here alluded to was, according to Strutt, closely allied to "boss and span, also called hit or span, wherein one bowls a marble to any distance that he pleases, which serves as a mark for his antagonist to bowl at, whose business is to hit the marble first bowled, or lay his own near enough to it for him to span the space between them and touch both the marbles, in either case he wins, if not, his marble remains where it lay and becomes a mark for the first player, and so alternately until the game be won" (p. 384). *Span-counter* was played with counters or coin instead of marbles. Strutt says it was sometimes played with stones. A very similar game is played by boys in the street nowadays.

257. Lines 109-172:

Dick. *And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine*.

Cade. *And good reason; for thereby is England main'd*.

It is worth noting that although many of the proposed "reforms" of Jack Cade differ very little, at least in spirit, from those which figure in the programme of modern socialists, yet the main cause of the popular discontent seems to have been the mismanagement of foreign affairs, the very point on which now the bulk of the people seem to be so indifferent. Among the Paston Letters is one (No. 99, vol. i. pp. 131-135) written in 1466 by J. Payn, and pleading for some compensation in consideration of the losses and sufferings endured by him during Jack Cade's rebellion in 1460. The writer was a servant of our old friend, Sir John Fastolf (see I. Henry VI. note 14), who appears to have been the object of intense hatred on the part of the rebels. They called him "the grettyst traytor that was in Yngelond or in Fraunce, . . . the wech mynyssed all the garrisons of Normandy, and Manne, and Mayn, the wech was the cause of the leayng of all the

kyngs tycyll and ryght of sh herytaunce that he had by yonde see. And morovyr he seid that the seid Sir John Fastolf had furysshyd his piasse with the olde sawdyrs of Normandy, and abylyments of werr, to destroy the comens of Kent vnan that they come to Southewerk; and thowfor he seyd playnly that I shuffle lese my hede." "It seems that the rebels went so far as to bring out the block and the axe, but that Payn got off through the interference of some friends, and brought the "articles," i.e. the particulars of the rebels' demands, to his master Sir John Fastolf, whom he counselled to dismiss his old soldiers, and put away the "abylyments of werr," at his house; which he did, and went for safety to the Tower. Payn remained to defend his master's house, but seems to have been again taken prisoner by the rebels, who put him in "the batayle" in London Bridge, where he was "hurt nere hand to deth" (p. 124). Indeed he appears to have suffered much both in purse and person. After the rebellion was crushed it appears that the unfortunate Payn was denounced to the queen as a traitor, and was arrested and thrown into the Marshalsea prison. There he was "thretyd to have ben hongyd, drawen, and quarteryd; and so wold have made me to have pechyd my Maister Fastolf of treson" (p. 135). This, however, he refused to do, and ultimately, through the influence of friends, he obtained a pardon. The letter is very interesting as giving some idea of the reign of terror which existed during the rebellion, and as showing how unpopular Sir John Fastolf was, not only with the rebels, but also with some of the queen's party.

258. Line 195:

*Spare none but such as go in CLOUTED SHOON*.

There appears to be some difference of opinion as to the exact meaning of *clouted*. Some hold that it means "patched," others that *clouted shoon* means "shoes with hob nails." Undoubtedly there was a kind of nails called *clout-nails*. Other commentators would restrict the sense to the iron plates which are fixed on the soles of the shoes of country folk in order to strengthen them. No doubt *clouted* means "patched," but it is a distinct word from *clouted* as applied to shoes. The former would be derived from *clout*, a rag, or patch, or piece of anything (from A. Sax. *clit*); while the latter is derived from French *clouet*, diminutive of *clou*, a nail. Hunter quotes a passage from England's Parnassus which seems to settle the meaning. {The writer "is speaking of the ravages made on female beauty by the small-pox—

which ploughs up flesh and blood,  
And leaves such prints of beauty if he come,  
As *clouted shoon* do upon floors of lome.

Therefore we may take it that *clouted shoon* means hob-nailed shoes whether with or without iron plates on the soles

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

259.—It appears that the defeat of the Staffords and their forces, which must have been very inconsiderable in number, took place owing to the royal party being deceived as to the movements of Cade. The king, according to Holinshed, had gone against the rebels with 15,000 men well equipped; but the rebels fled into the wooded

country near Sevenbaks; and the king returned to London, upon which, as Hall relates (p. 220): "The Quene, which bare the rule, beyng of his getrayte well aduertised, sent Syr Hunfrey Stafford knyght, and William his brother with many other gentelmen, to follow the chace of the Kentishmen, thinkyng that they had fledde, but verry, they were deceyued; for at the fyrst skyrnyshe, both the Staffordes were slayne, and all their compaigne shamefully discomfited." . . . "When the Kentish capitayn, or y<sup>e</sup> couetous Cade, had thus obteyned victory, and slayne the two valeaunt Staffordes, he appareled hym selfe in their rich armure, and so with pompe and glory returned agayn toward London: in which retrayte diuers idle and vacabonde persons, resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other partes to a great nuber." This account is copied almost verbatim by Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 220).

260 Lines 6-8: *"the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one a week."* The last lines are added by Malone from Q<sub>1</sub>. They are absolutely necessary to the sense; the meaning being, as explained by Malone in his note, that, as in the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent, some of the trade who had interest at court obtained a royal license to kill a limited number of beasts a week. At first sight it might appear that this regulation had for its object the keeping up of the fast observed by the Roman Catholic Church in Lent; but care was taken to assure the public that there was no religious intention in the regulation. Harrison in his Description of England (bk. ii. p. 141) says: "but it is lawfull for euery man to feed vpon what soeuer he is able to purchase, except it be vpon those daies whereon eating of flesh is specially forbidden by the lawes of the realme, which order is taken onelie to the end our numbers of cattell may be the better increased, and that abundance of fish which the sea yeeldeth, more generally received. Beside this, there is great consideration had in making of this law for the preservation of the naule, and maintenance of conuenient numbers of sea faring men, both which would otherwise grentle decaye, if some meanes were not found whereby they might be increased" (New Shak. Soc. Reprint).

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

261. Lines 5, 6:

*Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast.  
But where's the body that I should embrace?*

See above note 248.

262 Lines 9-13. —The king did send an embassy to the rebels, though he did not carry out the intention here expressed of parleying with them. See Hall (pp. 220, 221): "Thus this glorious Capitayn, compassed about, and enuironed with a multitude of euil rude and rusticall persones, came agayn to the playn of Blackeheath, and there strögly encamped him selfe, to whome were sent by the kyng, the Archebishop of Canterbury, and Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, to conon with him of his greues and requestes. These lordes found him sober in communication, wyse in disputyng, arrogant in hart, and styfe in his opinion, and by no means possible, to be perswaded to

dissolue his armye, except the kyng in person wolde come to him, and assent to all thynges, which he should requyre. These lordes, perceyuyng the wilful pertinacy, and manifest contumacie of this rebellious Jauelyn, departed to the kyng, declaring to hym, his temerarious and rasho wordes, and presumptuous requestes."

263. Lines 21, 22:

*How rose, madam!**Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death!*Printed in F<sub>1</sub> thus:

How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?

The editors who follow F<sub>1</sub> have not apparently perceived that line 22 is not a verse at all. We have followed the arrangement of Pope.

264. Line 34: *Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death* —For an omission of the possessive inflection compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 30:

Until her husband and my lord's return.

265. Line 37: *false caterpillars*. —Compare Richard II. note 186.

266. Line 39: *My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth*. —See Hall, p. 221: "The kyng somewhat hearyng, and more markyng the saynynges of thys outrageous losel, and hauyng dnyly reporte of the concourse and access of people, which cötinually resorted to him, doubtyng asmuch his familiar seruantes, as his vnknowe subiectes (which spared not to speake, that the capitaynes cause, was profitable for the commonwealth) departed in all haste to the castell of Kylyngworthe in Warwyckeshyre, leauyng only behynd him y<sup>e</sup> lord Scales, to kepe the Towre of London."

267. Line 43: *Lord Say, JACK CADE, THE TRAITOR, hateth thee*. —F<sub>1</sub> reads:

Lord Say, the traitors buteth thee

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

Lord Say, the traitors hate thee.

Capell reads: "the traitor rebel hateth thee." For the emendation in the text I am responsible.

268. Line 49: *Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge*. —Events are made to proceed more rapidly than they actually did, owing to dramatic necessity. It was not till after the king's escape to Kenilworth that Cade and the rebels entered London, going first into Southwark; the battle on London Bridge took place later.

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

269 —This and the following scene are probably founded on the following passage in Hall (pp. 221, 222): "The wise Mayre, and sage magistrates of the cite of London, perceyuyng themselves, neither to be sure of goodes nor of lyfe well warranted, determined with feare to repel and expulse this mischieuous head, and his vngracious cöpany. And because the lord Scales was ordeyned Keper of y<sup>e</sup> Towre of London, with Mathew Gough, the often named capitayne in Normandy, (as you haue harde before) they purposed to make them pryue both of their entent and enterprise. The lord Scales promised thes hys ayde, with shotyng of ordinaunce, and Mathew Gough was by hym

appointed, to assist the Mayre and the Londoners; bycause he was both of manhode, and experience greatly renowned and noysed. So y<sup>e</sup> Capitaynes of the cite appointed, toke vpon them in the night to kepe the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentishmen, either to ~~pass~~ or approche. The rebelles, which neuer soundly slepte, for feare of sodain chaunces, hearyng the brydge to be kept and manned, ran with great hate to open their passage, where betwene bothe parties was a ferce and cruell encounter. Mathew Gough, more experte in marcial feates, then the other cheuetaynes of the cite, perceiuyng the Kentishmen better to stande to their tacyng, then his imaginacion expected, aduised his cōpany no further to procede, toward Southwarke, till the day appered: to the entent, that the citezens hearyng where the place of the leopardye rested, might occurre their enemies, and releue their frendes and companions. But this counsaill came to small effect: for the multitude of y<sup>e</sup> rebelles draue the citezens from the stoulpes at the bridge foote, to the drawe bridge, and began to set fyre in diuers houses. Alas what sorrow it was to beholde that miserable chaunce: for some deasyryng to eschew the fyre, lept on his enemies weapon, and so died: fearfull women with chyl-dren in their armes, amased and appalled, lept into the riuer: other doubtinge how to save them self betwene fyre, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocate and smoldered. Yet the capitayns nothing regarding these chaunces, fought on the draw bridge all the nighte valeauntly, but in conclusion, the rebelles gate the draw bridge, and drowned many, and slew Jhon Sutton alderman, and Robert Heyssande a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough" (pp. 221, 222).

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

270. Line 2: *London-stone*.—Hall tells us: "But after that he entered into Londō, and cut the ropes of the draw bridge, strikyng his sworde on London stone, sayyng: now is Mortymer lorde of this cite, and rode in euery strete lyke a lordly Capitayn" (p. 221). It must be remembered that London Bridge then consisted, as it were, of a street of houses, which, as well as the bridge itself, were constructed of *timber* and therefore very inflammable. In the middle was a space occupied by the drawbridge. London Stone still exists, or rather a fragment of it, built into the wall of St Swithin's Church, opposite Cannon Street Railway Station. Rolfe says (p. 172): "It is supposed by Camden to have been a Roman *milliarium*—the centre from which all the great Roman roads radiated over England, corresponding to the Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It came to be looked upon as a kind of palladium in the metropolis, and Cade evidently so regards it here."

271. Lines 3-7.—In the Var. Ed vol. xviii. p. 310 will be found an interesting note upon this *conduit* which it is not necessary to quote. It may be noted that in some old-fashioned inns, and among the lower middle class, *claret* and sherry are still spoken of as "*claret wine*" and "*sherry white wine*." Some of our readers may remember a celebrated print of a similar fountain to the one alluded to here, in Brussels. There seems to be no doubt

that many of the cruel murders, euphemistically called executions, committed by Jack Cade, were prompted by his anger against those persons who refused to acknowledge his claim to the title of Lord Mortimer.

## ACT IV. SCENE 7.

272.—The Palace of the Savoy, the residence of the Duke of Lancaster, was destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler in the reign of Richard II. It would seem that it was not really rebuilt till the time of Henry VII.

Shakespeare has shewn us in other places, in Coriolanus for instance, the very little respect he had for mob-law. He evidently did not believe in the proposition as to *vox populi being vox dei*. In this scene he gives free range to his satire, especially in the long speech of Cade just below. Nothing could be more true to nature than the hatred of all learning and culture displayed by these socialists of the fifteenth century.

273. Lines 7, 8: *Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth*.—This seems to be taken from Holinshed's account of Wat Tyler's insurrection (vol. ii. p. 746): "It was reported in deed that he should saie with great pride the day before these things chanced, putting his hands to his lips, that withyn foure daies all the lawes of England should come forth of his mouth."

274. Lines 48, 49: *because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them*; i.e. "because they could not claim the benefit of clergy," a privilege which exempted at first *only* the clergy from criminal process before a civil judge; but "the benefit of clergy was afterwards extended to everyone who could read; and it was enacted that there should be a prerogative allowed to the clergy, that if any man who could read, were to be condemned to death, the bishop of the diocese might, if he would, claim him as a clerk, and dispose of him in some places of the clergy as he might deem meet. The ordinary gave the prisoner at the bar a Latin book, in a black Gothic character, from which to read a verse or two; and if the ordinary said, '*Legit ut Clericus*' ('He reads like a clerk'), the offender was only burnt in the hand; otherwise he suffered death, 3 Edw. I. (1274)." (See Haydn's Dict. of Dates, sub "Clergy.") The privilege was modified by acts of parliament in 1489, 1512, 1706, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Ann respectively. The benefit of clergy was wholly repealed in 1827, in the reign of George IV.

275. Line 5.—See above, note 227.

276. Lines 65, 66:

*K&A, in the Commentaria Caesar writ,  
Is term'd the civilst place of all this isle.*

The passage in which Caesar says this is in book v. of the Commentaries: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt;" thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civillest are the Kentishfolke." Malone quotes from Euphues, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the civillest" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 316).

277. Line 67: *Sweet is the country, BEAUTEOUS, full of riches*.—Ff. read:

*Sweet is the country because full of riches.*

which seems to be nonsense. It is evident that some epithet is demanded in the text, for which *because* is a misprint. We have, in common with many editors, adopted Hamner's admirable conjecture, "*Beauties*," a favourite epithet of Shakespeare's as applied both to persons and things.

278. Lines 74, 75:

*When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?*

Ff. have "*Kent to maintain*." Kent seems to have crept into the text by mistake. Even the Cambridge edd. adopt Johnson's conjecture, "*But to maintain*," which certainly seems the most probable emendation.

279. Lines 95, 96: *Ye shall have a henpen candle, then; and the HELP of hatchet*—So F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have "*the help of a hatchet*;" but the phrase is not very intelligible. Farmer was the first to suggest the emendation *pap with a hatchet*, which was a recognised cant phrase of the time, as we know from Lilly's *Mother Bombye*, i. 3: "they give us *pap with a spoon* before we can speak, and when we speak for that we love, *pap with a hatchet*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 88). Indeed, that author used it as the title for a pamphlet written by him in 1684: "*Pap with a Hatchet*," otherwise, "A sound box on the ear for the Idlest Martin to hold his peace." This pamphlet, however, is generally attributed to Nash. Park explains the phrase as being a proverbial one for "doing a kind thing in an unkind manner." Farmer's emendation is very ingenious, and fits in with the spirit of the passage; Cade brutally answers Lord Saye's complaint that he is a sick man by telling him that he ought to be treated with a rope for *candle*, that is, that he should be *hang*; and with the "*help of hatchet*," that is, that he should be decapitated. The word *candle* naturally suggests the word *pap*; and while this is one of those emendations which are extremely plausible, because it is what we should expect the author to have written, it is therefore one that we must be cautious to adopt too readily, if the reading of the original edition makes any sense at all. "*The help of hatchet*" may be a parody on the phrase "by God's *help*." An emendation, not noticed by the Cambridge edd., was suggested by an anonymous writer in the *Collier Controversy* in a pamphlet entitled "*Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare*." The writer proposes to read (p. 150) "*the heal of a hatchet*;" *heal* being very generally spelt *hele*, and therefore easily to be mistaken for *help*.

280. Lines 115–119. Hall's account of the murder of Lord Say, and his companions is as follows: "And vpon the thyrde daye of Julij, he caused syr James Fynes lord Say, and Threasorer of Englande, to be brought to the Gykle halle of London, and there to be arrayned: whiche beyng before the kynges iustices put to awnswere, desired to be tryed by his peeres, for the longer delay of his life. The Capitayne perceiuyng his dilatorie ple, by force toke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a highe poole, which was opely borne before hym through the stretes. And this cruell tyrant not content with the murder of

the lorde Say, went to Myle end, and there apprehended syr James Cromer, then shreue of Kent, and soune in law to the sayd lord Say, and hym without confession or excuse beheaded, caused there likewyse to be hedded, and his head to be fixed on a poole, and with these two heddes, this bloody butcher entered into the citie agayn, and in despyte caused them in euery strote, kysses together, to the great detestacion of all the beholders" (p. 221). It was William Cromer, Sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death; but the dramatist, as will be seen, only copies the mistake of the chroniclers.

281. Lines 128–130.—The custom here alluded to was called *Marcheta mulierum*. Several writers, including Sir John Dairymple, Blackstone, and Whittaker, deny that it was ever practised. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* is based upon this traditional privilege.

282. Line 130: *men shall hold of me IN CAPITE*.—This joke, as has been remarked, is too learned a one for Jack Cade to have made.

283. Line 132: *as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell*.—It would appear that several ancient grants exist, written in rhyme, in which lands are said to be held on this tenure. Blakeway in a note in the Var. Ed. on this passage (vol. xviii. p. 231) quotes from the Yearbook of 10 Henry VII. fol. 14, a. pl. 6: "En ascui case son graunt est, 'As free as tongue can speak or heart can think:'"—which are almost Cade's words.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 8.

284. Lines 1, 2: *Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus Corner!* Both these places are on the opposite side of the river to Southwark, where the scene is supposed to take place. The name of *Fish Street* is preserved in *Fish Street Hill*, on which the Monument stands. There is a church of *Saint Magnus* in Lower Thames Street. Perhaps these directions were intended to be given to bands of the rebels who were to cross the bridge.

285. Lines 9, 10:

*And here pronounce free pardon to them all  
That will forsake thee and go home.*

This *free pardon*, according to Hall, was brought by the Archbishop of Canterbury, then chancellor of England, and the Bishop of Winchester: "The archbishop of Canterbury, beyng then chauncelor of England, and for his suerty lyenge in the Towre of London, called to him the bishop of Winchester, whiche also for feare, lurked at Halywell. These two prelates seyng the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their betyng backe, to be mitigate and minished, passed the ryuer of Thamyse from the Towre, into Southwarke, bringing with them vnder the kynges great seale, a general pardon vnto all the offenders: which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lorde how glad the poore people were of this Pardone (ye more then of the great Jubile of Rome) and how thei accepted thesame, in so muche that the whole multitude, without bidding farewel to their capitain, retired thesame night, euery man to his awne home, as men amased, and strik with feare" (p. 222).



286. Line 11. —Clarke has an interesting note here comparing Lord Say's defence and the speech of Clifford, much to the disadvantage of the latter. Lord Say's speeches in his own defence seem to have been entirely Shakespeare's invention except four lines; while Clifford's is compressed from two other speeches in the Old Play; the touch about Henry V being Shakespeare's own. No doubt Lord Say's defence is a very noble one, and to a reasonable mind very convincing. By the side of it Lord Clifford's may seem mere claptrap; but the latter knew his audience the best. You may appeal to the sentiment or self-interest of a mob; but never to its reason. In the recognition of this fact lies the demagogue's power.

287. Line 13: *Or let a REBEL lead you to your deaths.*—Ff read *rabble*; the emendation is from the Collier MS., first adopted by Singer.

288. Line 25: *that you should leave me at the White Hart.*—Walker suggests that a play upon words is here intended, between *White Hart* and *white heart*. This idea is confirmed by the fact that in F. 1 it is printed *White-heart*, and F. 2, F. 3 *white-heart*; while only in F. 4 it is *White-hart*.

289. Line 48: *Crying VILIACO! unto all they meet.*—Ff. have *Villiago*, for which Theobald absurdly proposed *Villageois*. *Viliaco* is a common term of reproach not unfrequently found in the writers of Shakespeare's time. Compare Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, v. 3: "Now out, hase *viliaco*!" (Works, vol. ii. p. 181). It occurs also in Dekker, in *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet* "the faint hearted *viliacues* sounded at least thrice" (vol. i. p. 187). Florio gives "Viliacoo, a rascal, a leud rogue, a scurvy scoundrel."

290. Line 53: *Henry hath MONEY, you are strong and manly.*—Warburton, quite unnecessarily, proposed to read *mercy*; but as Johnson pointed out, they had the strength and the king the money; or one might say that they (the people) had the muscle, and the king the sinews of war.

291. Lines 65–67: *only my followers' base and ignominious TREASONS, MAKES me betake me to my heels.*—So Ff. Some editors altered *treasons* to *treason*, because of the singular verb following, *makes*. The alteration is unnecessary.

## ACT IV. SCENE 9.

292. Line 4: *But I was made a king, at nine months old.*—This is historically true; but in the last play the dramatist does not pay much regard to this historic fact. See I. Henry VI. iii. 4. 17, 18:

When I was young, as yet I am not old,—  
I do remember how my father said,

A child who remembers what was said when he was less than nine months old is certainly a phenomenon.

293. Line 26: *Of SAVAGE gallowglasses and stout kerns.*—Ff. have simply:

Of gallowglasses and stout kerns,

a word having evidently dropped out. Hammer printed *desperate*, Capell *nimble*. We adopt Dyce's emendation

*savage*. Grey says (vol. iii. p. 29): "The *Gallowglasses* and *Kerns*, according to Stanishurst, were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish; the former very bold and strong men, but very inhuman; the latter were fond of keeping their swords clean, and free from hacks. Of which he produces one remarkable instance. 'It is said that one of their body (i.e. *kerns*) returning from battle having received more than four dangerous wounds inspected his sword, and, when he saw that it was in no part hacked or bent, returned the greatest thanks to the deity because those wounds had been inflicted on his body and not on his sword.' The *Gallowglasses* were armed, according to Stanishurst, "in a long shirt of mail down to the calf of his leg, with a long broad ax in his hand, was *pedes gravis armatura* (and was instead of the footman that now wears the corselet), before the corselet was used or almost invented" (ut supra, pp. 29, 30). The real derivation of the word is the Irish *gallglach*, a servant, a heavy-armed soldier, from *gall*, foreign, and *oglach*, a youth. Spenser in his *View of the State of Ireland*, vol. vi. p. 1577, says: "That the *Gallowglasses*, from their name, were antient English; for *gallogla* signifies an English servitor or yeoman." This mistake seems to have arisen from the fact that the Irish copied the armament of these troops from that of the early English military settlers. The *kerns* were the light-armed troops. See Richard II. note 127. *Gallowglasses* and *kerns* are mentioned again in Shakespeare in *Macbeth* i. 2. 13, 14:

from the western isles

Of *kerns* and *gallowglasses* is supplied.

294. Line 30: *The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.*—Ff. have "a traitor." We have omitted the *a* as unnecessary.

295. Line 33: *Is straightway CAIM'D, and boarded with a pirate.*—F. 1 has *caline*, F. 2 *claim'd*, F. 3 *claim'd*. The reading in the text is that of F. 4. Walker conjectured *chas'd*.

296. Line 36: *I pray thee, Buckingham, go THOU and meet him.*—Ff. omit *thou*, which was first supplied by Dyce. The line as it stands in Ff. is very unrhymical.

297. Lines 39, 40:

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
Until his army be dismis'd from him.

Henry VI., though he is represented as having many amiable qualities, seems to have been equally ready with Charles I. to desert any of his friends when they were in trouble.

## \* ACT IV. SCENE 10.

298. Line 1: *Fie on ambition!*—F. 1 reads *ambitions*, corrected in F. 2. Hall's account of the capture is as follows (p. 222): "For after a Proclamation made, that whosoever could apprehend the said Jac Cade, should have for his pain, a M. markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, 'til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent found hym in a garden, and there in his defence, manfully slew the said Cade, & brought his dead body to London, whose hed was set on Londō bridge." Holinshed says that this garden was in Sussex at Hothfield (vol. iii. p. 227).

299 — Enter Iden with five Servants, who remain at back. — In *Ff* *Iden* is made to enter alone; but afterwards, line 42, Cade distinctly mentions the presence of five men. The Cambridge edd. seem to think that, because Iden has a soliloquy when he first enters, Shakespeare intended him to come on alone, only that he forgot to strike out the reference to the five persons which is found in *Qq*. But the stage direction that we have introduced gets rid of the apparent discrepancy.

300 Line 23: *I seek not to wax great by others' Waning* — *Ff* read *warning*; the correction is Rowe's. Grey proposes *winning*, a conjecture which is not noticed by the Cambridge edd. The antithesis between *waxing* and *waning* points to Rowe's emendation as being the right one. *Warning* makes no sense whatever.

301 Line 31: *eat iron like an ostrich*. The source, whence this popular belief about the ostrich is derived, is not apparent. The passage is taken *verbatim* from the Contention. According to a note of Halliwell on the passage in the Old Play, Sir Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross "fought a paper battle some two centuries ago" on the subject of this digestive feat of ostriches. I can speak from personal experience of the marvellous appetite and digestion of an emu. I once gave one of these birds some large pebbles, some pennies, and part of a leather purse, all of which he consumed with perfect satisfaction. I then tried him with a pocket-handkerchief, which was of rather a large size. This he had some difficulty in disposing of. He ultimately swallowed it completely, and his health was not at all affected by the meal. Pliny says, speaking of the ostrich (*bk. x. ch. 1, p. 270*): "A wonder this is in their nature, that whatsoever they eat (and great devourers they be of all things, without difference and choice) they concoct and digest it."

302. Line 33: *Why, rude COMPANION, whatso'er thou be.* — See *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 7. Compare Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 138: "*Companion*, hence!" also *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 4. 64.

303. Line 46: *That Alexander Iden, Esquire of Kent* — *Ff* have "an Esquire." We omit the *an*, describing Iden in the same way that *Iden* does. See above, note 298.

304 Line 56: *BUT as for words, whose greatness answers words.* — *Ff* omit *But*; we follow Dyce's reading.

305. Line 62: *I beseech God on my knees* — *Ff* have *Jove*. Malone restored the reading *God* from *Qq*. Some commentators think that *Jove* was substituted in consequence of the statute 3 James I. chap. ii., which forbade the use of the name of *God* upon the stage. But, undoubtedly, *Jove* is sometimes used in other passages for the name of the Christian deity where its use can scarcely be so explained.

306. Line 66: *the TEN meals I have lost.* — As Cade had been without food five days (see above, line 41), this shows that only two meals a day were supposed to be, at that time, the proper allowance.

307. Line 84: *And as I thrust thy body with my sword.* — *Ff* have "thrust in;" following Dyce we have omitted the *in* as unnecessary.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

308 — The dramatist now passes over a considerable interval of time. In July, 1460, Jack Cade was taken and killed. The battle of St. Albans was fought May 22nd, 1455. Immediately after the suppression of Cade's rebellion York came over from Ireland to England with 4000 men. He forced his way into Henry's presence, and behaved with great insolence. Having made the king promise to summon a parliament, he retired to his castle at Fotheringhay. Immediately after this Somerset returned from France; but, with the disgrace of the loss of Normandy attaching to him, he could do but very little for the king's cause. The enmity between York and Somerset kept the country in a constant state of agitation. In 1451 York raised another army on the pretext of defeating the proceedings of Somerset. He marched to London, but found the gates shut against him. Thence he proceeded to Dartford in Kent, in the hope of being joined by the Kentish men. Henry followed him with his army, but no collision took place. The result of the negotiations that ensued was that Somerset was committed to prison; while York disbanded his army and submitted to Henry. The two rivals then met in the presence of the king, and abused one another roundly. Immediately after this interview York was arrested. Henry refused to follow Somerset's advice, which was that he should be put on his trial and executed. York again swore fealty to the king, and a peace was patched up between the rival parties, mainly brought about by the news that the Earl of March was advancing with an army to liberate his father. Immediately after this two important events happened: one, the fatal battle in which Talbot was defeated and slain, and Guienne lost to the English; the other the birth of a son to the king and queen. This last event would seem to have put a stop to York's hopes of the succession. But at this very time the health of the king, both mental and bodily, was such that a protectorate had to be appointed; and York was chosen by a committee of peers for the office; but the king's rights were preserved inviolate. By the end of the year 1454 Henry had recovered his health and reason. At the beginning of the next year, 1455, he put an end to the protectorate, and liberated the Duke of Somerset from the Tower. He did his best to reconcile the two dukes, and induce them to submit their claims to arbitration; but York, who had determined to provoke a civil war, collected together his forces, and on May 22nd, the battle of St. Albans was fought.

309. Line 5: *sancta majestas!* — So *Ff*. *Qq* have *sancta maiesta*, which may have been intended for Italian. *Santa maesta*, which Capell printed, would certainly suit the metre much better; but, if it were intended to be so, we should expect to find some greater blunder in the spelling. There is scarcely any instance, throughout Shakespeare's plays, of two Italian words together being spelt correctly, either in *Ff* or *Qq*.

310. Line 10: *A sceptre shall it have, HAVE I a soul* — i.e. "as I have a soul." Compare Henry VIII. iv. 1. 44: *Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.*

311. Line 13: *I must dissemble.* — It is curious to find in

Shakespeare the original of this phrase, repeated *ad nauseam* in all melodramas of the last fifty years, and forming one of the stock jokes of burlesques. How many a time have we seen the villain, or mock villain, as the case may be, wrapping his cloak round him while he muttered, "I must dissemble!" Little did we think that he was unwittingly quoting Shakespeare. Marlowe used it before Shakespeare, in the Jew of Malta, act iv.: "*But I must dissemble*" (Works, p. 166).

312. Lines 26, 27:

*And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.*

See Love's Labour's Lost, note 106. Grey (vol. ii. p. 31) quotes from Cleveland's Works, 1677, p. 70:

"Stout Ajax, with his anger-codded brain,  
Killing a sheep, thought Agamemnon slain."

313. Line 65: *May PASS into the presence of a king.*—Walker conjectured *press*, which looks very much like the right reading, in spite of the unpleasant jingle between *press* and *presence*.

314. Line 72: *I was, an t like your majesty.*—Perhaps we should read, in order to complete the line,  
*I was that must, an't like your majesty*

315. Line 74: *Alexander Iden, that's my name.*—Again I would suggest, to complete the line:

*Alexander Iden, that's my name, my tige.*

I see that in the Cambridge edn the same conjecture was made by Kelghtley.

316. Line 78: *Iden, kneel down* [Ho kneels]. IDEN, *rise up a knight.*—*Fi*. have

*Iden, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight*

We have followed Dyce in inserting the second *Iden*.

317. Line 109: *Wouldst have me KNEEL first let me ask of THESE.* [pointing to his Attendants].—Tyrwhitt thought that by these York meant his *knees*. Other commentators explain it that he meant his *sons*. Our stago-direction supplies what seems the most probable explanation. In saying these words he is intended to point to those of his followers whom he had brought with him, who had already been taught to look upon him as a claimant to the crown.

318. Line 131: *To BEDLAM with him! is the man grown mad?*—See King John, note 85, also foot-note; but it is quite clear that the use of *Bedlam* or *Bethlehem* hospital for the insane dates from an earlier period than Henry VIII.: "Next unto the parish church of S. Buttolph," says Stow, "is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers: then an Hospitall of S. Mary of *Bethlehem*, founded by Simon Fitz Mary one of the Sherifes of London, in the yeare 1240. he founded it to haue beene a Priorie of Cannons with brethren and sisters, and king Edward the thirde granted a protection, which I have seene for the brethren, *Milicie beatre Maries de Bethlem*, within the cite of London, the 14 yeare of his raigne. It was an hospitall for distracted people." Survey of London, 1598, p. 127.

319. Lines 139, 140:

Edw. *Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.*  
Rich. *And if words will not, then our weapons shall.*

The dramatic takes considerable liberty with history in making the sons of York old enough to bear arms at this time. Edward, Earl of March, was born April 29th, 1442, so that he was just thirteen years old. Richard was born October 2nd, 1452, so that he was not three years old. The exact date of the battle of St. Albans was May 2nd, 1455.

320. Line 146: *PELL-LURKING curs.*—It is very doubtful if this is the right reading. Several emendations have been proposed, such as *fell-barking*, *fell-lurking*, and, by the Collier MS., the very obvious and commonplace suggestion *fell-looking*. The word is hyphened in *Fi*; but after all, though a peculiar epithet, it may be the right one; for it describes aptly enough that kind of ferocious cur which lies in wait for the unsuspecting passenger, and, rushing out from its hiding-place, flies at him before he has time to defend himself.

321. Lines 161-166.—This speech was added by Shakespeare, and has no parallel in The Contention. It fore-shadows very clearly the character of Richard as it was afterwards so powerfully developed in Richard III.

322. Line 168: *Who, being SUFFER'D with the bear's fell paw.*—We have given in the foot-note what seems the preferable interpretation of this elliptical phrase. Some take it to mean "in a state of sufferance or pain." We have a similar instance of the elliptical use of *suffer* in this play, iii. 2<sup>o</sup> 262:

*Least being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,*

*i.e.* "being allowed to remain;" and before in iii. 1. 32:  
*Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden*

323. Lines 164, 165:

*What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the RUFFIAN,  
And seek for SORROW with thy SPECTACLES?*

*Ruffian* appears here to have the sense in which it is generally used in Shakespeare, namely, that of "a brutal, boisterous fellow." Otherwise we might have suspected that it had the same sense as the Italian *Ruffiano*, "a pimp," "a pander," a sense in which it is, not unfrequently, used in old writers; the meaning being that Salisbury had, in his old age, played the part of the tempter to his son.

*Sorrow* probably means here more "cause for repentance or remorse" than the ordinary sense of grief.

Shakespeare refers to *spectacles* in three other passages, of which the most notable is in As You Like It, ii. 7. 159:

*With spectacles on nose and pouch on side.*

*Spectacles* were, in Shakespeare's time, probably only made with convex glasses, and intended for old sight, not for short sight.

324. Line 170: *And stain thine honourable age with BLOOD.*—*Fi* have "with *shame*." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture, which prevents the clashing of *shame* with "*For shame!*" below, line 173.

325. Line 198: *You were best go to bed and dream again.*—*Fi* have "You were best to go." We have omitted the *to* before *go*, as spoiling the line, being unnecessary. Rowe made the same omission.

326. Line 200: *And that I'll write upon thy BURGONET.*—Planché in his Cyclopædia of Costume (pp. 64, 65) says:

"Burgund, Burgind. A species of ~~the~~ helmet invented, or at least first worn by the Burgundians (whence probably its name) in the fifteenth century. Its peculiarity consisted in the adaptation of the lower rim of the helmet to the upper one of the gorget, by hollowing it out so as to receive the head of the latter, by which contrivance the head could be freely turned to the right or the left without exposing the throat of the wearer to the point of the lance or the sword."

327. Line 231: *Might I but know thee by thy HOUSEHOLD badge.*—F. 1 have *houesed*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *houses*. Malone was the first to restore the reading *household* from Qq.

328. Line 203: *The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.*—This well-known badge of the Neville family came to the Earl of Warwick from the Beauchamps through his marriage with the heiress of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. See I. Henry VI. note 8. The crest of the Nevilles was a dun bull's head, which is still borne by the Earls of Abergavenny; the supporters of their arms being two bulls, argent, armed, collared, and chained. See French, p. 192.

329. Line 211: *And so to arms, TO ARMS, victorious father.*—We have inserted the second *to arms* in order to complete the line, which in ~~the~~ stands

And so to arms, victorious father.

#### ACT V. SCENE 2.

330. Line 28—Lord Clifford was not killed by York. The mode of his death is represented in accordance with history in the next play, III. Henry VI. i. 1. 7-9:

*Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in,  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain*

Shakespeare had, as Dr. Percy pointed out, a dramatic object in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, because it gives a reason for the vengeance which young Clifford took on York and his young son, Rutland. The fact that Shakespeare should have allowed the lines, referring to the death of Clifford quoted above, to stand, is merely another proof of the carelessness with which he revised or adapted these plays.

331. Line 45: *To cease?*—*Wast thou ordain'd, dear father.*—We have here another instance of a dramatic pause caused by the omission of a syllable, in other instances of which we have drawn attention. (See Richard II. note 170.) No one with any ear or dramatic feeling would wish to supply the lacking syllable here. The emotion of the actor does that naturally.

332. Lines 51-60.—These lines, which are nearly all Shakespeare's own, prepare us for the horrible cruelty of young Clifford in the next play. We now strike the keynote of that bloodthirsty passion for vengeance on personal grounds, which made the Wars of the Roses so horribly distinguished by acts of atrocious cruelty.

333. Line 59: *As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.*—*Absyrtus* or *Apsyrtus* was the son of Aëtes, King of Colchis, and the brother of Medea. Ovid in his *Tristia*

(lib. iii. eleg. ix.) narrates the horrible story, how Medea during her flight from Colchis with Jason, when off the coast of Mœsia, seeing that her father's ships threatened to overtake the fugitives, inhumanly killed her young brother, and scattered his mangled limbs about, in order that the horrid sight might stay her father in his pursuit. The place, where this supposed barbarity was committed, was Tomi, on the shores of the Euxine (Black Sea); the very town where Ovid wore out the miserable years of his exile.

334. Lines 67-69:

*For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.*

The incident is thus narrated by Hall (p. 233): "For there died under the signe of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all Castles, and beside hym, lay Henry the second erle of Northumberland, Hüfrey erle of Stafford, sonne to the duke of Buckingham, Jhon lorde Clifford, and viij. M. men and more."

335. Line 87: *Reigns in the hearts of all our present* PART. —*ff read parts*; we have followed Dyce in printing *part*—*party*; compare line 85 above:

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*

336. Line 90: *Away, my lord, away!*—The king did not fly; but was conducted by the Duke of York to London with every demonstration of reverence and honour. Hall's account of the battle of St. Albans is as follows (p. 232): "The kyng beyng credibly informed, of the greate army comyng toward hym, assembled an host intentyng to mete with the duke in the Northe parte, because he had to many frendes about the cite of London, and for that cause, with greate spede and small lucke, he beyng accompanied, with the Dukes of Somerset, and Buckyngham, theries of Stafford, Northumberlande, and Wiltshire, with the lorde Clifford, and diuerse other barōs, departed out of Westminster, the xx. daie of May, toward the toune of S. Albons: of whose doynge, the duke of Yorke being aduertised, by his espials, with all his power costed the countreys, and came to the same toune, the third daie next ensuyng. The kyng hearyng of their approchyng, sent to hym messengers, straightly chargyng and commaundyng hym, as an obedient subject, to kepe the peace, and not as an enemy to his naturall countrey, to murdre and slay his awne countrenmen and propre nacō. While kyng Henry more desirous of peace then of warre, was sendyng furthe his orators, at the one ende of the toune; the erle of Warwicke with the Marchemen, entered at the other gate of the toune, and fierly set on the kynges foreward, and theim shortly discomfited. Then came the duke of Somerset, and all the other lordes with the kynges power, whiche fought a sore and a cruell battail, in the whiche, many a tall man lost his life: but the duke of Yorke sent euer freshe men, to succor the wery, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by whiche onely pollicie, the kynges armie was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftaines of the field almope slain and brought to confusion."

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

337. Line 1: OLD Salisbury, who can report of him!—Ff. have "Of Salisbury." The emendation is from Collier's MS. corrector, adopted by Dyce. In the corresponding speech in The Contention York asks (p. 519):

But did you see old Salisbury, since we  
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foet

338. Lines 3, 4:

*Aged contusions and all BRUSH of time,  
And, like a gallant in the BROW of youth.*

So Ff. Warburton's conjecture *bruise* for *brush* is adopted by some editors, and Mr. Collier's MS. corrector made the same alteration; but compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 33, 34:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the *brushes* of the war;

in which passage Mr. Collier's MS. again substituted *bruises*. *Brush* certainly seems in that passage, and here, to give the notion of "a rough encounter," and, perhaps, in the passage in our text there is also the idea of the detrition and the wearing effect caused by time; through this meaning we probably get the more modern expression "*brush* with the enemy," i.e. "*sharp encounter* with the enemy. For *brow* in line 4 there are many emendations; Johnson suggested *blow* in the sense of *blossoming*; and the Cambridge edd. give an anonymous conjecture *glow*, which is very plausible, as is also Collier's

correction *bloom*. In support of the last conjecture Mr. W. N. Lettsom quotes from Much Ado, v. 1. 76:

His May of youth and *bloom* of lustwood;

and in support of *bruise* he quotes from the same play, same scene, line 65:

And with grey hairs and *bruise* of many days.

Certainly these passages lend considerable support to Collier's emendations; but this seems to us another case in which one is not justified in altering the text simply because the expression is not one we should have expected. There is more to be said for changing *brow* than *brush*; for where *brow* is used figuratively by Shakespeare, in King John, v. 1. 49, 50:

outface the *brow*  
Of bragging horror;

and in the same play, v. 6. 17: "here walk I in the black *brow* of night," and again, where it is used as generally = "aspect," "appearance" in Hamlet, I. 2. 4:

To be contracted on one *brow* of woe,

it always has the sense, more or less, of frowning. The only passage that at all confirms the use of *brow* in the sense required by the text, is in Macbeth, iv. 3. 23:

Though all things *four* would wear the *drags* of grace.

339. Line 29: Now, by my FAITH.—Ff. read *how*. Malone supposed this to have been one of the alterations made in F. 1 to avoid the penalty of the statute, before referred to, of 3rd James I. cap. 21. His emendation *faith* has been very generally adopted.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

## PART II.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

NOTE.—The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act. Sc. Line	Act. Sc. Line	Act. Sc. Line	Act. Sc. Line
Abrook..... ii. 4 10	Bickerings .... i. 1 144	Chair-days .... v. 2 48	*Dear-bought.. i. 1 252
Accuse (sub.)... iii. 1 160	*Bitter-searching iii. 2 311	Chirping ..... iii. 2 42	Deathful ..... iii. 2 404
Aidance <sup>1</sup> ..... iii. 2 165	Blood-bespotted v. 1 117	Chocely ..... iii. 1 313	Deep-fet ..... ii. 4 33
*Alder-liefast.. i. 1 28	Blood-consuming iii. 2 61	Christian-like } iii. 2 58	Defamed ..... iii. 1 123
Ashy <sup>2</sup> ..... iii. 2 62	Bloodshedding iv. 7 108	(adv.).....	Denayed (verb) i. 3 107
Attainure .... i. 2 106	Blunt-witted .. iii. 2 210	Church-like .... i. 1 247	Despoiled..... ii. 3 10
	Brain-pau .... iv 10 13	Claret..... iv. 6 4	Discomfit (sub.) v. 2 86
Balance (verb). v. 1 9	Breastplate ..... iii. 2 232	*Commentaries. iv. 7 65	*Dispursed... o. iii. 1 117
Banditto ..... iv. 1 135	Bricklayer..... { iv. 2 45	Contusion ..... v. 3 3	*Door-nail .... iv. 10 43
Beehives ..... iv. 1 109	iv. 2 153	Conventicles .. iii. 1 166	Duchy <sup>3</sup> ..... i. 1 60
Beggar-woman iv. 2 151	Bucks <sup>4</sup> ..... iv. 2 61	Córrusive (sub.) iii. 2 403	
Behoof <sup>5</sup> ..... iv. 7 33	*Burly-boned.. iv. 10 60	*Court-hand.... iv. 2 101	Emblaze ..... iv. 10 79
Besom ..... iv. 7 84	*Burying-place iv. 10 08	Cradle-babe.... iii. 2 392	Emmanuel .... iv. 2 106
Bested .. .. ii. 3 56		Crimelless..... ii. 4 63	Enchased .... i. 2 8
	Cade ..... iv. 2 35	Culpable ..... iii. 2 22	Encroaching .. iv. 1 90
	Cage (a lock-up) iv. 2 56		
	Cathedral..... i. 2 87	Damsons..... ii. 1 102	
		*Dark-seated .. iii. 2 328	
		*Deadly-handed v. 2 9	

<sup>1</sup> Venus and Ad. 330.

<sup>2</sup> Venus and Ad. 76; Lucrèce, 1574, 1512.

<sup>3</sup> Lover's Compl. 165.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. dirty linen.

<sup>5</sup> The plural occurs twice in the same scene, lines 88 116



# EMENDATIONS ON KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

114. ll. 1. 186, 187:

*O God!*

*What mischiefs work the wicked ones, thereby  
Heaping on their own heads confusion!*

209. ill. 2. 339:

*O,*

*Let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand.*

280

Note

220. iv. 1. 69, 70:

Cap. *Yea, Poole!*

Suf

*Poole! Poole! Sir—*

Cap

*Aye, Lord Poole!*

314. v. 1. 72 *I was THAT MAN, an' I like yf. ir majesty.*

315. v. 1. 74: *Alexander Iden, that's my name. MY  
LIEGE So Felghtley.*









